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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWENTIETH.

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PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWENTIETH.

CONTAINING

ROMEO AND JULIET.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, W. J. and J. Richardson, J. Nichols and Son, F. and C. Rivington, T. Payne, R. Faulder, G. and J. Robinson, W. Lowndes, G. Wilkie, J. Scatcherd, T. Egerton, J. Walker, W. Clarke and Son, J. Barker and Son, D. Ogilvy and Son, Cuthell and Martin, R. Lea, P. Macqueen, J. Nunn, Lackington, Allen and Co. T. Kay, J. Deighton, J. White, W. Miller, Vernor and Hood, D. Walker, B. Crosby and Co. Longman and Rees, Cadell and Davies, T. Hurst, J. Hardin R. H. Evans, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, Blacks in Parry, R. Bent, J. Badcock, J. Asperne, and T. Ostell.

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[J. PLUMMER, Printer, Leather Lane, Holborn, London.]

ROMEO AND JULIET.*

* ROMEO AND JULIET.] The ſtory on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's *Hiſtory of Verona*. It was originally publiſhed by an anonymous Italian noveliſt in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the ſame place. The firſt edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the laſt of theſe already mentioned. Pierre Boiſteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforeſt adopted it in the firſt volume of his collection 1596: but very probably ſome edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved ſtate, it was tranſlated into Engliſh, by Arthur Brooke, and publiſhed in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occaſion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Hiſtorie of Romeus and Juliet:* It was republiſhed in 1587, under the ſame title: "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Conſtancie: with the ſubtill Counſels and Practiſes of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinſon.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationer's Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582: "M. Tottel] *Romeo* and *Juletta.*" Again, Aug. 5. 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo* and *Juliett.*" The ſame ſtory is found in *The Palace of Pleaſure:* however, Shakſpeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved,) from a paſſage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the ſtory had likewiſe been tranſlated by another hand. Captain Breval in his Travels tells us, that he ſaw at Verona the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This ſtory was well known to the Engliſh poets before the time of Shakſpeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir *Romeus'* annoy but trifle ſeems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleaſure*, 1579." FARMER.

The firſt of the foregoing notes was prefixed to two of our former editions; but as the following may be in ſome reſpects more correct, it would be unjuſtly withheld from the publick.—This is not the firſt time we have profited by the accuracy of Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

The original relater of the ſtory on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giuliette*. A ſecond edition was publiſhed in 1539; and it was again re-

printed at the ſame place in 1553, (without the author's name,) with the following title: *Hiſtoria nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietoſa morte; intervenuta gia nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuovamente ſtampata.* Of the author ſome account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet.*

In 1554 Bandello publiſhed, at Lucca, a novel on the ſame ſubject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and ſhortly afterwards Boiſteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boiſteau's novel the ſame ſtory was, in 1562, formed into an Engliſh poem, with conſiderable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find at the end of the preſent play, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the faſhion of that time, by the bookſeller: *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Conſtancie: with the ſubtill Counſels, and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again publiſhed by the ſame bookſeller in 1582. Painter in the ſecond volume of his *Palace of Pleaſure, 1567,* publiſhed a proſe tranſlation from the French of Boiſteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta.* Shakſpeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumſtance from it or ſome other proſe tranſlation of Boiſteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved deciſively by the following circumſtances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Eſcalus*; ſo alſo in the play.—In Painter's tranſlation from Boiſteau he is named *Signor Eſcala*; and ſometimes *Lord Bartholomew of* Eſcala. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Monteſches*; in the poem and in the play, the Montagues. 3. The meſſenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's tranſlation called *Anſelme:* in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this buſineſs. 4. The circumſtance of Capulet's writing down the names of the gueſts whom he invites to ſupper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The reſidence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown.* 6. Several paſſages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furniſhed by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boiſteau, or the original; and ſeveral expreſſions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now ſtated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) I ſhould enter more largely into the ſubject, but that the various paſſages of the poem which I have quoted in the following notes, furniſh ſuch a deciſive proof of the play's having been conſtructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehenſion, a ſhadow of doubt upon the ſubject. The queſtion is not, whether Shakſpeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this ſtory, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *baſis* on which this play was built.

With reſpect to the name of Romeo, this alſo Shakſpeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from ſome other proſe tranſlation of the ſame ſtory he has, as I have already ſaid, taken one circumſtance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The Pitifull Hyſtory of ij lovyng Italians*, which I ſuſpect was a proſe narrative of the ſtory on which our author's play is conſtructed.

Breval ſays in his travels, that on a ſtrict inquiry into the hiſtories of Verona, he found that Shakſpeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumſtances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain, from more than one circumſtance, that Shakſpeare had read this novel, both in its proſaick and metrical form. He might likewiſe have met with other poetical pieces on the ſame ſubject. We are not yet at the end of our diſcoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramatick pieces. STEEVENS.

PROLOGUE.

Two houſeholds, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes
A pair of ſtar-croſs'd lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.[1]

[1] This prologue, after the firſt copy was publiſhed in 1597, received ſeveral alterations, both in reſpect of correctneſs and verſification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Hon. the Lord of Hunſdon his ſervants.*

In the firſt of King James I. was made an act of parliament for ſome reſtraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their ſanction. STEEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599, is printed *Chorus*, which I ſuppoſe meant only that the prologue was to be ſpoken by the ſame perſon who perſonated the chorus at the end of the firſt Act.

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, ſtands thus:

" Two houſehold frends, alike in dignitie,
" In faire Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
" From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
" Whoſe civill warre makes civill handes uncleane.
" From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes
" A paire of ſtarre-croſt lovers tooke their life;
" Whoſe miſadventures, piteous overthrowes,
" (Through the continuing of their fathers' ſtrife,
" And death-mar.t paſſage of their parents' rage,)
" Is now the two howres traffique of our ſtage.
" The which if you with patient eares attend,
" What here we want, wee'll ſtudie to amend." MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Eſcalus, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman, Kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Heads of two Houſes, at Variance with*
Capulet, } *each other.*
An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, *Son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and Friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Nephew to* Montague, *and Friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Nephew to Lady* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciſcan.*
Friar John, *of the ſame Order.*
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Muſicians.
Chorus. *Boy*; *Page to* Paris; Peter; *an Officer.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet.
Nurſe to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; *ſeveral Men and Women, Relations to both Houſes*; *Maſkers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: *once in the fifth Act, at* Mantua.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with Swords and Bucklers.*

SAM. Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.[2]

GRE. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

[2] ——*we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very juſtly obſerves, that this was a phraſe formerly in uſe to ſignify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no inſtances in ſupport of his declaration, I thought it neceſſary to ſubjoin the following. So, Skelton:

" ——You, I ſay, Julian,
" Wyll you *beare no coles*?"

Again, Nath, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, ſays: " We will *bear no coles*, I warrant you."

Again, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: " He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles*." Again, in *Law Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: " I'll *carry coals* an you will, no horns." Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1610: " You muſt ſwear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you muſt *carry no coals*." And again, in the ſame play: " Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* ſpirit," &c. Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*: " Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo, will hold my dog." And, laſtly, in the poet's own *King Henry V.*: " At Calais they ſtole a fireſhovel; I knew by that piece of ſervice the men would *carry coals*." Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: " Great ſlaves fear better than love, born naturally for a *coal-baſket*." STEEVENS.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to ſtir; and to be valiant, is

This phraſe continued to be in uſe down to the middle of the laſt century. In a little ſatirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, "Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Churchyard," &c. publiſhed after the death of King Charles I. N°. 22, p. 50, is inſerted, "*Fire, fire!* a ſmall manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haſelridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of ſcripture, that *John Lilburn* will not *carry coals*." By Dr. Gouge. Percy.

Notwithſtanding this accumulation of paſſages in which the phraſe itſelf occurs, the original of it is ſtill left unexplored: "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirſty, give him water to drink: for thou ſhalt heap *coals* of fire upon his head," &c. *Proverbs* xxv. 22;—or as cited in the Epiſtle to the Romans, xx. 20. Henley.

The Engliſh verſion of the Bible (excluſive of its nobler uſe) has proved of infinite ſervice to literary antiquaries; but on the preſent occaſion, I fear, it will do us little good. *Collier* was a very ancient term of abuſe. "Hang him, foul *Collier!*" ſays Sir Toby Belch, ſpeaking of the Devil, in the fourth Act of *Twelfth-Night*. Any perſon, therefore, who would *bear* to be called a *collier*, was ſaid to *carry coals*.

It afterwards became deſcriptive of any one who would endure a gibe or flout. So, in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1598:

"He made him laugh, that lookt as he would ſweare;
"He *carried coales*, that could abide no geſt."

Steevens.

The phraſe ſhould ſeem to mean originally, We'll not ſubmit to ſervile offices; and thence ſecondarily, we'll not endure injuries. It has been ſuggeſted, that it may mean, "*we'll not bear* reſentment burning like *a coal of fire in our boſoms*, without breaking out into ſome outrage;" with alluſion to the proverbial ſentence, that ſmothered anger is a coal of fire in the boſom: But the word *carry* ſeems adverſe to ſuch an interpretation.

Malone.

—to ſtand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That ſhows thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh Montague's men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhow myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids;[3] I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Gre. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been Poor John.[4] Draw thy tool; here comes two of the houſe of the Montagues.[5]

[3] ——cruel *with the maids*;] The firſt folio reads—*civil* with the maids. Johnson.

So does the quarto 1599; but the word is written *ciuill*. It was manifeſtly an error of the preſs. The firſt copy furniſhes no help, the paſſage there ſtanding thus: "Ile play the tyrant; Ile firſt begin with the maids, and off with their heads:" but the true reading is found in the undated quarto. Malone.

[4] ——*poor John*.] is hake, dried, and ſalted. Malone.

[5] ——*here comes* two *of the houſe of the Montagues*.] The

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GRE. How? turn thy back, and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry: I fear thee!

SAM. Let us take the law of our ſides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown, as I paſs by; and let them take it as they liſt.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.[6]

word *two*, which was inadvertently omitted by the compoſitor in the quarto 1599, and of courſe in the ſubſequent impreſſions, I have reſtored from the firſt quarto of 1597, from which, in almoſt every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The diſregard of concord is in character.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to diſtinguiſh them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a diſtance. This circumſtance is mentioned by Gaſcoigne, in a *Deviſe of a Maſque*, written for the Right Honourable Viſcount Mountacute, 1575:

"And for a further proofe, he ſhewed in hys hat
"Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they paſs,
"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene theſe two houſes was." MALONE.

[6] ——*I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.*] So it ſignifies in Randolph's *Muſes Looking-Glaſs*, Act III. ſc. iii. p. 45:

"*Orgylus.* To bite his thumb at me.
"*Argus.* Why ſhould not a man bite his thumb?
"*Orgylus.* At me? were I ſcorn'd to ſee men bite their thumbs;
"Rapiers and daggers," &c. GREY.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, ſir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, ſir, I do not bite my thumb at you, ſir; but I bite my thumb, ſir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, ſir?

Abr. Quarrel, ſir? no, ſir.

Sam. If you do, ſir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, ſir.

c Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miſerie* &c. 1596, has
o this paſſage: "Behold next I ſee Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico w' his thombe in his mouth.*" In a tranſlation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 142, I meet with theſe words: "It is ſaid of the Italians, if they once *bite their fingers' ends in a threatning manner*, God knows, if they ſet upon their enemie face to face, it is becauſe they cannot aſſail him behind his backe." Perhaps Ben Jonſon ridicules this ſcene of *Romeo and Juliet*, in his *New Inn*:

"*Huff.* How, *ſpill it?*

"*Spill it* at me?

"*Tip.* I reck not, but I *ſpill it.*" Steevens.

This mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What ſwearing is there, (ſays Decker, deſcribing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what ſhouldering, what juſtling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!*" The Dead Term, 1608. Malone.

Enter BENVOLIO,[7] *at a Diſtance.*

GRE. Say—better; here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.[8]

SAM. Yes, better, ſir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy ſwaſhing blow.[9] [*They fight.*

BEN. Part, fools; put up your ſwords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?

[7] *Enter Benvolio,*] Much of this ſcene is added ſince the firſt edition; but probably by Shakſpeare, ſince we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

[8] ——*here comes one of my* maſter's *kinſmen.*] Some miſtake has happened in this place: *Gregory* is a ſervant of the *Capulets*, and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no miſtake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the ſtage. The eyes of the ſervant may be directed the way he ſees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the oppoſite ſide. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*thy* ſwaſhing *blow.*] Ben Jonſon uſes this expreſſion in his *Staple for News:* "I do confeſs a *ſwaſhing blow.*" In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, *Fraud* ſays:

"I will flaunt and brave it after the luſty *ſwaſh.*"

Again, in *As you like it:*

"I'll have a martial and a *ſwaſhing* outſide."

See Vol. VIII. p. 38, n. 8.

To *ſwaſh* ſeems to have meant to be a bully, to be noiſily valiant. So, Green, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—in ſpending and ſpoiling, in ſwearing and *ſwaſhing.*" Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, ſays, that "to *ſwaſh* is to make a noiſe with ſwordes againſt tergats." STEEVENS.

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter ſeveral Partizans of both Houſes, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, *with Clubs.*

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills,[1] and partizans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet, *in his Gown; and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this?—Give me my long ſword,[2] ho!

[1] Clubs, *bills*, &c.] When an affray aroſe in the ſtreets, *clubs* was the uſual exclamation. See Vol. VIII. p. 166, n. 3, and Vol. XIII. p. 35, n. 6. Malone.

[2] *Give me my* long ſword.] The *long ſword* was the ſword uſed in war, which was ſometimes wielded with both hands. Johnson.

See Vol. V. p. 76, n. 3. Malone.

This *long ſword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the juſtice ſays:

"Take their confeſſions, and my *long ſword*;
"I cannot tell what danger we may meet with."

Chapman, without authority from Homer, has equipped Neptune with this weapon:

"King Neptune, with his *long ſword*,—." *Iliad* XV.

It appears that it was once the faſhion to wear two ſwords of different ſizes at the ſame time.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little ſword*."

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay!—Old Montague is come, And flouriſhes his blade in ſpite of me.

Enter Montague *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with Attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beaſts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons[3] to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,

The *little ſword* was the weapon commonly worn, the dreſs ſword. Steevens.

The little ſword was probably nothing more than a *dagger.* Malone.

[3] ——mis-temper'd *weapons*—] *are angry weapons.* So, in *King John:*

"This inundation of *mis-temper'd* humour," &c. Steevens.

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the reſt depart away:
You, Capulet, ſhall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.[4]
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* Prince, *and Attendants*; CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, *and Servants.*

MON. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

BEN. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the inſtant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his ſword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn:
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LA. MON. O, where is Romeo!—ſaw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the eaſt,[5]

[4] *To old* Free-town, *our common judgment-place.*] This name the poet found in the *Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there ſaid to be the caſtle of the Capulets. MALONE.

[5] *Peer'd forth the golden* window *of the eaſt.*] The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. x.

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of ſycamore,
That weſtward rooteth from the city's ſide,—
So early walking did I ſee your ſon:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood:
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,—
That moſt are buſied when they are moſt alone,[6]—
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd who gladly fled from me.[7]

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen,
With tears augmenting the freſh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should in the furtheſt eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night:

" Early before the morn with cremoſin ray
" The *windows* of bright heaven opened had,
" Through which into the world the dawning day
" Might looke," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Summa Totalis; or All in All, or the ſame for ever*, 4to. 1607:

" Now heaven's bright eye (awake by Veſpers ſheene)
" *Peepes through the purple windowes of the Eaſt.*"
HOLT WHITE.

[6] *That moſt are buſied* &c.] Edition 1597. Inſtead of which it is in the other editions thus:

" ——————by my own,
" Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
" Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
" Purſu'd my humour," &c. POPE.

[7] *And gladly ſhunn'd* &c.] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?[8]

Mon. Both by myſelf, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf—I will not ſay, how true—
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.[9]

[8] Ben. *Have you impórtun'd* &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches alſo omitted in edition 1597, but inſerted in 1599. Pope.

[9] *Or dedicate his beauty to the* ſun.] [Old copy—*fame.*] When we come to conſider, that there is ſome power elſe beſides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds ſpread themſelves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote:

Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.

Or, according to the more obſolete ſpelling, *ſunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. Theobald.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome lines are loſt, which connected this ſimile more cloſely with the foregoing ſpeech: theſe lines, if ſuch there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world. Johnson.

I ſuſpect no loſs of connecting lines. An expreſſion ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *Timon*, Act IV. ſc. ii:

"A *dedicated* beggar to the *air*."

I have, however, adopted Theobald's emendation. Mr. M. Maſon obſerves "that there is not a ſingle paſſage in our author where ſo great an improvement of language is obtained, by ſo ſlight a deviation from the text." Steevens.

Dr. Johnſon's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the ſimile relates ſolely to Romeo's *concealing* the cauſe of his melancholy, and is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Twelfth Night*:

Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a diſtance.*

BEN. See, where he comes: So pleaſe you, ſtep aſide;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MON. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true ſhrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and Lady.*

BEN. Good morrow, couſin.

ROM. Is the day ſo young?[1]

" ——She never *told* her love,
" But let *concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,*
" Feed on her damaſk cheek."

In the laſt Act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Roſamond* of Daniel; and in the preſent paſſage might have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the ſame writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our author or not, add ſuch ſupport to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I ſhould have given it a place in my text, but that the other mode of phraſeology was not uncommon in Shakſpeare's time:

" And whilſt thou *ſpread'ſt* unto the riſing *ſunne,*
" The faireſt *flowre* that ever ſaw the light,
" Now joy thy time, before thy ſweet be done."

Daniel's *Sonnets*, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverſe to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *ſun*, without at the ſame time dedicating it to the *air*.

A ſimilar phraſeology, however, to that of my text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets.

MALONE.

[1] *Is the day ſo* young?] i. e. is it ſo early in the day? The ſame expreſſion (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: " It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet moche of the nyghte to come." STEEVENS.

Ben. But new ſtruck nine.

Rom. Ah me! ſad hours ſeem long.
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

Ben. It was:—What ſadneſs lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them ſhort.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should, without eyes, ſee pathways to his will![2]

[2] ——*to his will!*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to his *ill*. The preſent reading has ſome obſcurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to purſue his *deſire*. That the *blind* ſhould *find paths to ill* is no great wonder. Johnson.

It is not unuſual for thoſe who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that oppoſes their purſuit. Nichols.

What Romeo ſeems to lament is, that love, though blind, ſhould diſcover pathways to his will, and yet cannot avail himſelf of them; ſhould perceive the road which he is forbidden to take.

The quarto, 1597, reads—

Should, without laws, *give path-ways to our will!*

i. e. being lawleſs itſelf, preſcribe laws to others. Stevens.

This paſſage ſeems to have been miſapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love*, who appears ſo gentle, ſhould be a tyrant.—It is no leſs to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the *blind god* ſhould yet be able to direct his arrows at thoſe whom he wiſhes to hit, that he ſhould wound whomever he *wills*, or deſires to wound. Malone.

Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love![3] O loving hate!

[3] *Why then, O brawling love!* &c.] Of theſe lines neither the ſenſe nor occaſion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no ſuch uncommon ſtate, as can deſerve all this toil of antitheſis. JOHNSON.

Had Dr. Johnſon attended to the letter of invitation in the next ſcene, he would have found that Roſaline was niece to Capulet. ANONYMUS.

Every ſonnetteer characteriſes Love by contrarieties. Watſon begins one of his canzonets:

" Love is a ſowre delight, a ſugred griefe,
" A living death, an ever-dying life," &c.

Turberville makes Reaſon harangue againſt it in the ſame manner:

" A fierie froſt, a flame that frozen is with iſe!
" A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue fraughte with vice!" &c.

Immediately from *The Romaunt of the Roſe*:

" *Loue* it is an hateful pees,
" A free aquitaunce without reles,—
" *An heavie burthen light to leare,*
" A wicked wawe awaie to weare;
" And health full of maladie,
" And charitie full of envie;—
" A laughter that is weping aie,
" Reſt that trauaileth night and daie," &c.

This kind of antitheſis was very much the taſte of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preſerved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

" Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra;
" E temo, e ſpero, e ardo, e ſon un ghiaccio;
" E volo ſopra'l ciel, e ghiaccio in terra;
" E nulla ſtringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio." &c.
Sonnet 105.

Sir Thomas Wyat gives a tranſlation of this ſonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of *Deſcription of the contrarious Paſſions in a Lover*, amongſt the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

O any thing, of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.

Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.[4]—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preſt
With more of thine: this love, that thou haſt ſhown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;[5]
Being vex'd,[6] a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;

[4] *Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.*] Such is the conſequence of unſkilful and miſtaken kindneſs. JOHNSON.

[5] *Being* purg'd, *a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes*;] The author may mean *being purged of ſmoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being* urg'd, *a fire ſparkling*—. Being excited and inforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

Dr. Akenſide in his *Hymn to Cheerfulneſs*, has the ſame expreſſion:

"Haſte, light the tapers, *urge the fire*,
"And bid the joyleſs day retire." REED.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 21ſt *Iliad*:

"And as a caldron, under put with ſtore of fire—
"Bavins of fere wood *urging* it," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Being vex'd*, &c.] As this line ſtands ſingle, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is loſt. JOHNSON.

What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's ſome other where.

Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs,[7] who ſhe is you love.

Rom. What, ſhall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But ſadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!—
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And ſhe's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miſs: ſhe'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, ſhe hath Dian's wit;
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,[8]
From love's weak childiſh bow ſhe lives unharm'd.

It does not ſeem neceſſary to ſuppoſe any line loſt. In the former ſpeech about love's contrarieties, there are ſeveral lines which have no other to rhyme with them; as alſo in the following, about Roſaline's chaſtity. Steevens.

[7] *Tell me in* ſadneſs,] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *ſeriouſneſs*. Johnson.

See Vol. VI. p. 35, n. 9. Malone.

[8] *And, in ſtrong proof* &c.] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding theſe ſpeeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majeſty, who was not liable to be diſpleaſed at hearing her chaſtity praiſed after ſhe was

She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,[9]
Nor bide the encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold:
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her ſtore.[1]

ſuſpected to have loſt it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though ſhe never poſſeſſed any when ſhe was young. Her declaration that ſhe would continue unmarried, increaſes the probability of the preſent ſuppoſition. STEEVENS.

——*in ſtrong proof*—] In chaſtity *of proof*, as we ſay in armour *of proof*. JOHNSON.

[9] *She will not ſtay the* ſiege *of* loving *terms*,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Remove your *ſiege* from my unyielding heart;
"To *love*'s alarm it will not ope the gate." MALONE.

[1] ——*with beauty dies her ſtore*.] Mr. Theobald reads, "*With* her dies beauty's *ſtore*;" and is followed by the two ſucceeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, becauſe I think it at leaſt as plauſible as the correction. *She is rich*, ſays he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being ſubject to the lot of humanity, that *her ſtore*, or riches, *can be deſtroyed by death*, who ſhall, by the ſame blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620:

"Nature now ſhall boaſt no more
"Of the riches of her ſtore;
"Since, in this her chiefeſt prize,
"All the ſtock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakſpeare:

"Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Virgin-Martyr*:

"——————— with her dies
"The abſtract of all ſweetneſs that's in woman."

STEEVENS.

Yet perhaps the preſent reading may be right, and Romeo means to ſay, in his quaint jargon, That ſhe is poor, becauſe ſhe leaves no part of her ſtore behind her, as with her all beauty will die. M. MASON

Words are ſometimes ſhuffled out of their places at the preſs; but that they ſhould be at once tranſpoſed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right.

Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?

Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte;[2]
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.[3]
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,[4]
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair:
She hath forſworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead,[5] that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.

She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumſtance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *ſtore* of wealth [which the poet has already ſaid was the fairneſs of her perſon,] will not be tranſmitted to poſterity, inaſmuch as ſhe will "lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." Malone.

[2] *She hath, and in that* ſparing *makes huge* waſte;] So, in our author's firſt Sonnet:

"And, tender churl, mak'ſt *waſte* in *niggarding*."
Malone.

[3] *For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,*
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.] So, in our author's third Sonnet:

"Or who is he ſo fond will be the tomb
"Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop *poſterity*?"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave,
"Seeming to *bury that poſterity*,
"Which by the rights of time thou need'ſt muſt have!"
Malone.

[4] —— *wiſely too fair*, &c.] There is in her too much ſanctimonious wiſdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaſte with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliſs.
Malone.

None of the following ſpeeches of this ſcene are in the firſt edition of 1597. Pope.

[5] *Do I* live dead,] So, Richard the Third:

"—— now they kill me with a *living death*."

See Vol. XIV. p. 291, n. 2. Malone.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquiſite, in queſtion more:[6]
Theſe happy maſks,[7] that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eyeſight loſt:
Show me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair,
What doth her beauty ſerve,[8] but as a note
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewell; thou canſt not teach me to forget.[9]

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] *To call hers, exquiſite, in queſtion more:*] That is, to call hers, which is exquiſite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this ſenſe, and not in that of doubt, or diſpute, that the word *queſtion* is here uſed. Heath.

More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the ſubject of thought and converſation. See Vol. VII. p. 349, n. 9. Malone.

[7] Theſe *happy maſks*, &c.] i. e. the maſks worn by female ſpectators of the play. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh*, ſc. ult:

"We ſtand here for an Epilogue.
"Ladies, your bounties firſt! the reſt will follow;
"For women's favours are a leading alms:
"If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes
"Out at *your maſks*."

Former editors print *thoſe* inſtead of *theſe*, but without authority. Steevens.

Theſe happy maſks, I believe, means no more than *the* happy maſks. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. See Vol. VI. p. 278, n. 5. Malone.

[8] *What doth her beauty* ſerve,] i. e. what end does it anſwer? In modern language we ſay—"ſerve *for*." Steevens.

[9] —— *thou canſt not teach me to forget.*]

"Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
"'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience, *to forget*."

Pope's *Eloiſa*. Steevens.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

CAP. And Montague is bound[1] as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.

PAR. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long.
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?

CAP. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,[2]
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PAR. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

CAP. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made.[3]

[1] And *Montague is bound*—] This ſpeech is not in the firſt quarto. That of 1599 has—*But* Montague.—In that of 1609, and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto. MALONE.

[2] *Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

" ——— Three winters cold
" Have from the forests ſhook three *ſummer's pride*,—."
MALONE.

[3] *And too ſoon* marr'd *are thoſe ſo early* made.] The quarto, 1597, reads:—And too ſoon *marr'd* are thoſe ſo early *married*. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poeſy*, 1589, uſes this expreſſion, which ſeems to be proverbial, as an inſtance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:

" The maid that *ſoon married* is, *ſoon marred* is."

The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:[4]
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;[5]

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewiſe frequent among the old writers. So, Sidney:

"Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made!*"

Spenſer introduces it very often in his different poems. STEEVENS.

Making and marring is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3, Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the preſent century. MALONE.

[4] *She is the hopeful lady of my earth:*] This line is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:] This is a Galliciſm: *Fille de terre* is the French phraſe for an *heireſs*.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth*:

"Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*."

Again:

"So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my *earth*."

Earth in other old plays is likewiſe put for *lands*, i. e. landed eſtate. So, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619:

"A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth*."

Again, in the *Epiſtle Dedicatorie* to Dr. Bright's *Charactérie, an Arte of Shorte, Swifte, and Secrete writing by Character*, 12mo. 1588: "And this my inuention being altogether of Engliſh yeeld, where your Majeſtie is the *Ladie of the Soyle*, it appertayneth of right to you onely." STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right; but there is a paſſage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor ſays:

"This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel
"A ſtark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. M. MASON.

Again, in this play:

"Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
"Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out."

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet:

"Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful *earth*,—."

MALONE.

[5] *My will to her conſent is but a part;*] *To*, in this inſtance,

An ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark heaven light:[6]

ſignifies *in compariſon with, in proportion to.* So, in *King Henry VIII:* "Theſe are but ſwitches *to* them." STEEVENS.

[6] *Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark* heaven *light:*] This nonſenſe ſhould be reformed thus:

Earth-treading ſtars that make dark even *light:*

i. e. When the evening is dark, and without ſtars, theſe earthly ſtars ſupply their place, and light it up. So again, in this play:

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." WARBURTON.

But why nonſenſe? is any thing more commonly ſaid, than that beauties eclipſe the ſun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

"Sol through white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
"And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt *eclipſe the day.*"

Both the old and the new reading are philoſophical nonſenſe; but they are both, and both equally, poetical ſenſe. JOHNSON.

I will not ſay that this paſſage, as it ſtands, is abſolute nonſenſe; but I think it very abſurd, and am certain that it is not capable of the meaning that Johnſon attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propoſe, which is, to read:

Earth-treading ſtars that make dark, heaven's light.

That is, *earthly ſtars* that outſhine the ſtars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own ſuperior brightneſs. But according to the preſent reading, they are earthly ſtars that enlighten the gloom of heaven. M. MASON.

The old reading is ſufficiently ſupported by a parallel paſſage in Churchyard's *Shore's Wife*, 1593:

"My beautie blaſd like torch or twinckling *ſtarre,*
"A liuely lamp that *lends darke world ſome light.*"

Mr. M. Maſon's explanation, however, may receive countenance from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III:

"Did light thoſe beamy ſtars which greater light did dark." STEEVENS.

Such comfort, as do luſty young men feel[7]
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

[7] ——*do luſty* young men *feel*—] To ſay, and to ſay in pompous words, that a *young man ſhall feel* as much in an aſſembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is ſurely to waſte ſound upon a very poor ſentiment. I read:

Such comfort as do luſty yeomen *feel.*

You ſhall feel from the ſight and converſation of theſe ladies, ſuch hopes of happineſs and ſuch pleaſure, as the farmer receives from the ſpring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the proſpect of the harveſt fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

Young men are certainly *yeomen*. So, in *A lytell Geſte of Robyn Hode*, printed by Wynken de Worde:

" Robyn commaunded his wight *yong men.*
" Of lii. wyght *yonge men.*
" Seuen ſcore of wyght *yonge men.*
" Bulke you my mery *yonge men.*"

In all theſe inſtances Copland's edition, printed not many years after, reads—*yeomen.*

So again, in the ancient legend of *Adam Bel*, printed by Copland:

" There met he theſe wight *yonge men.*
" Now go we hence ſayed theſe wight *yong men.*
" Here is a ſet of theſe wyght *yong men.*"

But I have no doubt that he printed from a more antiquated edition, and that theſe paſſages have accidentally eſcaped alteration, as we generally meet with " wyght *yemen.*" See alſo Spelman's Gloſſary; *voce* JUNIORES. It is no leſs ſingular that in a ſubſequent act of this very play the old copies ſhould, in two places, read " *young trees*" and " *young tree,*" inſtead of *yew-trees*, and *yew-tree*. RITSON.

The following paſſages from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Roſe*, and Virgil's third *Georgick*, will ſupport the preſent reading, and ſhow the propriety of Shakſpeare's compariſon: for to tell *Paris* that he ſhould feel the ſame ſort of pleaſure in an aſſembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that ſeaſon when they are moſt *gay and amorous*, was ſurely as much as the old man ought to ſay:

" ——————*ubi ſ 'dita flamma medullis,*
" *Vere magis* (*quia vere calor redit oſſibus*)."

" That it was May, thus dremid me,
" In time of love and jolite,

Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe;[8] hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Such, amongſt view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.[9]

" That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—
" Then *yong folke* entendin aye,
" For to ben gaie and amorous,
" The time is then ſo ſavorous."
Romaunt of the Roſe, v. 51," &c.

Again, in *The Romaunce of the Sowdon of Babyloyne* &c. MS. Penes Dr. Farmer.

" Hit bifelle by twyxte marche and maye,
" Whan kynde corage begynneth to pryke;
" Whan frith and felde wexen gaye,
" And every wight deſirith his like;
" When lovers ſlepen with opyn yee,
" As nightingalis on grene tre,
" And ſore deſire that thai cowde flye
" That thay myghte with there love be" &c. p. 2.
STEEVENS.

Our author's 99th *Sonnet* may alſo ſerve to confirm the reading of the text:

" From you I have been abſent in the ſpring,
" When *proud-pied April* dreſs'd in all his trim,
" Hath put a ſpirit of *youth* in ev'ry thing."

Again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, a tragedy, 1592:

" Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,
" Then in the *April* of her *ſpringing age*—." MALONE.

[8] Inherit *at my houſe*;] To *inherit*, in the language of Shakſpeare's age, is to *poſſeſs*. See Vol. XI. p. 3, n. 7. MALONE.]

[9] Such, *amongſt view of many, mine, being one,*
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.] The firſt of theſe lines I do not underſtand. The old folio gives no help; the paſſage is there, *Which* one *more view*. I can offer nothing better than this:

Within your view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, &c. JOHNSON.

Such, *amongſt view of many*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the line was printed thus:

Which one [*on*] *more* view of many, &c. MALONE.

Come, go with me;—Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find thoſe perſons out,

A very ſlight alteration will reſtore the cleareſt ſenſe to this paſſage. Shakſpeare might have written the lines thus:

Search *among view of many: mine, being one,*
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongſt the many you will view there, ſearch for one that will pleaſe you. Chooſe out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with what he had already ſaid to him:

" ——— Hear all, all ſee,
" And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be."

My daughter (he proceeds) *will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning* (i. e. eſtimation) *among thoſe whom you will ſee here. Reckoning* for *eſtimation*, is uſed before in this very ſcene:

" Of honourable *reckoning* are you both." STEEVENS.

This interpretation is fully ſupported by a paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— our compell'd ſins
" Stand more for *number*, then *accompt*."

i. e. eſtimation. There is here an alluſion to an old proverbial expreſſion, that *one* is no number. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, Part II:

" —— to fall to *one*,
" —— is to fall to none,
" For *one no number is*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

" One is no number."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 136th Sonnet:

" Among a number *one is reckon'd none*,
" Then in the number let me paſs untold."

The following lines in the poem on which the tragedy is founded, may add ſome ſupport to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

" To his approved friend a ſolemn oath he plight,—
" —— every where he would reſort where ladies wont to meet;
" Eke ſhould his ſavage heart like all indifferently,
" For he would *view* and judge them all with unallured eye.—
* * * *
" No knight or gentleman of high or low renown
" But Capulet him (if had bid unto his feaſt, &c.
" Young damſels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;
" Not ſo much for the banquet's ſake, as beauties to *ſearch* out." MALONE.

Whoſe names are written there,[1] [*Gives a Paper.*]
and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

SERV. Find them out, whoſe names are written here?[2] It is written—that the ſhoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am ſent to find thoſe perſons, whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned:—In good time.

This paſſage is neither intelligible as it ſtands, nor do I think it will be rendered ſo by Steevens's amendment.—"To ſearch amongſt view of many," is neither ſenſe nor Engliſh.

The old folio, as Johnſon tells us, reads—

Which one *more view of many*—

And this leads us to the right reading, which I ſhould ſuppoſe to have been this:

Whilſt on *more view of many, mine being one*, &c.

With this alteration the ſenſe is clear, and the deviation from the folio very trifling. M. MASON.

[1] ——*find thoſe perſons out,*
Whoſe names are written there,] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed the poem already mentioned:

"No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,
"No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,
"But Capilet himſelf hath bid unto his feaſt,
"Or by *his name, in paper ſent, appointed as a gueſt.*"

MALONE.

[2] *Find them out, whoſe names are written here?*] The quarto, 1597, adds: "And yet I know not who are written here: I muſt to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to ſay, the tailor," &c. STEEVENS.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cures with another's languiſh:[3]
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.[4]

[3] ——*with another's* languiſh:] This ſubſtantive is again found in *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring alſo (as I think) in one of Morley's ſongs, 1595:

"Alas, it ſkills not,
"For thus I will not,
"Now contented,
"Now tormented,
"Live in love and *languiſh*." MALONE.

[4] *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.] So, in the poem:

"Ere long the towniſh dames together will reſort:
"Some one of beauty, favour, ſhape, and of ſo lovely port,
"With ſo faſt-fixed *eye* perhaps thou may'ſt behold,
"That thou ſhalt quite forget thy *love* and *paſſions paſt of old*.
"And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
"So *novel love* out of the mind the *ancient love* doth rive."

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*:

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail."

So, in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: "—a fire divided in twayne burneth flower;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quencheth the concupiſcence of the firſt."
MALONE.

Veterem amorem novo, quaſi clavum clavo repellere, is a morſel of very ancient advice; and Ovid alſo has aſſured us, that—

"*Alterius vires ſubtrahit alter amor.*"

Or,—

"*Succeſſore novo tri litur omnis amor.*"

Priorem flammam novus ignis extrudit, is alſo a proverbial phraſe. STEEVENS.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.[5]

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, ſir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye ſay honeſtly; Reſt you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

Signior Martino, *and his wife, and daughters*; *County* Anſelme, *and his beauteous ſiſters*; *The lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces*; Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *Mine*

[5] *Your* plantain *leaf is excellent for that,*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before ſhe engages with a ſpider, will fortify herſelf with ſome of this plant; and that, if ſhe comes off wounded, ſhe cures herſelf afterwards with it. Dr. Grey.

The ſame thought occurs in *Alſtumazar*, in the following lines:
" Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:
" Bring a freſh *plantain leaf*, I've broke my ſhin."
Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonſon, 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, ſays: " 'Tis nothing, a ſillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a *plantain*."
The plantain leaf is a blood-ſtauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. Steevens.

uncle Capulet, *his wife, and daughters*; *My fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair aſſembly; [*Gives back the Note.*] Whither ſhould they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To ſupper; to our houſe.[6]

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Serv. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without aſking: My maſter is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the houſe of Montagues, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine.[7] Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of Capulet's
Sups the fair Roſaline, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

[6] *To ſupper; to our houſe.*] The words *to ſupper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding ſpeech. They undoubtedly belong to the Servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[7] ——cruſh *a cup of wine.*] This cant expreſſion ſeems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Fill the pot, hoſteſs &c. and we'll *cruſh it.*"

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

"——we'll *cruſh a cup* of thine own country wine."

Again, in *The Pinder of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobler ſays:

"Come, George, we'll *cruſh a pot* before we part."

We ſtill ſay, in cant language—*to crack a bottle.* Steevens

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehood, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales,[8] let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love againſt ſome other maid[9]
That I will ſhow you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhow well, that now ſhows beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhown,
But to rejoice in ſplendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—

[8] ——*in* thoſe *cryſtal ſcales,*] The old copies have—*that* cryſtal, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. The poet might have uſed *ſcales* for the entire machine. Malone.

[9] ——*let there be weigh'd*
Your lady's love *againſt ſome other maid*—] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly uſed for the lady herſelf. Heath.

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurſe, give leave awhile,
We muſt talk in ſecret.—Nurſe, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel.
Thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen[1] be it ſpoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen.
Suſan and ſhe,—God reſt all Chriſtian ſouls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Suſan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I ſaid,
On Lammas-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen;

[1] ——*to my* teen—] To my ſorrow. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

"——for dread and doleful *teen*."

This old word is introduced by Shakſpeare for the ſake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. STEVENS.

That ſhall ſhe, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years;[2]
And ſhe was wean'd,—I never ſhall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:[3]—but, as I ſaid,
When it did taſte the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To ſee it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-houſe: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And ſince that time it is eleven years:

[2] *'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years;*] But how comes the Nurſe to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occaſion? There is no ſuch circumſtance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have drawn his ſtory; and therefore it ſeems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England, in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See Stowe's *Chronicle*, and Gabriel Harvey's Letter in the Preface to Spenſer's Works, edit. 1679.] If ſo, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at leaſt, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years ſince the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, *a fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

[3] *Nay, I do* bear a brain:] That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcaſtle, 1649, p. 51: "When theſe wordes of command are rotten, wee will ſow ſome other military ſeedes; you *beare a braine* and memory." REED.

So, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"*Daſh*, we muſt *bear ſome brain*."
Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1604:
"——nay an I *bear not a brain*,—."
Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:
"As I can bear a pack, ſo I can *bear a brain*."
STEEVENS.

For then ſhe could ſtand alone;[4] nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, ſhe broke her brow:
And then my huſband—God be with his ſoul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, *doſt thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou haſt more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid—*Ay:*
To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about!
I warrant, an I ſhould live a thouſand years,
I never ſhould forget it; *Wilt thou not Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it ſtinted,[5] and ſaid—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chooſe but laugh,[6]

[4] ——*could ſtand alone;*] The 4to. 1597, reads: "could ſtand *high lone*," i. e. *quite* alone, *completely* alone. So, in another of our author's plays, *high fantaſtical* means *entirely* fantaſtical. Steevens.

[5] ——*it ſtinted,*] i. e. it ſtopped, it forbore from weeping. So, Sir Thomas North, in his tranſlation of Plutarch, ſpeaking of the wound which Antony received, ſays: "for the blood *ſtinted* a little when he was laid."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon:

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Again, in *What you will*, by Marſton, 1607:

"Piſh! for ſhame, *ſtint* thy idle chat."

Again, in *The Misfortunes of King Arthur*, an ancient drama, 1587:—

"——Fame's but a blaſt that ſounds a while,
"And quickly *ſtints*, and then is quite forgot."

Spenſer uſes this word frequently in his *Fairy Queen*. Steevens.

[6] Nurſe. *Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chooſe* &c.] This ſpeech and tautology is not in the firſt edition. Pope.

To think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay—*Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my huſband, *fall'ſt upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'ſt to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it ſtinted, and ſaid—*Ay.*

Jul. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour[7] that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well,[8] think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years

[7] *It is an honour*—] The firſt quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have choſen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* ſeems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurſe that applauſe which ſhe immediately beſtows. The word *honour* was likely to ſtrike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and diſcreet word for the occaſion. Steevens.

Honour was changed to *hour* in the quarto, 1599. Malone.

[8] *Well,* &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

"Well, girl, the noble County Paris ſeeks thee for his wife." Steevens.

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris ſeeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, ſuch a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.[9]

La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurse.[1] Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What ſay you?[2] can you love the gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt:
Read o'er the volume[3] of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,[4]
And ſee how one another lends content;

——*a man of* wax.] So, in *Wily Beguiled:*
" Why, he's a man as one ſhould picture him in *wax*."
STEEVENS.

——*a man of* wax.] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. " When you, Lydia, praiſe the waxen arms of Telephus," (ſays, Horace,) [*Waxen*, well ſhaped, fine turned:]
" With paſſion ſwells my fervid breaſt,
" With paſſion hard to be ſuppreſt."
Dr. Bentley changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little underſtanding that the praiſe was given to the ſhape, not to the colour. S. W.

[1] *Nurſe.*] After this ſpeech of the Nurſe, Lady Capulet in the old quarto ſays only:
" Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"
She anſwers, " I'll look to like," &c. and ſo concludes the ſcene, without the intervention of that ſtuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] La. Cap. *What ſay you?* &c.] This ridiculous ſpeech is entirely added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

[3] *Read o'er the volume* &c.] The ſame thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*
" Her face the book of praiſes, where is read
" Nothing but curious pleaſures." STEEVENS.

[4] *Examine every* married *lineament*, &c.] Thus the quarto 1599. The quarto 1609—*ſeveral* lineament. By the former of theſe phraſes Shakſpeare means—Examine how nicely one

And what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.[5]
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover: [6]

feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which ſeems to be implied in the word—*content*. In *Troilus and Creſſida*, he ſpeaks of "the *married* calm of ſtates;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the ſame alluſion:

"If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
"By unions *married*, do offend thine ear."

So alſo, in Ronſard:

"Phebus du milieu de la table,
"Pour réjouir le front des Dieux,
"*Marioit* ſa voix delectable
"A ſon archet melodieux."

Again:

"Le *mariant* aux haleines
"De trompettes qui ſont pleines
"D'un ſon furieux et grave." STEEVENS.

This ſpeech, as has been obſerved, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *ſeveral* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only becauſe the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not underſtand it. MALONE.

[5] ——*the margin of his eyes.*] The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So, *Horatio* in *Hamlet* ſays: "—I knew you muſt be edified by the *margent*," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"But ſhe, that never cop'd with ſtranger *eyes*,
"Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
"Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies,
"Writ in the glaſſy *margent* of ſuch *looks*."

MALONE.

[6] *This precious look of love, this* unbound *lover,*
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:] This ridiculous ſpeech is full of abſtruſe quibbles. The *unbound* lover, is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book*, and the *binding* in *marriage*; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phraſe for a married woman, who is ſtyled a *femme couverte* in law French. M. MASON.

The fiſh lives in the ſea;[7] and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden ſtory;[8]
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.

Nurse. No leſs? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:[9]
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,[1]
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

[7] *The fiſh lives in the ſea*; &c.] i. e. is not yet caught. Fiſh-ſkin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this paſſage; and it may receive ſome ſupport from what Enobarbus ſays in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The tears *live in an onion*, that ſhould water this ſorrow." Steevens.

The purport of the remainder of this ſpeech, is to ſhow the advantage of having a handſome perſon to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore, that inſtead of "the fiſh lives in the *ſea*," we ſhould read, "the fiſh lives in the *ſhell*." For the *ſea* cannot be ſaid to be a beautiful cover to a fiſh, though a *ſhell* may. —I believe, that by the *golden ſtory*, is meant no particular legend, but any valuable writing. M. Mason.

[8] *That in gold claſps locks in the* golden ſtory;] The *golden ſtory* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtleſs often exquiſitely embellithed, but of which Canus, one of the popiſh doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*. Johnson.

The poet may mean nothing more than to ſay, that thoſe books are moſt eſteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embellithed by as *valuable binding*. Steevens.

[9] *I'll look to like, if looking liking move*:] Such another jingle of words occur in the ſecond Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "—and ſeeing to like, and liking to love, and loving ſtraight" &c. Steevens.

[1] ——endart *mine eye*,] The quarto, 1597, reads—"*engage* mine eye." Steevens.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam,[2] the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerved up, you called, my young lady aſked for, the nurſe curſed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtraight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county ſtays.

Nurse. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio,[3] Benvolio, *with five or ſix Maſkers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.*

Rom. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?

[2] *Madam,* &c.] To this ſpeech there have been likewiſe additions ſince the elder quarto, but they are not of ſufficient conſequence to be quoted. Steevens.

[3] ——*Mercutio,*] Shakſpeare appears to have formed this character on the following ſlight hint in the original ſtory: "—another gentleman called *Mercutio,* which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reaſon of his pleaſant and curteous behavior was in al companies wel intertained." Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure,* Tom. II. p. 221. Steevens.

Mercutio is thus deſcribed in the poem which Shakſpeare followed:

"At thone ſide of her chair her lover Romeo,
"And on the other ſide there ſat one call'd Mercutio;

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity:[4]
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,

" A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
" For he was courteous of his ſpeech, and pleaſant of device.
" Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
" Such was among the baſhful maids Mercutio to behold.
" With friendly gripe he ſeiz'd fair Juliet's ſnowiſh hand;
" A gift he had, that nature gave him in his ſwathing band
" That frozen mountain ice was never half ſo cold,
" As were his hands, though ne'er ſo near the fire he did them hold."

Perhaps it was this laſt circumſtance which induced our poet to repreſent Mercutio, as little ſenſible to the paſſion of love, and " a jeſter at wounds which *he never felt.*" See *Othello*, Act III. ſc. iv:

" ——This *hand* is moiſt, my lady;—
" This argues fruitfulneſs and liberal heart;
" *Hot, hot, and moiſt.*"

See alſo Vol. XVII. p. 19, n. 5. Malone.

[4] *The date is out of ſuch prolixity:*] i. e. *Masks* are now out of faſhion. That Shakſpeare was an enemy to theſe fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays diſcredited ſuch entertainments, is more than probable. Warburton.

The diverſion going forward at preſent is not a *maſque*, but a *maſquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himſelf to the entertainment given by Wolſey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *maſk*, and ſends a meſſenger before, to make an apology for his intruſion. This was a cuſtom obſerved by thoſe who came uninvited, with a deſire to conceal themſelves for the ſake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of converſation. Their entry on theſe occaſions was always prefaced by ſome ſpeech in praiſe of the beauty of the ladies, or the generoſity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of ſuch introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610, a man expreſſes his wonder that the *maſkers* enter without any compliment:

" What come they in ſo blunt, *without device?*"

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this cuſtom preſerved. Of the ſame kind of maſquerading, ſee a ſpecimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a ſpeech. Steevens.

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,[5]
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;[6]
Nor no without-book prologue,[7] faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:[8]
But, let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure,[9] and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,[1]—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Shakſpeare has written a *maſque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th Act of *The Tempeſt*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were diſcontinued during any period of Shakſpeare's life. PERCY.

[5] *Bearing a* Tartar's *painted bow of lath,*] The *Tartarian* bows, as well as moſt of thoſe uſed by the Aſiatick nations, reſemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, ſuch as we ſee on medals and bas reliefs. Shakſpeare uſed the epithet to diſtinguiſh it from the Engliſh bow, whoſe ſhape is the ſegment of a circle. DOUCE.

[6] ——*like a crow-keeper;*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *King Lear*, Act IV. ſc. vi. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XVII. p. 541, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[7] *Nor no without-book prologue,* &c.] The two following lines are inſerted from the firſt edition. POPE.

[8] ——*for our* entrance:] *Entrance* is here uſed as triſyllable; *enterance*. MALONE.

[9] *We'll meaſure them a* meaſure,] i. e. a dance. See Vol. VII. p. 154, n. 9. MALONE.

[1] *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his reſolution to aſſume, will be beſt explained by a paſſage in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "He is juſt like a *torch-bearer* to maſkers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* ſeems to have been a conſtant appendage on every troop of maſks. So, in the ſecond part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"——As on a maſque; but for our *torch-bearers*,
"Hell cannot rake ſo mad a crew as I."

Again, in the ſame play:

"——a gallant crew,
"Of courtly maſkers landed at the ſtairs;

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing ſhoes,
With nimble ſoles: I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover;[2] borrow Cupid's wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpierced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:[3]
Under love's heavy burden do I ſink.

Mer. And, to ſink in it, ſhould you burden love;[4]

" Before whom, unintreated, I am come,
" And here prevented, I believe, their page,
" Who, with his *torch* is enter'd."

Before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of ſtate were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. This cuſtom is mentioned by Froiſſart, and other writers who had the merit of deſcribing every thing they ſaw. See a wooden cut in Vol. IX. p. 359.

To *hold a torch*, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Penſioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening.

At an entertainment alſo, given by Louis XIV. in 1664, no leſs than 200 valets-de-pied were thus employed. STEEVENS.

King Henry VIII. when he went maſked to Wolſey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had ſixteen torch-bearers. See Vol. XV. p. 55. MALONE.

[2] Mer. *You are a lover*; &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the firſt edition. POPE.

[3] ——*ſo bound,*
I cannot bound &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occaſion, keep Shakſpeare in countenance:
" ——————in contempt
" At one flight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*
" Of hill," &c. *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book IV. l. 180. STEEVENS.

[4] ——ſhould you *burden love*;] i. e. by ſinking in it, you

Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in:
[*Putting on a Maſk.*
A viſor for a viſor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities? [5]
Here are the beetle-brows, ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,[6]
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels; [7]

ſhould, or would, burden love. Mr. Heath, on whoſe ſuggeſtion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely miſunderſtood the paſſage. Had he attended to the firſt two lines of Mercutio's next ſpeech, he would have ſeen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See alſo the concluding lines of Mercutio's long ſpeech in p. 60. Malone.

[5] ——*doth* quote *deformities?*] To *quote* is to obſerve. So, in *Hamlet:*

"I am ſorry, that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him."

See note on this paſſage, and Vol. IV. p. 217, n. 8. Steevens.

[6] ——*let wantons, light of heart,* &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Maſter-Conſtable,* 1602:

"——bid him, whoſe heart no ſorrow feels,
"Tickle the ruſhes with his wanton heels,
"I have too much lead at mine." Steevens.

[7] *Tickle the ſenſeleſs* ruſhes *with their heels;*] It has been already obſerved, that it was anciently the cuſtom to ſtrew rooms with *ruſhes,* before carpets were in uſe. See Vol. XI. p. 331, n. 8. So Hentzner, in his *Itinerary,* ſpeaking of Queen Eliza-

For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe,[8]—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.[9]

beth's preſence-chamber at Greenwich, ſays: "The floor, after the Engliſh faſhion, was ſtrewed with *hay*," meaning *ruſhes*. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"Thou danceſt on my heart, laſcivious queen,
"Even as upon theſe *ruſhes* which thou treadeſt."

The *ſtage* was anciently ſtrewn with *ruſhes*. So, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—on the very *ruſhes* when the comedy is to daunce." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, it has been obſerved, gives the manners and cuſtoms of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended againſt propriety in the ſame manner. Thus, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

"She, fearing on the *ruſhes* to be ſtung,
"Striv'd with redoubled ſtrength—." MALONE.

[8] ——*a grandſire phraſe*, &c.] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expreſſion, for being *an idle ſpectator*. Among Ray's proverbial ſentences, is this:—"A good *candle-holder* proves a good gameſter." STEEVENS.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the next line but one.

It appears from a paſſage in one of the ſmall collections of Poetry, entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have loſt the title, that "Our ſport is at the beſt," or at the faireſt, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo ſays, "I am done."

Dun is the mouſe, I know not why, ſeems to have meant, *Peace; be ſtill!* and hence it is ſaid to be "the conſtable's own word;" who may be ſuppoſed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noiſe. So, in the comedy of *Patient Griſſel*, 1603: "What, Babulo! ſay you. Heere, maſter, ſay I, and then this eye opens; yet *dun is the mouſe*, LIE STILL. What Babulo! ſays Griſſel. Anone, ſay I, and then this eye lookes up; yet doune I ſtug againe." MALONE.

[9] *I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—*
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.] An alluſion to an old proverbial ſaying, which adviſes to give over when the game is at the faireſt. RITSON.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word: [1]
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire [2]

——*and I am* done.] This is equivalent to phraſes in common uſe—*I am done* for, *it is over with me. Done* is often uſed in a kindred ſenſe by our author. Thus, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

" ——my mourning weeds are *done*."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" ——as ſoon decay'd and *done*,
" As is the morning's dew." STEEVENS.

[1] *Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word:*] This poor obſcure ſtuff ſhould have an explanation in mere charity. It is an anſwer to theſe two lines of Romeo:

" For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe;—*and*
" The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done."

Mercutio, in his reply, anſwers the laſt line firſt. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (ſays Romeo) *and look on.* It is true, if I could play myſelf, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done.* I have nothing to play with: I have loſt my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done,* and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had ſaid, The ladies indeed are *fair,* but I am *dun,* i. e. of a dark complexion. And ſo replies, *Tut! dun's the mouſe;* a proverbial expreſſion of the ſame import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats ſon gris:* as much as to ſay, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And becauſe Romeo had introduced his obſervations with—

I am *proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe,*

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the conſtable's own word:* as much as to ſay, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; *'tis the conſtable's own word;* whoſe cuſtom was, when he ſummoned his watch, and aſſigned them their ſeveral ſtations, to give them what the ſoldiers call, *the word.* But this night-guard being diſtinguiſhed for their pacifick character, the conſtable, as an emblem of their harmleſs diſpoſition, choſe that domeſtick animal for his *word,* which, in time, might become proverbial. WARBURTON.

[2] *If thou art* dun, *we'll draw thee from the mire*—] A proverbial ſaying, uſed by Mr. Thomas Heywood, (Drue,) in his play, intitled *The Dutcheſs of Suffolk,* Act III:

" A rope for Biſhop Bonner, Clunce run,
" Call help, a rope, or we are all undone,
" Draw *dun* out of the *ditch*." DR. GREY.

Of this (ſave reverence) love,[3] wherein thou ſtick'ſt

Draw dun (a common name, as Mr. Douce obſerves, for a cart-horſe) *out of the mire*, ſeems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other paſtimes:

" At ſhove-groate, venter point, or croſſe and pile,
" At leaping o'er a Midſommer bone-fier,
" Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer*."

Dun's the mouſe is a proverbial phraſe, which I have likewiſe met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

" If my hoſt ſay the word, the *mouſe ſhall be dun*."

It is alſo found among Ray's proverbial ſimilies.

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Why then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouſe*, and undone all the courtiers."

Of this cant expreſſion I cannot determine the preciſe meaning. It is uſed again in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, but apparently in a ſenſe different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

Dun out of the mire was the name of a tune, and to this ſenſe Mercutio may allude when Romeo declines dancing. Taylor in *A Navy of Land Ships*, ſays, " Nimble-heeled mariners (like ſo many dancers) capring in the pumpes and vanities of this ſinfull world, ſometimes a Moriſca or Trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of duſty my deare, dirty come thou to me, *Dun out of the mire*, or I wayle in woe and plunge in paine: all theſe dances have no other muſicke." HOLT WHITE.

Theſe paſſages ſerve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real ſenſe of the phraſe, or ſhowing why it ſhould be *the conſtable's own word*.

M. MASON.

" The cat is grey," a cant phraſe, ſomewhat ſimilar to " Dun's the mouſe," occurs in *King Lear*. But the preſent application of Mercutio's words will, I fear, remain in hopeleſs obſcurity. STEEVENS.

[3] Of *this (ſave reverence) love*,] [The folio—*Or* ſave *your* reverence &c.] The word *or* obſcures the ſentence; we ſhould read—*O!* for *or love*. Mercutio having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by ſo diſreſpectful a word as *mire*, cries out:

O! ſave your reverence, love. JOHNSON.

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.[4]

This paſſage is not worth a conteſt; and yet if the conjunction *or* were retained, the meaning appears to be:—"We'll draw thee from the mire, (ſays he) *or rather* from this love wherein thou ſtick'ſt."

Dr. Johnſon has imputed a greater ſhare of politeneſs to Mercutio than he is found to be poſſeſſed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he paſſes through different editions,

"Works himſelf clear, and as he runs refines."

STEEVENS.

I have followed the firſt quarto, 1597, except that it has *fur-reverence*, inſtead of *ſave-reverence*. It was only a different mode of ſpelling the ſame word; which was derived from the Latin, *ſalva reverentia*. See Blount's *Gloſſography*. 8vo. 1681, in v. *ſa-reverence*.

So, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman*:

"The braſtlieſt man,—

"(*Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-monſter."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "—ungartered, unbuttoned, nay, (*sir-reverence*,) untruſſed."

In *Cymbeline* we have the ſame thing more delicately expreſſed: "Why ſhould his miſtreſs not be fit too?" The rather, *ſaving reverence* of the word, for 'tis ſaid a woman's fitneſs comes by fits."

In *The Comedy of Errors*, the word is written as in the firſt copy of this play, and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe: "—ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay *ſir-reverence*,"—. And in *Much Ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me ſay (*save reverence*) a huſband." The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

Or, ſave *you* reverence, love—.

which was followed by the next quarto, of 1600, and by the folio with a ſlight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he found an error in a later quarto, ſeems to have corrected it by caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads—*Or*, ſave *your* reverence, &c. MALONE.

[4] —— *we* burn day-light, *ho.*] To *burn day-light* is a proverbial expreſſion, uſed when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time. See Vol. V. p. 63, n. 5.

Chapman has not very intelligibly employed this phraſe in his tranſlation of the twentieth *Iliad*:

"And all their ſtrength——

"——— no more ſhall *burn* in vain the *day*."

STEEVENS.

Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.

Mer. I mean, ſir, in delay
We waſte our lights in vain, like lamps by day.[5]
Take our good meaning; for our judgment ſits
Five times in that,[6] ere once in our five wits.

[5] ——*like* lamps *by day.*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldeſt quarto. The folio and ſubſequent quartos read—*lights, lights by day.* Steevens.

[6] *Five times in that,* &c.] The quarto, 1597, reads: "*Three* times *a day*;" and *right* wits, inſtead of *five* wits. Steevens.

——*for our judgment ſits*
Five times in that, ere once in our five *wits.*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, have—our *fine* wits. Shakſpeare is on all occaſions ſo fond of antitheſis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not *fine*. The error has happened ſo often in theſe plays, and the emendation is ſo ſtrongly confirmed by comparing theſe lines as exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the paſſage as it ſtood originally, that I have not heſitated to give the reading which I propoſed ſome time ago, a place in the text.

The ſame miſtake has happened in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 447, n. 8, where we find in all the old copies—"of theſe *fine* the ſenſe," inſtead of "—theſe *five*." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. XIII. p. 24, n. 1: "Deck'd with *fine* flower-de-luces," inſtead of—"*five*," &c. In *Coriolanus*, (ſee Vol. XVI. p. 234, n. 6.) the only authentick ancient copy has—"the *five* ſtrains of honour," for "the *fine* ſtrains of honour." Indeed in the writing of Shakſpeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the ſame manner: we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant tranſcribers ſhould have confounded them. In the modern editions theſe errors have all been properly amended.—See alſo on the ſame point, Vol. V. p. 191, n. 3; Vol. IX. p. 412, n. 9; and Vol. XIX. p. 130, n. 7.

Shakſpeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much Ado about Nothing*, (ſee Vol. VI. p. 11, n. 6.) in *King Lear*, and in one of his Sonnets. Again, in the play before us: "Thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy *wits*, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole *five*." Mercutio is here alſo the ſpeaker.

In the firſt quarto the line ſtands thus:

"*Three* times in that, ere once in our *right* wits."

When the poet altered "*three* times" to "*five* times," he, without doubt, for the ſake of the jingle, diſcarded the word

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aſk?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, aſleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then,[7] I ſee, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife;[8] and ſhe comes

right, and ſubſtituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, ſeems to have been made merely to obtain the antitheſis.
MALONE.

[7] *O, then*, &c.] In the quarto 1597, after the firſt line of Mercutio's ſpeech, Romeo ſays, *Queen Mab, what's ſhe?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the reſt of the ſpeech to the ſame character. STEEVENS.

[8] *O, then, I ſee, Queen Mab hath been with you.*
She is the fairies' *midwife*;] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that ſhe was the perſon *among* the fairies, whoſe department it was to deliver the fancies of ſleeping men of their dreams, thoſe *children of an idle brain*. When we ſay the *king's judges*, we do not mean perſons who are to judge the king, but perſons appointed by him to judge his ſubjects. STEEVENS.

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, becauſe it was her peculiar employment to ſteal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uſes her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has ſo far a proper reference to the preſent train of fiction, as that her illuſions were practiſed on perſons in bed or aſleep; for ſhe not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewiſe the incubus or night-mare. Shakſpeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on ſleepers; but denominates her from the moſt notorious one, of her per-

In ſhape no bigger than an agate-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,[9]
Drawn with a team of little atomies[1]

ſonating the drowſy midwife, who was inſenſibly carried away into ſome diſtant water, and ſubſtituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*. The poet avails himſelf of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

[9] *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads—*of a burgo-maſter*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himſelf, as we find it in the ſucceeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminiſhed its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-maſters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a paſſage in *The Firſt Part of Henry IV.* we may ſuppoſe the citizens, in Shakſpeare's time, to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639: "—and an *alderman*, as I may ſay to you, he has no more wit than the reſt o' the bench; and that lies in his *thumb-ring*." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*of little* atomies—] *Atomy* is no more than an obſolete ſubſtitute for *atom*.

So, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

"——I can tear thee
"As ſmall as *atomies*, and throw thee off
"Like duſt before the wind."

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*
"Than in the ſummer play before the ſun."

In Drayton's *Nymphidia* there is likewiſe a deſcription of Queen Mab's chariot:

"Four nimble gnats the horſes were,
"Their harneſſes of goſſamere,
"Fly cranion, her charioteer,
"Upon the coach-box getting:
"Her chariot of a ſnail's fine ſhell,
"Which for the colours did excell,
"The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
"So lively was the limning:
"The ſeat, the ſoft wool of the bee,
"The cover (gallantly to ſee)
"The wing of a py'd butterflee,
"I trow, 'twas ſimple trimming:

Athwart's men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners 'legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſshoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film:
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blaſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats[2] tainted are.
Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:[3]

"The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,
"And daintily made for the nonce,
"For fear of rattling on the ſtones,
"With thiſtle-down they ſhod it." STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Nimphidia* was written ſeveral years after this tragedy. See Vol. V. p. 348, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] ——*with* ſweet meats—] i. e. kiſſing-comfits. Theſe artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falſtaff, in the laſt Act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. MALONE.

[3] *Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a* courtier's *noſe,*
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit: &c.] Mr. Pope reads—*lawyer's* noſe. STEEVENS.

The old editions have it—*courtier's* noſe; and this undoubtedly is the true reading; and for theſe reaſons: Firſt, In the

And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,

new reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine ſpeech; the ſame thought having been given in the foregoing line:

"O'er *lawyers'* fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:"

Nor can it be objected that there will be the ſame fault if we read *courtiers'*, it having been ſaid before:

"On *courtiers'* knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:"

Becauſe they are ſhown in two places under different views: in the firſt, their *foppery*; in the ſecond, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, in our author's time, a court-ſolicitation was called, ſimply, a *ſuit*, and a proceſs, a *ſuit at law*, to diſtinguiſh it from the other. "The King (ſays an anonymous contemporary writer of the Life of Sir William Cecil) "called him [Sir William Cecil] and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his anſwers, willed his father to FIND [i. e. *to ſmell out*] A SUIT for him. Whereupon he became SUITOR for the reverſion of the Cuſtos-brevium office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the firſt SUIT he had in his life." Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his ſatire againſt *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topick of later writers: for, to obſerve it to the honour of the Engliſh judicatures, they preſerved the purity and ſimplicity of their firſt inſtitution, long after chicane had over-run all the other laws of Europe. WARBURTON.

As almoſt every book of that age furniſhes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has obſerved, I ſhall add but one other inſtance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: "If you be a *courtier*, diſcourſe of the obtaining of *ſuits*." MALONE.

In theſe lines Dr. Warburton has very juſtly reſtored the old reading, *courtier's noſe*, and has explained the paſſage with his uſual learning; but I do not think he is ſo happy in his endeavour to juſtify Shakſpeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The ſecond folio, I obſerve, reads:

"On *countries* knees,—."

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

"On *counties* knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:"

Counties I underſtand to ſignify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is moſt commonly ſtyled the *county* in this play.

And ſo in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. we find:

"Princes and *counties*."

Tickling a parſon's noſe as 'a lies aſleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

And in *All's well that ends well*, Act III:

"A ring the *courty* wears."

The *Countie Egmond* is ſo called more than once in Holinſhed, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh Papers, Vol. I. p. 204. See alſo p. 7: The *Countie* Palatine Lowys. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this paſſage, may be owing (not to any error of the preſs, but) to the players having jumbled together the varieties of ſeveral editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play. TYRWHITT.

In the *preſent* inſtance, I think, it is more probable that the repetition aroſe from the cauſe aſſigned by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

At the firſt entry of the characters in the hiſtory of *Orlando Furioſo*, played before Queen Elizabeth, and publiſhed in 1594 and 1599, Sacripant is called the *Countie* Sacripant.

Again, Orlando, ſpeaking of himſelf:

"Surnam'd Orlando, the *Countie* Palatine."

Countie is at leaſt repeated twenty times in the ſame play.

This ſpeech, at different times, received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in queſtion ſtands thus in the quarto 1597:

"And in this ſort ſhe gallops up and down
"Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:
"O'er courtiers knees, who ſtrait on curſies dreame:
"O'er ladies lips, who dream on kiſſes ſtrait;
"Which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues,
"Becauſe their breaths with ſweetmeats tainted are.
"Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
"And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
"And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pigs taile,
"Tickling a parſon's noſe that lies aſleepe,
"And then dreames he of another benefice.
"Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a ſouldier's noſe,
"And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
"Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, countermines,
"Of healths five fadome deepe," &c.

Shakſpeare, as I have obſerved before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,[4]
Of healths five fathom deep;[5] and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he ſtarts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks[6] in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,[7]

[4] ——*Spaniſh blades,*] A ſword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan ſteel. So Grotius:

Gladius Toletanus.

" Unda Tagi non eſt uno celebranda metallo;
" Utilis in cives eſt ibi lamna ſuos." JOHNSON.

The quarto 1597, inſtead of *Spaniſh blades*, reads *countermines*. STEEVENS.

In the paſſage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been conſtantly printed inſtead of *uno*, which makes it nonſenſe; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. MALONE.

[5] *Of healths five fathom deep;*] So, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: " —troth, ſir, my maſter and ſir Goſſin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fathom deep*. The knight has *drunk* ſo much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almoſt loſt the uſe of his legs." MALONE.

[6] *And* bakes *the elf-locks* &c.] This was a common ſuperſtition; and ſeems to have had its riſe from the horrid diſeaſe called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

" And when I ſhook theſe *locks*, now *knotted* all,
" As *bak'd* in blood,—." MALONE.

[7] ——*when maids* &c.] So, in Drayton's *Nimphidia*:

" And Mab, his merry queen, by night
" Beſtrides young folks that lie upright,
" (In elder times the mare that hight)
" Which plagues them out of meaſure."

So, in *Gervaſe of Tilbury*, D. c. I. c. 17: " Vidimus quoſdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, *mira mole eas opprimunt*, nec ab aliis videntur." STEEVENS.

That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.[8]
This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,[9]
Turning his face[1] to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life,[2] clos'd in my breast,

[8] —— *of good* carriage.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. ii:

"—— let them be men of good repute and *carriage*."

"*Moth.* Sampson, master; he was a man of good *carriage*; great *carriage*; for he *carried* the town-gates," &c. Steevens.

[9] —— *from thence,*] The quarto 1597 reads—*in haste.* Steevens.

[1] —— *his* face—] So the quarto 1597. The other ancient copies have *side.* Malone.

[2] —— *and* expire the term
Of a despised life,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun." Malone.

Again, in *Hubberd's Tale:*

"When as time flying with wings swift,
"*Expired* had *the term*" &c.

By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſail![3]—On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.[4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.[5]

A Hall in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Muſicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he ſhift a trencher![6] he ſcrape a trencher!

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the eleventh *Iliad*:
" Draw ſome breath, not *expire* it all;—." Steevens.

[3] *Direct my* ſail!] I have reſtored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. Steevens.

Suit is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1599, from which it got into all the ſubſequent copies. Malone.

Direct my ſuit!] Guide the *ſequel* of the adventure. Johnson.

[4] *Strike, drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the ſtage, and ſerving men come forth with their napkins.* Steevens

[5] *Scene V.*] This ſcene is added ſince the firſt copy. Steevens.

[6] ——*he ſhift a* trencher! &c.] *Trenchers* were ſtill uſed by perſons of good faſhion in our author's time. In the Houſhold Book of the Earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the ſame century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the firſt nobility. Percy.

To ſhift a trencher was technical. So, in *The Miſeries of Enforſt Marriage*, 1608, Sig. E 3: " —learne more manners, ſtand at your brothers backe, & to *ſhift a trencher* neatly &c.

Re-

2 *Serv.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwaſhed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cupboard,[7] look to the plate:—good thou,

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See Vol. IV. p. 92, n. 2. Malone.

They continued common much longer in many publick ſocieties, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are ſtill retained at Lincoln's-Inn. Nichols.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, payd for x doſyn of trenchers, xxi d." Steevens.

[7] ——*court-cupboard,*] I am not very certain that I know the exact ſignification of *court-cupboard.* Perhaps it ſerved the purpoſe of what we call at preſent the *ſide-board.* It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays. So, in *A Humorous Day's Mirth,* 1599: "—ſhadow thoſe tables with their white veils, and accompliſh the *court-cupboard.*" Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive,* 1606, by Chapman: "Here ſhall ſtand my *court-cupboard,* with its furniture of plate." Again, in *The Roaring Girl,* 1611:

"Place that in the *court-cupboard.*"

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* 1635: "—they are together on the *cupboard of the court,* or the *court-cupboard.*" Again, in Chapman's *May-Day,* 1611: "*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

Two of theſe *court-cupboards* are ſtill in Stationers' Hall. Steevens.

The uſe which to this day is made of thoſe *cupboards* is exactly deſcribed in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to diſplay at publick feſtivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers,* and other antique ſilver veſſels of the company, ſome of which (with the names of the donors inſcribed on them) are remarkably large. Nichols.

By "*remove* the court-cupboard," the ſpeaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it. A *court-cupboard* was not ſtrictly what we now call a *ſide-board,* but a receſs fitted up with ſhelves to contain plate, &c. for the uſe of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet,* and continued to be uſed to the time of Pope.

ſave me a piece of marchpane;[8] and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in Suſan Grindſtone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

" The rich *buffet* well colour'd ſerpents grace,
" And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face."

The *ſide-board* was, I apprehend, introduced in the preſent century. MALONE.

A *court-cupboard* was a moveable; a *beufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inſide. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſave me a piece of* marchpane;] *Marchpane* was a confection made of piſtacho-nuts, almonds, and ſugar, &c. and in high eſteem in Shakſpeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is ſaid that the Univerſity preſented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two ſugar-loaves. Peck's *Deſiderata Curioſa*, Vol. II. p. 29. GREY.

Marchpane was a kind of ſweet bread or biſcuit; called by ſome almond-cake. Hermolaus Barbarus terms it *maxapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis* G. *marcepain* and *maſſèpan*, It. *marzapane, il maçapan*, B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *maſſa pura*. But, as few underſtood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally, though corruptly, called *maſſèpeyn, marcepeyn, martſepeyn*; and in conſequence of this miſtake of theirs, it ſoon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. HAWKINS.

Marchpane was a conſtant article in the deſerts of our anceſtors. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: " —ſeeing that the iſſue of the table, fruits and cheeſe, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in." See Dugdale's *Orig. Jurid.* p. 133.

In the year 1500, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: " Item, payd for ix *marſhe paynes*, xxvi s. viii d.

Marchpanes were compoſed of filberts, almonds, piſtachoes, pine kernels, and ſugar of roſes, with a ſmall proportion of flour. L'Etoile in his deſcription of a magnificent entertainment given at Paris in 1599, ſays: " —les confitures ſeiches & *maſſèpanes* y eſtoient ſi peu eſpargnez, que les dames & damoiſelles eſtoient contraintes de l'en decharger ſur les pages & les laquais, auxquels on les bailloit tous entiers." Our *macaroons* are only debaſed and diminutive *marchpanes*. STEEVENS.

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, aſked for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter Capulet, *&c. with the Gueſts, and the Maſkers.*

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes[9]
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſtreſſes! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
ſhe,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have ſeen the day,
That I have worn a viſor; and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen![1]—Come, muſicians, play.

[9] —— *their* toes—] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, their *feet*.—An editor by ſuch capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audience of Shakſpeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. Malone.

It was endured, at leaſt, in the time of Milton. Thus, in *Comus*, 900:

" ——— without duck or nod
" Other trippings to be trod
" Of lighter *toes*." Steevens.

[1] *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] Theſe two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. Johnson

A hall! a hall![2] give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,[3]
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit, nay, ſit, good couſin Capulet;[4]

[2] *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and ſignifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

" Room! room! *a hall! a hall!*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

" ——Then cry, *a hall! a hall!*"

Again, in an Epithalamium, by Chriſtopher Brooke, publiſhed at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Cry not, *a hall, a hall*; but chamber-roome;
" Dancing is lame," &c.

and numberleſs other paſſages. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*turn the tables up*,] Before this phraſe is generally intelligible, it ſhould be obſerved that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on treſſels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*. So, in the ancient tranſlation of Marco Paolo's *Voyages*, 1579: " After dinner is done, and the tables *taken uppe*, everie man goeth aboute his buſineſſe."

Again, in " The Seventh mery Jeſt of the Wyddow Edyth," 1573:

" And when that *taken up* was *the borde*,
" And all payde for," &c.

Again, in Mandeville's *Travels*, p. 285-6: " And ſuche playes of deſport they make, till the *taking up of the boordes*."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*good couſin Capulet*;] This *couſin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is deſcribed as old, *couſin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very diſproportionate; he has been paſt making for thirty years, and her age, as ſhe tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

Couſin was a common expreſſion from one kinſman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother and ſiſter. Thus in *Hamlet*, the King his uncle and ſtep-father addreſſes him with:

" But now my *couſin* Hamlet and my *ſon*."

For you and I are paſt our dancing days: [5]
How long is't now, ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much:
'Tis ſince the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we maſk'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his ſon is elder, ſir;
His ſon is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that? [6]
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

And in this very play, Act III. Lady Capulet ſays:
"Tybalt my *couſin!*—O my brother's *child.*"
So, in *As you like it*:
"*Roſ.* Me *uncle?*
"*Duke.* You *couſin!*"
And Olivia, in *Twelfth-Night*, conſtantly calls her uncle Toby *couſin.* RITSON.

Shakſpeare and other contemporary writers uſe the word *couſin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and ſometimes even to denote thoſe of lineal deſcent.

Richard III. during a whole ſcene, calls his nephew York, *couſin*; who, in his anſwer, conſtantly calls him *uncle.* And the old Ducheſs of York, in the ſame play, calls her grandſon, *couſin*:

"Why, my young *couſin*, it is good to grow.
"*York. Grandam*, one night, as we did ſit at ſupper,"
&c.

And in Fletcher's *Women Pleaſed*, Sylvio ſtyles Rhodope, at one time, his *aunt*—at others, his *couſin*—to the great annoyance of Mr. Sympſon, the editor. M. MASON.

See alſo Vol. XIV. p. 347, n. 9. MALONE.

[5] ——*our* dancing *days:*] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, "our *ſtanding* days." STEEVENS.

[6] *Will you tell me* &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in the firſt copy:

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?[7]

Serv. I know not, ſir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night[8]
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:[9]
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!

Will you tell me that? it cannot be ſo:
His ſon was but a ward three years ago;
Good youths, i'faith!—Oh, youth's a jolly thing!"

There are many trifling variations in almoſt every ſpeech of this play; but when they are of little conſequence I have forebore to encumber the page by the inſertion of them. The laſt, however, of theſe three lines, is natural, and worth preſerving. STEEVENS.

[7] *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*
Of yonder knight?] Here is another proof that our author had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the latter we are told—"A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance."

In the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a *knight*:

"With torch in hand a comely *knight* did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

[8] Her beauty *hangs upon the cheek of night*—] Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his 27th Sonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghaſtly night,
"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos 1597, 1599, 1609, and the folio 1623, coldly read.

It ſeems the *hangs upon the cheek of night*.

It is to the folio 1632, that we are indebted for the preſent reading, which is certainly the more elegant, if not the true one. The repetition, however, of the word *beauty*, in the next line but one, in my opinion, confirms the emendation of our ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[9] *Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:*] So, in Lyly's *Euphues*:

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." HOLT WHITE.

So ſhows a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forſwear it, ſight!
For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night.[1]

Tyb. This, by his voice, ſhould be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the ſlave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To ſleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now, by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now kinſman? wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in ſpite,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to ſay truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou reſpect,
Show a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt;
I'll not endure him.

[1] *For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night.*] Thus *King Henry VIII:*

"——— O beauty,
"Till now I never knew thee!" Steevens.

1 *Cap.* He ſhall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I ſay, he ſhall;—Go to;—
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God ſhall mend my ſoul—
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy:—Is't ſo, indeed?—
This trick may chance to ſcath you;[2]—I know what.
You muſt contráry me![3] marry, 'tis time—
Well ſaid, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:[4]—

[2] —— *to ſcath you*;] i. e. to do you an injury. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"They ſhall amend the *ſcath*, or kiſs the pound."

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

"Alas! what wretched villain hath done me ſuch *ſcath*?"

Steevens.

See Vol. XIV. p. 319, n. 5. Malone.

[3] *You muſt* contráry *me!*] The uſe of this verb is common to our old writers. So, in *Tully's Love*, by Greene, 1616: "—rather wiſhing to die than to *contrary* her reſolution." Many inſtances more might be ſelected from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. X. c. 59:

"——his countermand ſhould have *contraried* ſo."

The ſame verb is uſed in Arthur Hall's verſion of the eighth *Iliad*, 4to. 1581; and in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch. Steevens.

[4] —— *You are a* princox; *go*:] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited perſon.

The word is uſed by Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609: by Chapman, in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: "Your proud univerſity *Princox*."—Again, in *Faimus Troes*, 1633 "That *Princox* proud." And indeed by moſt of the old dramatick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune ſiourdeau ſuperbe*—a young *princox* boy. Steevens.

The etymology of the word *princox* may be found in Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or ſpoiled child, than a *coxcomb*. Malone.

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for ſhame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce[5] with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To* Juliet.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims,[6] ready ſtand
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhows in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.

Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turn to deſpair.[7]

[5] *Patience perforce*—] This expreſſion is part proverbial: the old adage is—

"*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog."

Steevens.

[6] *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine *is this,—*
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.] The old copies read *ſin*. Malone.

All profanations are ſuppoſed to be expiated either by ſome meritorious action, or by ſome penance undergone, and puniſhment ſubmitted to. So Romeo would here ſay, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips ſtand ready, as

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' ſake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*[8]

Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.

Jul. You kiſs by the book.[9]

two bluſhing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a ſweet penance. Our poet therefore muſt have wrote
——*the gentle* fine *is this.* Warburton.

[7] *O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;*
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turn to deſpair.] Juliet had ſaid before that "palm to palm was holy palmer's kiſs." She afterwards ſays that "palmers have lips that they muſt uſe in prayer." Romeo replies, *that the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do*; that is, that they might kiſs.
M. Mason.

[8] [Kiſſing *her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time; and kiſſing a lady in a publick aſſembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *King Henry VIII.* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiſs Anne Boleyn, next to whom he ſits at the ſupper given by Cardinal Wolſey. Malone.

[9] *You kiſs by the book.*] In *As you like it*, we find it was uſual *to quarrel by the book*, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtſhip*, an example from which it is probable that Roſalind hath adduced.
Henley.

Of all men who have looſed themſelves on Shakſpeare, none is there who ſo inveigleth me to amorous meditations, as the critick aforeſaid. In *Antony and Cleopatra* he ſore vexed and diſquieted mine imagination touching the hair and voice of women; in *King Lear* he hinted at ſome what touching *nonines*; and lo! now diſſerteth he on lip-gallantry! But (ſaith a wag

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.[1]

Rom. Is ſhe a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the ſport is at the beſt.

Rom. Ay, ſo I fear; the more is my unreſt.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.[2]—

---

at mine elbow) on the buſineſs of kiſſing, ſurely Caliſta's queſtion might be addreſſed to our commentator—"Is it become an art then? a trick that bookmen can teach us to do over?" I believe, no diſſertation, or guide, to this interchange of fondneſs was ever penned, at leaſt while Shakſpeare was alive. All that Juliet means to ſay is—you kiſs methodically; you offer as many reaſons for kiſſing, as could have been found in a treatiſe profeſſedly written on the ſubject. When Hamlet obſerves on the Grave-digger's equivocation—"we muſt ſpeak by the card," can he be ſuppoſed to have had a literal meaning? Without reference to books, however, Juliet betrays little ignorance on the preſent occaſion; but could have ſaid (with Mortimer, in *King Henry IV.*)—

"I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine;
"And that's a feeling diſputation." Amner.

[1] ——*the* chinks.] Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors have ſubſtituted *chink*.
Malone.

[2] *We have a trifling foolish banquet* towards.] *Towards* is ready, at hand.
So, in *Hamlet:*

"What might be *towards*, that this ſweaty haſte
"Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?"

Is it e'en ſo? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen;[3] good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, ſirrah, [*To* 2 CAP.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* Nurſe.

JUL. Come hither, nurſe: What is you gentleman?[4]

NURSE. The ſon and heir of old Tiberio.

JUL. What's he, that now is going out of door?

NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JUL. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JUL. Go, aſk his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Again, in *The Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607: "—here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all." STEEVENS.

It appears, from the former part of this ſcene, that Capulet's company had ſupped. A *banquet*, it ſhould be remembered, often meant, in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*."

Again, in Howel's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: "*After dinner*, he was ſerved with a *banquet*." MALONE.

It appears, from many circumſtances, that our anceſtors quitted their eating-rooms as ſoon as they had dined, and in warm weather retired to buildings conſtructed in their gardens. Theſe were called *banqueting-houſes*, and here their deſert was ſerved. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*honeſt gentlemen*;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds:

"I promiſe you, but for your company,
"I would have been in bed an hour ago:
"Light to my chamber, ho!" STEEVENS.

[4] *Come hither, nurſe: What is you gentleman?*] This and the following queſtions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only ſon of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the ſtrangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.[5]

Now old deſire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair,[6] which love groan'd for, and would die,[7]
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

[5] —— *CHORUS.*] This Chorus added ſince the firſt edition. Pope.

The uſe of this Chorus is not eaſily diſcovered; it conduces nothing to the progreſs of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next ſcene will ſhow; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral ſentiment. Johnson.

[6] *That fair.*] *Fair*, it has been already obſerved, was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, and was ſynonymous to beauty. See Vol. VIII. p. 88, n. 9. Malone.

[7] *That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,*] The inſtances produced in a ſubſequent note, by Mr. Malone, to juſtify the old and corrupt reading, are not drawn from the quartos, which he judiciouſly commends, but from the folio, which with equal judgment he has cenſured. Theſe irregularities, therefore, ſtanding on no ſurer ground than that of copies publiſhed by ignorant players, and printed by careleſs compoſitors, I utterly refuſe to admit their accumulated jargon as the grammar of Shakſpeare, or of the age he lived in.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe as much in love, her means much leſs
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme ſweet. [*Exit.*

Fair, in the preſent inſtance, was uſed as a diſſyllable.

Sometimes, our author, as here, uſes the ſame word as a diſſyllable and a monoſyllable, in the very ſame line. Thus, in *The Tempeſt*, Act I. ſc. ii:

"Twelve *years* ſince, Miranda, twelve *years* ſince."

STEEVENS.

——*for which love groan'd* for,] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd *fore*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraſeology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: "*In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in*, that you two have not in abundance?" See Vol. XVI. p. 64, n. 9. Again, in *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. vii: "—the ſcene *wherein* we play *in*." MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my couſin Romeo!
Mer. He is wiſe;
And, on my life, hath ſtolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am ſatisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;[8]

[8] *Cry but—Ah me!* couple *but—love and dove;*] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*; the two ſucceeding quartos and the firſt folio, *provaunt*; the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios, *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the laſt of theſe, formed the preſent reading. *Provant*, however, in ancient language, ſignifies *proviſion*. So, in "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell, the Wife of the late Uſurper, truly deſcribed and repreſented," 1664, p. 14: "—carrying ſome dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter's repaſt." To *provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furniſh*. "*Provant* but love and dove," may therefore mean, *furniſh* but ſuch hackneyed rhymes as theſe are, the trite effuſions of lovers. STEEVENS.

Speak to my goſſip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind ſon and heir,
Young Adam Cupid,[9] he that ſhot ſo trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.[1]—

——pronounce *but love and dove*;] Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. *Pronounce*, in the quartos of 1599 and 1609, was made *provaunt*.

In the firſt folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of theſe copies, the ſame reading is adopted. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily ſubſtituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, means *proviſion*; but I have never met with the verb *To provant*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt, therefore, that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the firſt quarto.

In this very line, love and *dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two ſubſequent quartos and the folio, to—love and *day*; and *heir*, in the next line, corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone aſks for inſtances of the verb *provant*. When he will produce examples of other verbs (like *reverb*, &c.) peculiar to our author, I may furniſh him with the inſtance he deſires. I am content, however, to follow the ſecond folio.

STEEVENS.

[9] *Young* Adam *Cupid*,] All the old copies read—Abraham Cupid. The alteration was propoſed originally by Mr. Upton. See *Obſervations*, p. 243. It evidently alludes to the famous archer, *Adam* Bell. REED.

[1] *When king Cophetua* &c.] Alluding to an old ballad preſerved in the firſt Volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*:

" Here you may read, Cophetua,
" Though long time fancie-fed,
" Compelled by the blinded boy
" The begger for to wed." STEEVENS.

" Young *Adam Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo *trim*,
" When," &c.

This word *trim*, the firſt editors, conſulting the general ſenſe of the paſſage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former ſeems the more humorous expreſſion, and, on account of its quaintneſs, more likely to have been uſed by Mercutio. PERCY.

He heareth not, ſtirreth not,[2] he moveth not;
The ape is dead,[3] and I muſt conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Roſaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead,[4] and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,[5]
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldeſt copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, is a reference to the ſame archer:

"——He ſhoots his bolt but ſeldom; but when *Adam* lets go, he hits:"

"He ſhoots at thee too, *Adam Bell*; and his arrows ſtick here."

Trim was an epithet formerly in common uſe. It occurs often in Churchyard's *Siege of Leeth*, 1575:

"Made ſallies forth, as *tryme* men might do."

Again, *ibid:*

"And ſhowed themſelves *trimme* ſouldiours as I ween."

STEEVENS.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, or, as it is called in ſome old copies, *The Song of a Beggar and a King*. The following ſtanza Shakſpeare had particularly in view:

"The *blinded* boy that *ſhoots* ſo *trim*,
"From heaven down did hie,
"He drew a dart and ſhot at him,
"In place where he did lie." MALONE.

[2] ——*ſtirreth not*,] Old copies, unmetrically,—*he* ſtirreth not. STEEVENS.

[3] *The ape is dead*,] This phraſe appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimickry of that animal. It was an expreſſion of tenderneſs, like *poor fool*. Nathe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lyly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *abe* at Cambridge. MALONE.

[4] *By her* high *forehead*,] It has already been obſerved that a high forehead was in Shakſpeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See Vol. IV. p. 140, n. 2; and Vol. XVII. p. 143, n 9. MALONE.

[5] *And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie*,] Here, perad-

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpite: my invocation
Is fair and honeſt, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humorous night:[6]
Blind is his love, and beſt beſits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

venture, hath our waggiſh poet caught hold of ſomewhat from Barnabe Googe his verſion of Palingenius. See *Cancer*, edit. 1561:

"What ſhuld I here commend her *thies, or places ther that lie?*" Amner.

[6] ——*the* humorous *night*:] I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare means humid, the moiſt *dewy* night. Chapman uſes the word in that ſenſe in his tranſlation of Homer, B. II. edit. 1598:

"The other gods and knights at arms ſlept all the *humorous* night."

Again, in the 21ſt Book:

"Whence all floods, all the ſea, all founts, wells, all deeps *humorous*,
"Fetch their beginnings;—."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 3:

"Such matter as ſhe takes from the groſs *humorous* earth."

Again, Song 13th:

"——which late the *humorous* night
"Beſpangled had with pearl—."

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto i:

"The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light."

Steevens.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure* we have "the *vaporous* night approaches;" which ſhows that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. Malone.

Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.[7]—

[7] *As maids* &c.] After this line, in the old copies, I find two other verſes, containing ſuch ribaldry, that I cannot venture to inſert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that the editors of our poet have ſometimes known how to blot:

" O Romeo that ſhe were, ah that ſhe were
" An open *et cætera*, thou a *poprin* pear!"

This pear is mentioned in *The wiſe Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638: " What needed I to have grafted in the ſtock of ſuch a choke-pear, and ſuch a goodly *poprin* as this to eſcape me?"

Again, in *A new Wonder, a Woman never vexed*, 1632:

" —— I requeſted him to pull me
" A Katherine Pear, and, had I not look'd to him,
" He'd have miſtook, and given me a *popperin*."

In *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by Cyril Turner, 1611, there is much conceit about this pear. I am unable to explain it with certainty, nor does it appear indeed to deſerve explanation.

Thus much may ſafely be ſaid; viz. that our pear might have been of French extraction, as *Poperin* was the name of a pariſh in the Marches of Calais. So, in Chaucer's *Rime of Sire Thopas*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. 1775, ver. 13,650:

" In Flandres, al beyonde the ſee,
" At *Popering* in the place."

In the edition of Meſſieurs Boydell I have alſo omitted theſe offenſive lines. Dr. Johnſon has ſomewhere obſerved, that there are higher laws than thoſe of criticiſm. STEEVENS

Theſe two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole ſcenes* of our author; but what is more ſtrange, his example has, in this inſtance, been followed by the ſucceeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the ſtage, an editor, in my apprehenſion, has no right to omit any paſſage that is found in all the authentick copies of his author's works. They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but alſo in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two ſubſequent quartos and the folio read, with a ſlight variation—

*An open—*or *thou a poperin pear.*

Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

Shakſpeare followed the faſhion of his own time, which was, when ſomething indecent was meant to be ſuppreſſed, to print *et cætera*, inſtead of the word. See Minſheu's *Dictionary*, p. 112, col. 2. Our poet did not conſider, that however ſuch a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is abſurd where words are intended to be recited. When theſe lines were ſpoken, as undoubtedly they were to our anceſtors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor muſt have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt ſentence.

The unſeemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

Poperingue is a town in French Flanders, two leagues diſtant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to aſcertain. The word was choſen, I believe, merely for the ſake of a quibble, which it is not neceſſary to explain. Probably for the ſame reaſon the Popering tree was preferred to any other by the author of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, ſmall 8vo. 1653:

"She thought it ſtrange to ſee a man
"In privy walk, and then anan
"She ſtepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,
"And liſten'd for ſome novelty."

Of the pariſh of Poperin, or Poperling, (as we called it) John Leland the Antiquary was parſon, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the Poperin pear may have been introduced into England. Malone.

SCENE II.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jeſts at ſcars,[8] that never felt a wound.—
[JULIET *appears above, at a Window.*
But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!—
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than ſhe:
Be not her maid,[9] ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off.—
It is my lady;[1] O, it is my love:
O, that ſhe knew ſhe were!—
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; What of that?

[8] *He jeſts at ſcars,*] That is, Mercutio jeſts, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book——
" None can ſpeake of a wound with ſkill, if he have not a wound felt." STEEVENS.

He (that perſon) jeſts, is merely an allufion to his having conceived himſelf ſo armed with the love of Roſalind, that no other beauty could make any impreſſion on him. This is clear from the converſation he has with Mercutio, juſt before they go to Capulet's. RITSON.

[9] *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" By all Diana's *waiting-women* yonder,—." STEEVENS.

[1] *It is my lady;*] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,[2]
That I might touch that cheek![3]

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks:—
O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night,[4] being o'er my head,

[2] *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This paſſage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

"O that I were a flea upon that lip," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] ——touch *that cheek!*] The quarto, 1597, reads: "*kiſs* that cheek." STEEVENS.

[4] *O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night,] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the ſimile ſeems to require—

As glorious to this ſight;——.

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text ſo. THEOBALD.

I have reſtored the old reading, for ſurely the change was unneceſſary. The plain ſenſe is, that Juliet appeared as ſplendid an object in the vault of heaven obſcured by darkneſs, as an angel could ſeem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means *as glorious appearance in this dark night*, &c. It ſhould be obſerved, however, that the ſimile agrees preciſely with Theobald's alteration, and not ſo well with the old reading. STEEVENS.

As is a winged meſſenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,[5]
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyſelf though, not a Montague.[6]

[5] —— *the* lazy-pacing *clouds*,] Thus corrected from the firſt edition, in the other *lazy-puffing*. Pope.

[6] *Thou art thyſelf* though, *not a Montague.*] For the preſent punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear ſenſe, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyſelf*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehenſion afford.

Thou art, *however*, ſays Juliet, a being *ſui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adverſative particle is uſed without any propriety, or rather makes the paſſage nonſenſe.

Though is often uſed by Shakſpeare in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. laſt, in the ſame ſenſe:

" My legs are longer *though*, to run away."

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

" 'Would Catharine had never ſeen him *though*."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

" I would not be ſo ſick *though*, for his place."

Other writers frequently uſe *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Maſſinger and Field, 1632:

" Would you have him your huſband that you love,
" And can it not be?—He is your ſervant, *though*,
" And may perform the office of a huſband."

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name!
What's in a name? [7] that which we call a roſe,

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——O diſſembling woman,
" Whom I muſt reverence *though*."

Again, in the laſt ſpeech of *The Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1619:

" Look to him *though*, and bear thoſe bodies in."

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preſerved*:

" I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too."

Juliet is ſimply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague. And, to prove this, ſhe aſſerts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that houſe. MALONE.

If this punctuation be right, and the words of the text accurate, we muſt underſtand *though* in the ſenſe of *then*, a reading propoſed by Dr. Johnſon: a ſenſe it is perpetually uſed in by our ancient poets, and ſometimes by our author himſelf. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what *though*?"

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

" I keep but three men and a boy yet,—but what *though*?"

Again, in *As you like it*:

" —— we have no aſſembly here but beaſts; but what *though*?"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

" It is a ſimple one, but what *though*?" RITSON.

[7] ——— *nor any other part*
Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name!
What's in a name? &c.] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it ſhould ſeem, on a reviſion. The paſſage in the firſt copy ſtands thus:

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What's in a name? That which we call a roſe, &c.

In the copy of 1599, and all the ſubſequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the overſight of the tranſcriber or printer, and the lines thus abſurdly exhibited:

By any other name[8] would ſmell as ſweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.[9]

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Nor arm nor face, *O be ſome other name!*
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name, &c.

Belonging, &c. evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the ſubſequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The tranſpoſition now made needs no note to ſupport it: the context in this and many other places ſuperſedes all arguments. Malone.

For the ſake of metre, I am willing to ſuppoſe our author wrote—

Longing *to man*, &c.

The ſame elliſion occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Vol. IX. p. 139:

"Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
"As *'longeth* to a lover's bleſſed caſe." Steevens.

[8] *By any other name*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies read—By any other *word*. Malone.

[9] *Take all myſelf.*] The elder quarto reads, [redacted] *all I have*. Steevens.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance,[1] yet I know the ſound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.[2]

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls;[3]
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;

[1] *My* ears *have not yet* drunk *a hundred words*
Of that tongue's utterance,] Thus the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—*of thy* tongue's *uttering*. We meet with almoſt the ſame words as thoſe here attributed to Romeo, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

" I might perceive his eye in her eye loſt,
" *His ear to drink her ſweet tongue's utterance.*"

MALONE.

[2] *Neither, fair* ſaint, *if either thee* diſlike.] Thus the original copy. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—fair *maid*. " If either thee *diſlike*" was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, it *likes* me well; for it pleaſes me well. MALONE.

Diſlike here means *diſpleaſe*. M. MASON.

[3] *With love's light wings did I* o'er-perch theſe walls;] Here alſo we find Shakſpeare following the ſteps of the author of *The Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,
" So light he was, he *leap'd the wall*, and there he ſpy'd his wife,
" Who in the *window* watch'd the coming of her lord,—."

MALONE.

Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.[4]

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords;[5] look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their ſight;[6]
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:[7]

[4] —— *no* let *to me.*] i. e. no ſtop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet:*

" By heaven I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me."

Thus the original edition. The ſubſequent copies read—no *ſtop* to me. Malone.

[5] —— *there lies more peril in thine eye,*
Than twenty of their ſwords;] Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill:*

" The lady may command, ſir;
" She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon."

Stevens.

[6] —— *from their* ſight;] So the firſt quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their *eyes.* Malone.

[7] *And,* but *thou love me, let them find me here:*] And ſo thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. M. Maſon thinks that " *but* thou love me," means, *unleſs* thou love me; grounding himſelf, I ſuppoſe, on the two ſubſequent lines. But thoſe contain, in my apprehenſion, a diſtinct propoſition. He firſt ſays, that he is content to be diſcovered, if he be but ſecure of her affection; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinſmen would be preferable to life without her love. *But,* however, it muſt be acknowledged, has often in old Engliſh the meaning which Mr. M. Maſon would affix to it. Malone.

Mr. M. Maſon is certainly in the right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" *But* being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land."

See Vol. XVII. p. 220, n. 5. Stevens.

My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.[8]

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who firſt did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the furtheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul. Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face;
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have ſpoke; But farewell compliment![9]
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,

[8] *Than death* prorogued, *wanting of thy love.*] The common acceptation of *prorogue*, is to *poſtpone* to a diſtant time, which is in fact to *delay*. But I believe in this place *prorogued* means *continued*; and that Romeo means, in the language of lovers, to repreſent life without her as a continual death:

"Death's life with thee, without thee *death to live.*"

M. Mason.

Than death prorogued,] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more diſtant period. So, in Act IV. ſc. i:

"I hear thou muſt, and nothing may *prorogue* it,
"On Thurſday next be married to this county."

Malone.

[9] ——*farewell compliment!*] That is, farewell attention to forms. M. Mason.

So thou wilt woo; but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.[1]
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was ware,
My true love's paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I ſwear,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops,[2]—

Jul. O, ſwear not by the moon, the inconſtant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,

[1] ——cunning *to be ſtrange.*] *Cunning* is the reading of the quarto, 1597, and I have reſtored it.

To be ſtrange, is to put on affected coldneſs, to appear ſhy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Is it the faſhion in Padua to be ſo *ſtrange* with your friends?"

Again, in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. III. p. 327: "I pray ye that ye be not *ſtrange* of writing of letters to me."

STEEVENS.

In the ſubſequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*. MALONE.

[2] ——— *moon* ———

That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree-tops,] This image ſtruck Pope:

"The *moon-beam* trembling falls,
"And *tips with ſilver all* the walls." *Imit. of Horace.*

Again, in the celebrated ſimile on the *moon* at the concluſion of the eighth Book of the *Iliad*:

"And *tips with ſil*[illegible]*ry* mountain's head."

HOLT WHITE.

Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not ſwear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay—It lightens.[3] Sweet, good night![4]
This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?[5]

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

[3] *Ere one can ſay—It lightens.*] So, in *The Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:

"——lightning ceaſtleſly to burn,
"Swifter than thought from place to place to paſs,
"And being gone, doth ſuddenly return
"*Ere you could ſay preciſely what it was.*"

The ſame thought occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*. Stevens.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moſes* was firſt printed in quarto, in 1604. Malone.

[4] ——*Sweet, good night!*] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night!* to *Stay! a little*, &c. were added after the firſt copy. Stevens.

[5] *What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?*] Here Juliet ſeemeth as if ſhe meant to promiſe (i. e. as much as in her lieth) to afford Romeo, in ſome future inſtance, that ſatisfaction which he cannot receive while they remain at their preſent diſtance from each other. Amner.

Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurſe *calls within.*
I hear ſome noiſe within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,[6]

[6] *If that thy* bent *of love be honourable,* &c.] In *The Tragical Hyſtory* already quoted Juliet uſes nearly the ſame expreſſions:

" ——if your thought be chaſte, and have on virtue ground,
" If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your deſire hath found,
" Obedience ſet aſide, unto my parents due,
" The quarrel eke that long ago between our houſholds grew,
" *Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,*
And *following you whereſo you go,* my father's houſe forſake:
" But if by wanton love and by unlawful *ſuit*
" You think in ripeſt years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,
" You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you *beſeeks,*
" To *ceaſe your ſuit,* and ſuffer her to live among her likes." MALONE.

Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee,—

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. By and by, I come:—
To ceaſe thy ſuit,[7] and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I ſend.

ROM. So thrive my ſoul,—

JUL. A thouſand times good night! [*Exit.*

ROM. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward ſchool with heavy looks.
[*Retiring ſlowly.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

JUL. Hiſt! Romeo, hiſt!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this taſſel-gentle back again![8]

[7] *To ceaſe thy* ſuit,] So the quarto, 1597. The two ſubſequent quartos and the folio have—thy *ſtrife*. MALONE.

[8] *To lure this* taſſel-gentle *back again!*] The *taſſel* or *tiercel* (for ſo it ſhould be ſpelt) is the male of the *goſhawk*; ſo called, becauſe it is a *tierce* or *third* leſs than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In *The Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, Gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Maſſinger:

Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave[9] where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my ſoul, that calls upon my name:
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſoſteſt muſick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My ſweet![1]

" —— then, for an evening flight,
" A *tiercel-gentle*."

Taylor the water poet uſes the ſame expreſſion: " —By caſting out the lure, ſhe makes the *taſſel-gentle* come to her fiſt."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. iv:

" Having far off eſpyde a *taſſil-gent*,
" Which after her his nimble wings doth ſtraine."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" Your *taſſel-gentle*, ſhe's lur'd off and gone."

This ſpecies of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the eaſe with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Steevens.

It appears from the old books on this ſubject that certain hawks were conſidered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may ſuppoſe, was choſen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatiſe entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fiſhing, with the true Meaſures of Blowing*, is the following paſſage:

" The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:

FOR A PRINCE.

" There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and theſe are for a prince." Malone.

[9] —— tear *the* cave —] This ſtrong expreſſion is more ſuitably employed by Milton:

" A ſhout that *tore* hell's *concave*——." Steevens.

[1] *My ſweet!*] Mr. Malone reads—*Madam*, and juſtifies his choice by the following note. Steevens.

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, ſo would I:

Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two ſubſequent copies and the folio we have—My *niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to ſay. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted —My *ſweet*. I have already ſhown, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preſerved the original word, though leſs tender than that which was arbitrarily ſubſtituted in its place. Malone.

As I ſhall always ſuppoſe the ſecond folio to have been corrected, in many places, by the aid of better copies than fell into the hands of the editors of the preceding volume, I have in the preſent inſtance, as well as many others, followed the authority rejected by Mr. Malone.

I muſt add, that the cold, diſtant, and formal appellation—*Madam*, which has been already put into the mouth of the *Nurſe*, would but ill accord with the more familiar feelings of the ardent Romeo, to whom Juliet has juſt promiſed every gratification that youth and beauty could beſtow. Steevens.

Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night! parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay—good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!—
Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.[2] [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence, *with a Basket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,[3]
Checkering the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light;

[2] *Hence will I to my* ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that it has *good* inſtead of *dear*. That of 1599, and the folio, read:
Hence will I to my ghoſtly frier's cloſe *cell*,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. Malone.

[3] *The grey-ey'd morn* &c.] Theſe four lines are here replaced, conformable to the firſt edition, where ſuch a deſcription is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo juſt before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his miſtreſs. Pope.

In the folio theſe lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the Friar. Johnson.

The ſame miſtake has likewiſe happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. Steevens.

And flecked darkneſs[4] like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:[5]

[4] *And* flecked *darkneſs*—] *Flecked* is ſpotted, dappled, ſtreaked, or variegated. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.* Mowbray, ſpeaking of the Germans, ſays:

" All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,
" They ſwear, they curſe, and drink till they be *fleck'd.*"

Lord Surrey uſes the ſame word in his tranſlation of the fourth *Æneid:*

" Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly ſtaine."

The ſame image occurs alſo in *Much Ado about Nothing,* Act V. ſc. iii:

" *Dapples* the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey."

STEEVENS.

The word is ſtill uſed in Scotland, where " a *flecked* cow" is a common expreſſion. See the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of Virgil, in v. *flockit.* MALONE.

[5] *From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:*] So, in Jocaſta's addreſs to the ſun in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ of Euripides:

" Ω τὴν ἐν ἀστροις ἱεραν ΤΕΜΝΩΝ ΟΔΟΝ."

Mr. Malone reads—

From forth day's path, *and Titan's fiery wheels.*

STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have —*burning* wheels.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the ſecond folio:

From forth day's path-way made *by Titan's wheels.*

MALONE.

Here again I have followed this reprobated ſecond folio. It is eaſy to underſtand how darkneſs might reel " from *forth* day's path-way," &c. but what is meant by—*forth* " Titan's fiery wheels?" A man may ſtagger *out* of a path, but not *out* of a wheel. STEEVENS.

Theſe lines are thus quoted in *England's Parnaſſus, or the choyſeſt Flowres of our modern Poets,* &c. 1600:

" The gray-eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
" *Chearing* the eaſterne cloudes with *ſtreames* of light;
" And *darkneſſe fleckled,* like a drunkard reeles
" From forth daye's *path-way made by* Titan's wheels."

So that the various reading in the laſt line does not originate in an arbitrary alteration by the editor of the ſecond folio, as the ingenious commentator ſuppoſes. HOLT WHITE.

Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this oſier cage of ours,[6]
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.[7]
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;[8]
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find;

[6] *I muſt up-fill this oſier cage of ours,* &c.] So, in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" His happy time he ſpends the works of God to ſee,
" In thoſe ſo ſundry herbs which there in plenty grow,
" Whoſe ſundry ſtrange effects he only ſeeks to know.
" And in a little *maund,* being made of *oziers* ſmall,
" Which ſerveth him to do full many a thing withal,
" He very choicely ſorts his ſimples got abroad."

Drayton is ſpeaking of a hermit. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and precious-juiced flowers.*] Shakſpeare, on his introduction of Friar Laurence, has very artificially prepared us for the part he is afterwards to ſuſtain. Having thus early diſcovered him to be a chemiſt, we are not ſurprized when we find him furniſhing the dreſſ ght which produces the cataſtrophe of the piece. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

In the paſſage before us Shakſpeare had the poem in his thoughts:

" But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been;—
" What force the *ſtones,* the *plants,* and *metals,* have to work,
" And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do lurk,
" With care I have ſought out, with pain I did them prove." MALONE.

[8] *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;*]

" Omniparens, eadem rerum commune ſepulchrum."
Lucretius.

" The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."
Milton. STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

" ——Time's the king of men,
" *For he's their parent, and he is their grave.*"
MALONE.

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace,[9] that lies
In herbs, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,[1]
But to the earth[2] ſome ſpecial good doth give;
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe:
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower[3]
Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power:
For this, being ſmelt, with that part[4] cheers each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man[5] as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;

[9] ——*powerful grace,*] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

[1] *For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,*] The quarto, 1597, reads—

For nought ſo vile that vile *on earth doth live.*

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*to the earth*—] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth. MALONE.

[3] ——*of this* ſmall *flower*—] So the quarto, 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower. MALONE.

[4] ——*with that part*—] i. e. with the part which ſmells; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

[5] *Two ſuch oppoſed* foes encamp *them ſtill*
In man—] *Foes* is the reading of the oldeſt copy; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakſpeare might have remembered the following paſſage in the old play of *The Miſfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

"Peace hath three *foes encamped* in our breaſts,
"Ambition, wrath, and envie.——" STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"——terror, and dear modeſty,
"*Encamp'd in hearts*, but *fighting* outwardly

And, where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.[6]

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?—
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, ſleep will never lie;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign:[7]
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rous'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the ſubſequent ancient copies read—ſuch oppoſed *kings*. Our author has more than once alluded to theſe *oppoſed foes*, contending for the dominion of man.

So, in *Othello*:

"Yea, curſe his *better angel* from his ſide."

Again, in his 44th Sonnet:

"To win me ſoon to hell, my female evil
"Tempteth my *better angel* from my ſide:
"Yet this I ne'er ſhall know, but live in doubt,
"Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out." MALONE.

[6] *Full ſoon the* canker death eats up *that plant.*] So, in our author's 99th Sonnet:

"A vengeful *canker eat* him *up* to *death*." MALONE.

[7] —— *with unſtuff'd brain* &c.] The copy, 1597, reads:

—— *with unſtuff'd brains*
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleepe remaines.

STEEVENS.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with Roſaline?

Rom. With Roſaline, my ghoſtly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good ſon: But where haſt thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again.
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies:[8]
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man; for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Roſaline, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

[8] —— *both our* remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies:] This is one of the paſſages in which our author has ſacrificed grammar to rhyme.
M. Mason.

See Vol. XVIII. p. 475, n. 5. Malone.

43291

Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſh'd thy ſallow cheeks for Roſaline!
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte!
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear that is not waſh'd off yet:
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for Roſaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving Roſaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.[9]
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be;
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſeholds' rancour to pure love.[1]

[9] ——and *could not ſpell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies all have—

Thy love did read by rote that *could not ſpell.*

I mention theſe minute variations only to ſhow, what I have ſo often urged, the very high value of firſt editions. Malone.

[1] The two following lines were added ſince the firſt copy of this play. Steevens.

Rom. O, let us hence; I ſtand on ſudden haſte.[2]

Fri. Wiſely, and ſlow; They ſtumble, that run faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil ſhould this Romeo be?—Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that Roſaline,
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman of old Capulet,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! ſtabbed with a white wench's black eye; ſhot thorough the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his

[2] ——*I ſtand on* ſudden haſte.] I. e. it is of the utmoſt conſequence for me to be haſty. So, in *King Richard III:*
"——*it ſtands me much upon,*
"To ſtop all hopes" &c. Steevens.

heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-ſhaft;[3] And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,[4] I can tell you.[5] O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.[6]

[3] ——*the very* pin *of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's* butt-*ſhaft*:] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Then ſhe will get the upſhot by *cleaving* of the *pin*."

See note on the word—*pin*, Vol. VII. p. 83. A *butt*-ſhaft was the kind of arrow uſed in ſhooting at *butts*. STEEVENS.

The alluſion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was ſometimes ſurmounted by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the higheſt ambition of every markſman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"They have ſhot two arrows without heads,
"They cannot ſtick if the but yet: hold out, knight,
"And I'll *cleave* the black *pin* i' the midſt of the *white*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"For kings are clouts that every man ſhoots at,
"Our crown the *pin* that thouſands ſeek to cleave."

MALONE.

[4] *More than prince of cats.*] *Tybert*, the name given to the *cat*, in the ſtory-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

"——thou you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of rats."

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598:

"——not *Tibalt* prince of *cats*," &c. STEEVENS.

It appears to me that theſe ſpeeches are improperly divided, and that they ought to run thus:

Ben. *Why, what is Tybalt more than prince of cats?*
Mer. *O, he's the courageous captain of compliments*, &c.

M. MASON.

[5] ——*I can tell you.*] So the firſt quarto. Theſe words are omitted in all the ſubſequent ancient copies. MALONE.

[6] ——*courageous captain of compliments.*] A complete maſter of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio:

"A *man of compliments*, whom right and wrong
"Have choſe as umpire;"

He fights as you ſing prick-ſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion;[7] reſts me his minim reſt,[8] one, two, and the third in your boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button,[9] a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe,—of the firſt and ſecond cauſe:[1] Ah, the immortal paſſado! the punto reverſo! the hay![2]—

ſays our author, of Don Armado, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*keeps time, diſtance, and proportion;*] So Ben Jonſon's Bobadil:

"Note your *diſtance*, keep your due *proportion of time*."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*his* minim *reſt,*] A *minim* is a note of ſlow time in muſick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

[9] ——*the very butcher of a ſilk button,*] So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"Strikes his poinado at a *button*'s breadth."

This phraſe alſo occurs in the *Fantaiſies de Bruscambille*, 1612, p. 181: "—un coup de mouſquet ſans fourchette dans le ſixieſme *bouton*—." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a gentleman of the very firſt houſe,—of the firſt and ſecond cauſe:*] i. e one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As you like it*, Act V. ſc. vi. WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barred his claim to that elevation. "A gentleman of the *firſt houſe*;—of the *firſt* and *ſecond cauſe*," is a gentleman of the firſt rank, of the firſt eminence among theſe duelliſts; and one who underſtands the whole ſcience of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *firſt cauſe*, and the *ſecond cauſe*, for which a man is to fight.—Th *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *ſeventh cauſe* in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

We find the firſt of theſe expreſſions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

"——a gentleman's gone then;
"*A gentleman of the firſt houſe*; there's the end of't."
MALONE.

[2] ——*the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing ſchool were originally Italian; the rapier, or ſmall thruſting ſword, being firſt uſed in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it,

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affecting, fantaſticoes;[3] theſe new tuners of accents!—*By Jeſu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire,[4] that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez-moy's*,[5] who ſtand ſo much on the new

uſed when a thruſt reaches the antagoniſt, from which our fencers, on the ſame occaſion, without knowing, I ſuppoſe, any reaſon for it, cry out, *ha!* Johnson.

[3] ——*affecting fantaſticoes*;] Thus the oldeſt copy, and rightly. Modern editors, with the folios, &c. read—*phantaſies*. Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, ſays—"Follow ſome of theſe new-fangled Galigardo's and Signor Fantaſtico's," &c. Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—"I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn ſtrange attires, ſeen *fantaſticoes*, convers'd with humoriſts," &c. Steevens.

Fantaſticoes is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1597; all the ſubſequent *ancient* copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantacies*. Malone.

[4] *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire,*] Humorouſly apoſtrophiſing his anceſtors, whoſe ſober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. Warburton.

[5] ——*theſe* pardonnez-moy's,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or heſitation among men of the ſword, when the point of honour was grown ſo delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. Johnson.

The old copies have—theſe *pardon-mees*, not, theſe pardon *nez-mois*. Theobald *firſt* ſubſtituted the French word, without any neceſſity. Malone.

If the French phraſe be not ſubſtituted for the Engliſh one, where lies the ridicule deſigned by Mercutio? "Their *tons*, their *tons*," immediately following, ſhows that Gallick phraſeology was in our poet's view. So, in *King Richard II*:

"Speak it in French, king; ſay, *pardonnez-moy*."

Steevens.

form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench?[6] O, their *bons*, their *bons!*[7]

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipſy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thiſbé, a grey eye or ſo,[8] but not to the

[6] ——*ſtand ſo much on the* new form, *that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench?*] This conceit is loſt, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. ſc. i: —"ſitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following." STEEVENS.

[7] *O, their* bons, *their* bons!] Mercutio is here ridiculing thoſe frenchified fantaſtical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*: and therefore, I ſuſpect here he meant to write French too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!*

i. e. how ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out, *good*, and being in eccſtaſies with every trifle; as he had juſt deſcribed them before:

"——a very good blade!" &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones!* Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a paſſage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common ſalutation of thoſe who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our author's time: "No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has." MALONE.

[8] ——*Thiſbé, a grey eye or ſo,*] He means to allow that Thiſbé had a very fine eye; for from various paſſages it appears that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may ſeem ſtrange to thoſe who are not con-

purpoſe.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop.[9] You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, ſir, the ſlip;[1] Can you not conceive?

verſant with ancient phraſeology; but a *grey eye* undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue* eye. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Her two *blue* windows faintly ſhe upheaveth,"—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very ſame poem the eyes of Venus are termed *grey*:

"Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"To ſee the incloſed lights, now canopy'd
"Under theſe windows: white and *azure* lac'd;
"With *blue* of heaven's own tinct."

In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia ſays, "I will give out divers ſchedules of my *beauty*;—as *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two *grey* eyes, with lids to them," &c. So Julia, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ſpeaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, ſays—

"Her eyes are *grey* as glaſs, and ſo are mine."

And Chaucer has the ſame compariſon:

"——hire eyes *gray* as *glas*."

This compariſon proves deciſively what I have aſſerted; for clear and tranſparent glaſs is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure. MALONE.

If *grey* eyes ſignified *blue* eyes, how happened it that our author, in *The Tempeſt*, ſhould have ſtyled Sycorax a—*blue*-eyed hag, inſtead of a *grey*-eyed one? See Vol. IV. p. 34; and Vol. XXI. p. 42, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*your French* ſlop.] *Slops* are large looſe *breeches* or *trouſers*, worn at preſent only by ſailors. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 101, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] *What* counterfeit *&c.*]

Mer. *The* ſlip, *ſir, the* ſlip;] To underſtand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *ſlip*, it ſhould be obſerved that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money diſtin-

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay—ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.[2]

guiſhed by the name of a *ſlip*. This will appear in the following inſtances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *ſlips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being braſſe, and covered over with ſilver, which the common people call *ſlips*." *Thieves falling out, True Men come by their Goods*, by Robert Greene. Again:

"I had like t' have been
"Abu'd i' the buſineſs, had the *ſlip* ſlur'd on me,
"A *counterfeit*." *Magnetick Lady*, Act III. ſc. vi.

Other inſtances may be ſeen in Dodſley's *Old Plays*, Vol. V. p. 396, edit. 1780. Reed.

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of epigrams, ſatires, &c. 1598:

"Is not he fond then which a *ſlip* receives
"For current money? She which thee deceaves
"With copper guilt, is but a *ſlip*——."

It appears from a paſſage in Gaſcoigne's *Adventures of Maſter F. I.* no date, that a *ſlip* was "a piece of money which was then fallen to three halfpence, and they called them *ſlippes*." P. 281, Stevens.

The ſlip is again uſed equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"*Clown.* Becauſe you ſhall be ſure on't, you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you *the ſlip* for it." [*Exit.*] Malone.

[2] ——pink *of courteſy.*] This appears to have been an ancient formulary mode of encomium; for in a ballad written in the time of Edward II. (MS. Harl. No. 2253,) we have the following lines:

"Heo is *lilie* of largeſſe,
"Heo is *parueyke* of proueſſe,
"Heo is *ſolſeele* of ſuetneſſe," &c. Stevens.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.[3]

Mer. Well ſaid:[4] Follow me this jeſt now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump; that, when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſoled jeſt,[5] ſolely ſingular for the ſingleneſs!

[3] ——*then is my pump well flowered.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be eaſily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. Johnson.

See the ſhoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the concluſion of *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the cuſtom to wear ribbons in the ſhoes formed into the ſhape of roſes, or of any other flowers. So, in *The Maſque of Flowers*, acted by the Gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, 1614:—"Every maiker's *pump* was faſten'd with a *flower* ſuitable to his cap." Steevens.

[4] *Well ſaid:*] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I ſuppoſe, was—*Sheer* wit! follow, &c. and this corruption may ſerve to juſtify an emendation that I have propoſed in a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *ſure* was a printer's blunder. See Vol. XVII. p. 107, n. 8. Malone.

By *ſure wit* might be meant, wit that hits its mark. Steevens.

[5] *O* ſingle-ſoled *jeſt,*] i. e. ſlight, unſolid, feeble. This compound epithet occurs likewiſe in Hall's ſecond Book of *Satires:*

"And ſcorne contempt it ſelfe that doth excite
"Each *ſingle-ſold* ſquire to ſet you at ſo light."

Again, in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, we meet with "a *ſingle-ſole* fidler."

Again, in *A ſhort Relation of a long Journey*, &c. by Taylor, the water-poet: "There was alſo a *ſingle-ſoal'd* gentlewoman, of the laſt edition, who would vouchſafe me not one poor glance of her eye-beams," &c. Steevens.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.[6]

Rom. Switch and ſpurs, ſwitch and ſpurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-gooſe chace, I have done;[7] for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear[8] for that jeſt.

This epithet is here uſed equivocally. It formerly ſignified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the ſenſes in which it is uſed here. So, in Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Ireland*, p. 23: "which was not unlikely, conſidering that a meane tower might ſerve ſuch *ſingle-ſoale* kings as were at thoſe daies in Ireland." Malone.

[6] ——*my* wits fail.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1599, and the folio—my *wits faints*. Steevens.

[7] ——*if thy wits run the* wild-gooſe chace, *I have done*;] One kind of horſe-race, which reſembled the flight of *wild-geeſe*, was formerly known by this name. Two horſes were ſtarted together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremoſt jockey choſe to go. That horſe which could diſtance the other, won the race. See more concerning this diverſion in Chambers's *Dictionary*, laſt edition, under the article Chace.

This barbarous ſport is enumerated by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as a recreation much in vogue in his time among gentlemen: "Riding of great horſes, running at ring, tilts and turnaments, horſe races, *wild-gooſe chaſes*, are the diſports of great men." P. 266, edit. 1632, fol.

This account explains the pleaſantry kept up between Romeo and his gay companion. "My wits fail," ſays Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briſkly—"Switch and ſpurs, ſwitch and ſpurs." To which Mercutio rejoins—"Nay, if thy wits run the *wild-gooſe chace*," &c. Holt White.

[8] *I will* bite thee by the ear—] So, Sir Epicure Mammon to Face, in Ben Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*:

"Slave, I could *bite thine ear*." Steevens.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.[9]

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;[1] it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,[2] that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.[3]

[9] ——*good goose, bite not.*] Is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's *Collection*; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. Steevens.

[1] ——*a very bitter* sweeting;] A bitter *sweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in Summer's *Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"——as well crabs as *sweetings* for his summer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"——what, in displeasure gone!
"And left me such a *bitter sweet* to gnaw upon?"

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. VIII. fol. 174, b:

"For all such tyme of love is lore,
"And like unto the *bitter swete*;
"For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,
"He shall well felen at laste
"That it is sower," &c. Steevens.

[2] ——*a wit of* cheverel,] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves. Johnson.

See *The Two Maids of More-Clack*, 1609:

"Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,
"Not *cheveril* stretching to such prophanation."

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

"A *cheverell* conscience, and a searching wit."
Steevens.

Cheveril is from chevreuil, roebuck. Musgrave.

[3] ——*proves thee far and wide* a broad *goose.*] To afford some meaning to this poor but intended witticism, Dr. Farmer would read—"proves thee far and wide *abroad*, goose."
Steevens.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.[4]

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair.[5]

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it ſhort: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.[6]

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

[4] ——*to hide his* bauble *in a hole.*] It has been already obſerved by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's well that ends well*, Vol. VIII. p. 374, n. 7, that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licenſed fool or jeſter. So again, in Sir William D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629: "For ſuch rich widows there love *court fools*, and uſe to play with their *baubles*."

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"And as ſtark an idiot as ever bare *bable*."

See the plate at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. Steevens.

[5] ——*againſt the hair.*] *A contrepoil*, Fr. An expreſſion equivalent to one which we now uſe—"againſt the grain." See Vol. V. p. 103, n. 3; and Vol. XI. p. 374, n. 7.

Steevens.

I opine, that the commentators, in the preſent inſtance, have eſchewed to ſeek the bottom of the poet's meaning: but *tuta ſilentio merces*, ſaith the Roman ſage. Ameer.

[6] ——*to* occupy *the argument no longer.*] Here we have another wanton alluſion. See Vol. XII. p. 88, n. 5. Malone.

Enter Nurſe *and* PETER.

MER. A ſail, a ſail,[7] a ſail!

BEN. Two, two; a ſhirt, and a ſmock.

NURSE. Peter!

PETER. Anon?

NURSE. My fan, Peter.[8]

MER. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den,[9] fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den?

MER. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial[1] is now upon the prick of noon.[2]

[7] Mer. *A ſail, a ſail,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent ancient copies theſe words are erroneouſly given to Romeo. MALONE.

[8] *My fan, Peter.*] The buſineſs of *Peter* carrying the *Nurſe's fan,* ſeems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find ſuch was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called *The Serving Man's Comfort,* 1598, we are informed, "The miſtreſs muſt have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne.*" FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"To ſee him walk before a lady, and to *bear her fan.*"

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:* "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-uſher, &c. who can hide his face with *her fan,*" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *God ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The firſt of theſe contractions is common among the ancient comick writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Laſs,* 1633:

"*God you good even,* ſir." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *hand of the dial* &c.] In *The Puritan Widow,* 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a ſimilar expreſſion: "—the ſelkewe of the diall is upon the chriſſe-croſſe of noon." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *the* prick of noon.] I marvel much that mine aſſociates

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well ſaid;—For himſelf to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for 'fault of a worſe.

Nurse. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very well took, i'faith; wiſely, wiſely.

Nurse. If you be he, ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, ſir;[3] unleſs a hare, ſir, in a len-

in the talk of expounding the darker phraſes of Shakſpeare, ſhould have overlooked this, which alſo hath already occurred in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act I. ſc. iv:

"And made an evening at the *noon-tide prick.*"

Prick meaneth *point*, i. e. *punctum*, a note of diſtinction in writing, a ſtop. So, in Timothy Bright's *Characterie*, or *an Arte of Shorte*, &c. *writing by Characters*, 12mo. 1588: "If the worde, by reaſon of tence ende in ed, as, I loved, then make a *prick* in the character of the word, on the left ſide."—Again: "The preſent tence wanteth a *pricke*, and ſo is knowen from other tences."—Again: "A worde of doing, that endeth in ing, as eating, drinking, &c. requreth two *prickes* under the bodie of the character," &c. Amner.

[3] *No hare, ſir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the ſportſmen when they ſtart a hare, Romeo aſks *what he has found.* And Mercutio anſwers, *No hare*, &c. The reſt

ten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoar,[4]
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a ſcore,
When it hoars ere it be ſpent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.[5]

[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell![6]—I pray you, ſir, what

is a ſeries of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not underſtand, needs not lament his ignorance. Johnson.

So ho! is the term made uſe of in the field when the hare is found in her ſeat, and not when ſhe is *ſtarted*. A. C.

[4] *An old hare* hoar,] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often uſed for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennyleſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as *hoary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's Letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and *hoarie* with over long lying." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"——— mice and rats
"Eat up his grain; or elſe that it might rot
"Within the *hoary* ricks e'en as it ſtands." Steevens.

Theſe lines appear to have been part of an old ſong. In the quarto, 1597, we have here this ſtage-direction; "*He walks between them.* [i. e. the Nurſe and Peter,] *and ſings.*"

Malone.

[5] ——*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old ſong. See Vol. V. p. 297, n. 8. Steevens.

[6] *Marry, farewell!*] Theſe words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. Malone.

ſaucy merchant was this,[7] that was ſo full of his ropery?[8]

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an 'a were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates;[9]—And thou

[7] ——*what ſaucy* merchant *was this*, &c.] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the loweſt ſort of dealers, ſeems anciently to have been uſed on theſe familiar occaſions in contradiſtinction to *gentleman*; ſignifying that the perſon ſhowed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. So, in Churchyard's *Chance*, 1580:

"What *ſauſie marchaunt* ſpeaketh now, ſaied Venus in her rage."

The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the ſame import with *merchant* in its leſs reſpectable ſenſe, is ſtill in common uſe among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any perſon of whom they mean to ſpeak with freedom or diſreſpect.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 63, n. 1. MALONE.

[8] ——*of his* ropery?] *Ropery* was anciently uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *roguery* is now. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"Thou art very pleaſant and full of thy *roperye*."

Rope-tricks are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 60, n. 3. MALONE.

[9] ——*none of his* ſkains-*mates*.] *None of his ſkains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions.

MALONE.

A *ſkein* or *ſkain* was either a knife or *a ſhort dagger*. By *ſkains-mates* the Nurſe means none of his looſe companions who frequent the fencing-ſchool with him, where we may ſuppoſe the exerciſe of this weapon was taught.

The word is uſed in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure?

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am ſo vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, ſir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what ſhe bade me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay,[1] it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as

"Againſt the light-foot Iriſh have I ſerv'd,
"And in my ſkin bare tokens of their *ſkeins*."

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is repreſented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things——having "a little *ſkene* tied in a purple ſcarf."

Green, in his *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*, deſcribes, "an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his ſide a *ſkeine* like a brewer's bung-knife."

Skein is the Iriſh word for a *knife*.

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"——with this frantick and untamed paſſion,
"To whet their *ſkeins*."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. V. ch. xxvi:

"And hidden *ſkeines* from underneath their forged garments drew."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's *Hymn to Apollo*:

"——Let every man purvey
"A *ſkeane*, or ſlaughtering ſteel" &c.

Mr. M. Maſon, however, ſuppoſes the Nurſe uſes *skains-mates* for *kins-mates*, and *ropery* for *roguery*. Steevens.

[1] ——*if ye ſhould lead her into* a fool's paradiſe, *as they ſay*,] So, in *A Handful of pleaſant Delightes, containing ſundry new Sonets*, &c. 1584:

"When they ſee they may her win,
"They leave then where they did begin:

they ſay: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs. I proteſt unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, ſir,—that you do proteſt;[2] which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift
This afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar Laurence' cell
Be ſhriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.[3]

Nurse. No, truly, ſir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurse. This afternoon, ſir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

" They prate, and make the matter nice,
" And leave her *in fooles paradiſe*." Malone.

[2] ——*proteſt*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakſpeare's audience, is not at preſent to be determined. The uſe of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

" There is not the beſt duke's ſon in France dares ſay, *I proteſt*, till he be one and thirty years old at leaſt; for the inheritance of that word is not to be poſſeſſed before." See Donne's fourth Satire. Steevens.

[3] ——*Here is for thy pains.*] So, in *The Tragical Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,
" And gave them her;—a light reward, quoth he; and ſo adieu." Malone.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtair;[4]
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy[5]
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell!—Be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy miſtreſs.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bleſs thee!—Hark you, ſir.

Rom. What ſay'ſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurse. Is your man ſecret? Did you ne'er hear ſay—
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?[6]

Rom. I warrant thee;[7] my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurse. Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating

[4] ——*like a tackled ſtair;*] Like ſtairs of rope in the tackle of a ſhip. JOHNSON.

A ſtair, for a flight of ſtairs, is ſtill the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

[5] —— top-gallant *of my joy*—] The *top-gallant* is the higheſt extremity of the maſt of a ſhip.

So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, B. I. Hiſt. IV: "—which ſo ſpread the ſails of his ambition, and hoyſted his fame from top to *top-gallant*, that" &c.

The expreſſion is common to many writers; among the reſt, to Markham, in his *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

"——beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour."

Again, in *Eliogio Libidinoſo*, 1606:

"——that, vailing *top-gallant*, ſhe return'd," &c.

STEEVENS.

[6] *Two may keep counſel*, &c.] This proverb, with a ſlight variation, has been introduced in *Titus Andronicus*.

STEEVENS.

[7] I *warrant thee*;] *I*, which is not in the quartos or firſt folio, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio.

MALONE.

thing,[8]—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal world. Doth not roſemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?[9]

[8] *Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady*—Lord, lord!—*when 'twas a little* prating *thing*,—] So, in the Poem:

"And how ſhe gave her ſuck in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.
"A pretty babe, quoth ſhe, it was, when it was young;
"*Lord*, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue," &c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Rhomeo and Julietta*. MALONE.

[9] *Doth not* roſemary *and Romeo begin both with a letter?*] By this queſtion the Nurſe means to inſinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Roſemary being conceived to have the power of ſtrengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reaſon probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in *A Handfull of pleaſant Delites*, &c. 1584:

"Roſemary is for remembrance,
"Betweene us daie and night,
"Wiſhing that I might alwaies have
"You preſent in my ſight."

Again, in our author's *Hamlet*:

"There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*."

That roſemary was much uſed at weddings, appears from many paſſages in the old plays. So, in *The Noble Spaniſh Soldier*, 1634; "I meet few but are ſtuck with roſemary; every one aſk'd me who was to be *married*?" Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and *roſemary*, and *noſegaies*? What, a *wedding*?" MALONE.

On a former occaſion, the author of the preceding note has ſuſpected me of too much refinement. Let the reader judge whether he himſelf is not equally culpable in the preſent inſtance. The Nurſe, I believe, is guiltleſs of ſo much meaning as is here imputed to her queſtion. STEEVENS.

Rom. Ay, nurſe; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with ſome other letter:[1] and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious

[1] Nurſe. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.* &c.] It is a little mortifying, that the ſenſe of this odd ſtuff, when found, ſhould not be worth the pains of retrieving it:

" —— ſpiſſis indigna theatris
" Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus."

The *Nurſe* is repreſented as a prating ſilly creature; ſhe ſays, ſhe will tell Romeo a good joke about his miſtreſs, and aſks him, whether Roſemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter: He ſays, Yes, an R. She, who, we muſt ſuppoſe, could not read, thought he had mocked her, and ſays, No, ſure, I know better: our dog's name is *R.* yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. *R* put her in mind of that ſound which is made by dogs when they ſnarl; and therefore, I preſume, ſhe ſays, that is the dog's name, *R* in ſchools, being called *The dog's letter.* Ben Jonſon, in his *Engliſh Grammar,* ſays *R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the ſound.*

" Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat." *Lucil.*

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads:—R. is for *Thee?* STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read—*R* is for the *dog.* No; I know it begins with ſome other letter. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has ſince recommended another which ſhould ſeem equally to deſerve attention. He would either omit *name* or inſert *letter.* The dog's letter, as the ſame gentleman obſerves, is pleaſantly exemplified in Barclay's *Ship of Fools,* 1578:

" This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,
" Nought els ſoundeth but the hoorſe letter R.
" Though all be well, yet he none anſwere hath
" Save the *dogges letter* glowming with nar, nar."

STEEVENS.

Eraſmus in explaining the adage " canina facundia," ſays, " R. litera quæ in rixando prima eſt, canina vocatur." I think it is uſed in this ſenſe more than once in *Rabelais:* and in *The Alchemiſt* Subtle ſays, in making out Abel Drugger's name, " And right mennſt him a dog ſnarling er." DOUCE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's alteration is certainly ſuperior to either Dr. Warburton's (*Thee? no*;) or one formerly propoſed by Dr.

of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thouſand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe;
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.

Johnſon (*the nonce*) not but the old reading is as good, if not better, when properly regulated; *e. g.*

Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—no; I know it begins with ſome other letter.' RITSON.

This paſſage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599 and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name.

MALONE.

To the notes on this paſſage perhaps the following illuſtration may not improperly be added from Naſh's *Summers laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600, of dogs:

"They *arre* and barke at night againſt the moone."

TODD.

[2] *Peter, Take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the firſt quarto. The ſubſequent ancient copies, inſtead of theſe words, have—Before, and apace. MALONE.

This cuſtom of having a *fan-carrier* is alſo mentioned by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 603:

"——doe you heare, good man;
"Now give me pearle, and *carry you my fan.*"

STEEVENS.

Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him:—that's not ſo.—
O, ſhe is lame! love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,[3]
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun's beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift Cupid wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe *and* PETER.

O God, ſhe comes!—O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.

JUL. Now, good ſweet nurſe,—O lord! why look'ſt thou ſad?

[3] ——*ſhould be thoughts*, &c.] The ſpeech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

——*ſhould be thoughts,*
And run more ſwift than haſty powder fir'd,
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
Oh, now ſhe comes! Tell me, gentle Nurſe,
What ſays my love?—

The greateſt part of the ſcene is likewiſe added ſince that edition.

Shakſpeare, however, ſeems to have thought one of the ideas compriſed in the foregoing quotation from the earlieſt quarto too valuable to be loſt. He has therefore inſerted it in Romeo's firſt ſpeech to the Apothecary, in Act V:

"As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
"Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb."

STEEVENS.

Though news be ſad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news
By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face.[4]

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had![5]

Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak;—good, good nurſe, ſpeak.

Nurse. Jeſu, What haſte? can you not ſtay awhile?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good, or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chooſe a man: Romeo! no,

[4] *If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news*
By playing it to me with ſo four a face.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —— needs ſo tart a favour,
" To trumpet ſuch good tidings!"
Again, in *Cymbeline:*
" —— if it be ſummer-news,
" Smile to it before." Malone.

[5] —— *What a* jaunt *have I had!*] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:
" —— *What a* jaunce *have I had!*
The two words appear to have been formerly ſynonymous. See *King Richard II:*
" Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke."
Malone.

not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are paſt compare: He is not the flower of courteſy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; ſerve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?[6]

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other ſide,—O, my back, my back!—
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

Nurse. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? How oddly thou reply'ſt?
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

[6] *No, no: But all this did I know before;*
What ſays he of our marriage? *what of that?*] So, in *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
"Tell me elſe what, quod ſhe, this evermore I thought;
"But of *our marriage*, ſay at once, what anſwer have you brought?" Malone.

Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil;—Come, what ſays Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to ſhriſt to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church; I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honeſt nurſe, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.[7]

FRI. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

[7] This ſcene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleaſed to have it as it was at firſt written:

" *Rom.* Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
" Conſiſts the good of me and Juliet.
" *Friar.* Without more words, I will do all I may
" To make you happy, if in me it lie.
" *Rom.* This morning here ſhe 'pointed we ſhould meet,
" And conſummate thoſe never-parting bands,
" Witneſs of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
" And come ſhe will.
" *Friar.* I gueſs ſhe will indeed:
" Youth's love is quick, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter JULIET *ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth* ROMEO.

" See where ſhe comes!——
" So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
" Of love and joy, ſee, ſee the ſovereign power!
" *Jul.* Romeo!
" *Rom.* My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
" (Clos'd in night's miſts) attend the frolick day,
" So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
" And thou art come.
" *Jul.* I am (if I be day)
" Come to my ſun; ſhine forth, and make me fair.
" *Rom.* All beauteous fairneſs dwelleth in thine eyes.
" *Jul.* Romeo, from thine all brightneſs doth ariſe.
" *Friar.* Come, wantons, come, the ſtealing hours do paſs;
" Defer embracements to ſome fitter time;
" Part for a time, 'you ſhall not be alone,
' Till holy church hath join'd you both in one.'

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,[8]
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume: The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth ſo;
Too ſwift arrives[9] as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: [1]—O, ſo light a foot

" *Rom.* Lead, holy father, all delay ſeems long.
" *Jul.* Make haſte, make haſte, this ling'ring doth us wrong.
" *Friar.* O, ſoft and fair makes ſweeteſt work they ſay;
" Haſte is a common hind'rer in croſs-way." [*Exeunt.*
STEEVENS.

[8] *Theſe violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
" Theſe violent vanities can never laſt." MALONE.

[9] *Too ſwift arrives*—] He that travels too faſt is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels ſlow. Precipitation produces miſhap. JOHNSON.

[1] *Here comes the lady:* &c.] However the poet might think the alteration of this ſcene on the whole to be neceſſary, I am afraid, in reſpect of the paſſage before us, he has not been very ſucceſsful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlaſting flint* appears to me not only more reprehenſible, but even leſs beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightneſs of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the paſſion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſomers[2]
That idle in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,[3]

[2] *A lover may beſtride the* goſſomers—] The *goſſomer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in ſummer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes:

" Fine as Arachne's web, or *goſſamer*
" Whoſe curls when garniſh'd by their dreſſing, ſhew
" Like that ſpun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?"

See Vol. XVII. p. 537, n. 2. Steevens.

See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: " *Goſſomor*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre." Malone.

[3] Conceit, *more rich* &c.] Conceit here means imagination. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" —— which the *conceited* painter drew ſo proud," &c.

See Vol. XIV. p. 397, n. 8. Malone.

Thus, in the title-page to the firſt quarto edition of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: " A moſt pleaſant and excellent *conceited* comedy" &c. Again, in the title, &c. to *King Henry IV.* P. I. quarto, 1599: " —with the humorous *conceits* of Sir John Falſtaffe—." Steevens.

Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;[4]
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.[5]

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] *They are but beggars that can count their worth;*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

See Vol. XVII. p. 7, n. 5. Steevens.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much." Malone.

[5] *I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads:

I cannot ſum up ſum *of half my wealth.*

The undated quarto and the folio:

I cannot ſum up ſome *of half my wealth.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

BEN. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot,[6] the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now, theſe hot days, is the mad blood ſtirring.

MER. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, *God ſend me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

BEN. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as ſoon moved to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be moved.

BEN. And what to?

MER. Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other.

[6] *The day is hot,*] It is obſerved, that, in Italy, almoſt all aſſaſſinations are committed during the heat of ſummer.

JOHNSON.

In Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 1583, B. II. c. xix. p. 70, it is ſaid—"And commonly every yeere or each ſecond yeere in the beginning of ſommer or afterwards (*for in the warme time the people for the moſt part be more unruly*) even in the calm time of peace, the prince with his counſell chooſeth out," &c. REED.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt hazel eyes; What eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou haſt quarrelled with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling![7]

Ben. An I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple![8]

Enter Tybalt, *and Others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

[7] ——*thou wilt tutor me* from *quarrelling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to reſtrain me, by prudential advice, from quarrelling. Thus the quarto, 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—thou wilt *forbid* me of quarrelling. The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—Thou wilt tutor me *for* quarrelling. Malone.

[8] *An I were ſo apt* &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches have been added ſince the firſt quarto, together with ſome few circumſtances in the reſt of the ſcene, as well as in the enſuing one. Steevens.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.[9]—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consorteſt with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

[9] Follow me close, *for I will speak to them.*] In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage-direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others;" and the above line is inserted; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation: for would Tybalt's partizans suffer him to be killed without taking part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes *a Capulet*." Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets*. Malone.

Mr. Malone forgets that, even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partisans are on the stage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio; and he himself re-enters, unattended, when he fights with Romeo.

Steevens.

Enter ROMEO.

TYB. Well, peace be with you, ſir! here comes my man.

MER. But I'll be hanged, ſir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip, in that ſenſe, may call him—man.

TYB. Romeo, the hate I bear thee,[1] can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

ROM. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.

TYB. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me; therefore turn, and draw.

ROM. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be ſatisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
A la ſtoccata[3] carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYB. What would'ſt thou have with me?

[1] ——*the* hate *I bear thee,*] So the quarto 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies have—the *love*, &c. MALONE.

[3] *A la* ſtoccata—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thruſt or ſtab with a rapier. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:
"He makes a thruſt; I with a ſwift paſſado
"Make quick avoidance, and with this *ſtoccata*," &c.
STEEVENS.

Mer. Good king of cats,[4] nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears?[5] make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, ſir, your paſſado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for ſhame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expreſsly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona ſtreets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.
[*Exeunt* Tybalt *and his Partizans.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houſes!—I am ſped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

[4] *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 104, n. 4. Malone.

[5] *Will you pluck your ſword out of his* pilcher *by the ears?*] We ſhould read *pilche*, which ſignifies a cloke or coat of ſkins, meaning the ſcabbard. Warburton.

The old quarto reads *ſcabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, juſt Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication*, 1595, ſpeaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

"I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*."

Again, "Thou haſt forgot how thou umbled'ſt in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'ſt mad Jeronimo's part, to get ſervice among the mimicks."

It appears from this paſſage, that *Ben Jonſon* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spaniſh tragedy, the ſpeech being addreſſed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. Steevens.

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.
[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man.[6] I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o'both your houſes!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

[6] ——*a grave man.*] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's ſpeech as follows:

—"A pox o'both your houſes! I ſhall be fairly mounted upon four men's ſhoulders for your houſe of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then ſome peaſantly rogue, ſome ſexton, ſome baſe ſlave, ſhall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was ſlain for the firſt and ſecond cauſe. Where's the ſurgeon?

"*Boy.* He's come, ſir.

"*Mer.* Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other ſide.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o'both your houſes!" Steevens.

"You ſhall find me *a grave man.*" This jeſt was better in old language, than it is at preſent. Lidgate ſays, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My maſter *Chaucer* now is *grave.*" Farmer.

We meet with the ſame quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dreſſes up a lady's *ſkull*, and obſerves:

"—ſhe has a ſomewhat *grave* look with her."
Steevens.

Again, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Deſcription of a Sexton, Characters, 1616: "At every church-ſtyle commonly there's an ale-houſe; where let him bee found never ſo idle-pated, hee is ſtill a *grave* drunkard." Malone.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, Benvolio,
Or I ſhall faint.—A plague o'both your houſes!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and ſoundly too:—Your houſes!
[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With Tybalt's ſlander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinſman:—O ſweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoften'd valour's ſteel.[7]

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,[8]
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;[9]
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

[7] ——ſoften'd *valour's* ſteel.] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" ——When *ſteel* grows
" *Soft* as the paraſite's ſilk—." Malone.

[8] ——*hath* aſpir'd *the clouds*,] So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:
" Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aſpire*."
Again, in Chapman's verſion of the tenth *Iliad*:
" ——and preſently *aſpir'd*
" The guardleſs Thracian regiment."
Again, in the ninth *Iliad*:
" —— and *aſpir'd* the gods' eternal ſeats."
We never uſe this verb at preſent without ſome particle, as, *to* and *after*. Stevens.
So alſo, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1590:
" Until our bodies turn to elements,
" And both our ſouls *aſpire* celeſtial thrones." Malone.

This day's black fate on more days doth depend;] This

Re-enter TYBALT.

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROM. Alive! in triumph![1] and Mercutio ſlain!
Away to heaven, reſpective lenity,[2]
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now![3]—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for Mercutio's ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, muſt go with him.

TYB. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

ROM. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*; TYBALT *falls.*

BEN. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt ſlain:—

day's unhappy deſtiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more miſchief. JOHNSON.

[1] *Alive! in triumph!* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597; for which the quarto, 1599, has—

He gan *in triumph* ——.

This, in the ſubſequent ancient copies, was made—He *gone*, &c. MALONE.

[2] —— reſpective *lenity*,] Cool, conſiderate gentleneſs. *Reſpect* formerly ſignified conſideration; prudential caution. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" *Reſpect* and reaſon well beſeem the ſage." MALONE.

[3] *And fire-ey'd fury be my* conduct *now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in a former ſcene of this play, quarto, 1597:

" Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
" Muſt be my *conduct* in the ſecret night."

Thus the firſt quarto. In that of 1599, *end* being corruptly printed inſtead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the uſual proceſs of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

And fire and *fury be my conduct now.* MALONE.

Stand not amaz'd:[4]—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool![5]

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

[*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, ſir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended*; Montague, Capulet, *their Wives, and Others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young Romeo,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is ſpill'd[6]

[4] *Stand not* amaz'd:] i. e. confounded, in a ſtate of confuſion. So, in *Cymbeline*: "I am *amaz'd* with matter."
Steevens.

[5] *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like* the Fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. See Dr. Warburton's note. Johnson.
See *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Vol. XXI. Act III. ſc. ii.
Steevens.
In the firſt copy—O! I am *fortune's ſlave*. Steevens.

[6] *Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is ſpill'd*—] The pro-

Of my dear kinſman!—Prince, as thou art true,[7]
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of Montague.—
O couſin, couſin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom Romeo's hand did ſlay;
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel[8] was, and urg'd withal[9]
Your high diſpleaſure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold Mercutio's breaſt;

noun—*me*, has been inſerted by the recommendation of the following note. Stevens.

The quarto, 1597, reads:
Unhappy ſight! ah, the blood is ſpill'd—.
The quarto, 1599, and the ſubſequent ancient copies, have:
O prince! O couſin! husband! O, the blood is ſpill'd &c.
The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the firſt quarto.
Unhappy ſight! ah me, *the blood is ſpill'd* &c.
Malone.

[7] ——*as thou art true*,] As thou art *juſt* and *upright*.
Johnson.

So, in *King Richard III*:
"And if King Edward be as *true* and juſt,—."
Stevens.

[8] *How* nice *the quarrel*—] How *ſlight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So, in the laſt Act:
"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,
"Of dear import." Johnson.

See alſo Vol. XVII. p. 197, n. 8. Malone.

[9] ——*and urg'd withal*—] The reſt of this ſpeech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the ſame ſcene. Stevens.

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to Tybalt, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from Tybalt hit the life
Of ſtout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout Tybalt ſlain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the Montague,
Affection makes him falſe,[1] he ſpeaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for juſtice, which thou, prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew Tybalt, Romeo muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law ſhould end,
The life of Tybalt.

[1] *Affection makes him falſe.*] The charge of falſehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very juſt. The author, who ſeems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to ſhow, how the beſt minds, in a ſtate of faction and diſcord, are detorted to criminal partiality. Johnson.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hates' proceeding,[2]
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes;
Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,[3]
Therefore uſe none: let Romeo hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.[4]
[Exeunt.

[2] ——*in your* hates' *proceeding,*] This, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almoſt every ſpeech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to thoſe of the ſucceeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts* proceeding; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. Malone.

[3] *Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall* purchaſe out *abuſes,*] This was probably deſigned as a covert ſtroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, inceſt, and all other crimes, were minutely ſettled, and as ſhamelеſsly received.
See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 701. Stevens.

[4] *Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.*] So, in Hale's *Memorials*: "When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember likewiſe that there is a mercy due to the country."
Thus the quarto, 1599, and the folio. The ſentiment here enforced is different from that found in the firſt edition, 1597. There the Prince concludes his ſpeech with theſe words:

Pity ſhall dwell, and govern with us ſtill;
Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.
Malone.

See Vol. VI. p. 253, n. 9. Stevens.

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter JULIET.

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Towards Phœbus' manſion;[5] ſuch a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.[6]—
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink;[7] and Romeo

[5] Gallop apace, *you fiery-footed ſteeds,*
Towards Phœbus' manſion; &c.] Our author probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593:

"*Gallop apace,* bright Phœbus, through the ſkie,
"And duſky *night* in ruſty iron car;
"Between you both, ſhorten the time, I pray,
"That I may ſee that moſt deſired day." MALONE.

Gallop apace, &c.] Cowley copies the expreſſion, *Davideis,* B. III:

"Slow roſe the ſun, but *gallopt* down *apace,*
"With more than evening bluſhes in his face."

The ſucceeding compound "fiery-footed" is uſed by Drayton, in one of his Eclogues;

"Phœbus had forc'd his *fiery-footed* team."

It is alſo uſed by Spenſer, in *The Fairy Queen.* TODD.

—— *Phœbus' manſion;*] The ſecond quarto and folio read, *Phœbus' lodging.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *immediately.*] Here ends this ſpeech in the eldeſt quarto. The reſt of the ſcene has likewiſe received conſiderable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

[7] *Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!*
That run-away's *eyes may wink;* &c.] What run-aways are theſe, whoſe eyes Juliet is wiſhing to have ſhut? Macbeth,

Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of, and unſeen!—

we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the ſame ſtrain:

" ——Come, feeling night,
" *Scarf* up the tender *eye* of pitiful *day*," &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkneſs obſcure the great eye of the day, the *ſun*; whom conſidering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* ſteeds, and *poſting* through the heavens, ſhe very properly calls him, with regard to the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet ſpeaks of the night in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" For the cloſe night doth play the *run-away*."

WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath juſtly obſerves on this emendation, that the ſun is neceſſarily abſent as ſoon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has juſt complained of his tedioufneſs, ſhould call him a *run-away*. MALONE.

The conſtruction of this paſſage, however elliptical or perverſe, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or,

That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!

Theſe ellipſes are frequent in Spenſer; and *that* for *oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer obſerves in a note on the firſt ſcene of *The Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. vi:

" *That* ever I ſhould call thee caſt-away!"

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act IV. ſc. ii:

" *Mal.* I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

" *Clo.* Well-a-day.—*That* you were, ſir!" i. e. *Oh that* you were! Again, in *Timon*, Act IV:

" *That* nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
" Should yet be hungry!"

Juliet firſt wiſhes for the abſence of the ſun, and then invokes the night to ſpread its curtain cloſe around the world:

Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!

Next, recollecting that the night would ſeem ſhort to her, ſhe ſpeaks of it as of a *run-away*, whoſe flight ſhe would wiſh to retard, and whoſe eyes ſhe would blind, leſt they ſhould make diſcoveries. The *eyes of night* are the ſtars, ſo called in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakſpeare terms *the night* a *run-away* in *The*

Lovers can ſee to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties:[8] or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night.—Come, civil night,[9]
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenhoods:

Merchant of Venice; and in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is ſpoken of under the ſame character:

"The night hath play'd the ſwift-foot *run-away*."

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the ſun was gone, and therefore it was of no conſequence to her that any eyes ſhould wink but thoſe of the night; for, as Ben Jonſon ſays in *Sejanus*,

"——— *night hath many eyes*,
"Whereof, tho' moſt do ſleep, yet ſome are ſpies."

STEEVENS.

That ſeems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *iſta*. Theſe lines contain no wiſh, but a reaſon for Juliet's preceding wiſh for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in ſuch a night there may be no ſtar-light to diſcover our ſtolen pleaſures:

"That run-away eyes *may* wink, and Romeo
"Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of, and unſeen."

BLACKSTONE.

[8] *Lovers can ſee to do their amorous rites*
By their own beauties:] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

"——dark night is Cupid's day."

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio, read—*And* by their own beauties. In the text the undated quarto has been followed. MALONE.

Milton, in his *Comus*, might here have been indebted to Shakſpeare:

"Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would,
"By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
"Were in the flat ſea ſunk." STEEVENS.

[9] *Come, civil night,*] *Civil* is *grave, decently ſolemn.* JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 91, n. 5. STEEVENS.

So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint*:

"——my white ſtole of chaſtity I daff'd,
"Shook off my ſober guards and *civil* fears."

MALONE.

Hood my unmann'd blood[1] bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till ſtrange love, grown bold,[2]
Think true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back.[3]—

[1] ——unmann'd *blood*—] Blood yet unacquainted with man. JOHNSON.

Hood my unmann'd *blood* bating *in my cheeks,*] Theſe are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating,* (not *baiting,* as it has hitherto been printed,) is fluttering with the wings as ſtriving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sad Shepherd:*

" A hawk yet half ſo haggard and *unmann'd.*"

Again, in an old ballad intitled, *Prettie Compariſons wittily Grounded,* &c:

" Or like a *hawk* that's never *man'd,*
" Or like a hide before 'tis tan'd."

Again, in *The Booke of Hawkyng,* &c. bl. l. no date: " It is called *bating,* for ſhe *bateth* with herſelfe moſt often cauſeleſſe." STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 135, n. 2. To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an uſual practice, before the bird was ſuffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

If the hawk flew with its *hood* on, how could it poſſibly ſee the object of its purſuit? The *hood* was always taken off before the bird was diſmiſſed. See Vol. XII. p. 414, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[2] ——grown *bold,*] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow.* MALONE.

[3] *Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back.*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio—*upon.* The line is not in the firſt quarto. The editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre, reads —*on* a raven's back; and ſo, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

I profeſs myſelf to be ſtill one of this peccant fraternity. STEEVENS.

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,[4]
Give me my Romeo: and, when he ſhall die,[5]
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,[6]
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.[7]—
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,[8]

[4] —— *black-brow'd night,*] So, in *King John:*
" Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] —— *when* he *ſhall die,*] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quartos of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—when *I* ſhall die. MALONE.

[6] *Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,* &c.] The ſame childiſh thought occurs in *The Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll,* which was acted before the year 1596:
" The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,
" Take them and joine them in the heavenly ſpheres;
" And fixe them there as an eternal light,
" For lovers to adore and wonder at." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the* gariſh *ſun,*] Milton had this ſpeech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penſeroſo:*
" —— *Civil* night,
" Thou ſober-*ſuited* matron."—*Shakſpeare.*
" Till *civil-ſuited* morn appear."—*Milton.*
" Pay no worſhip to the *gariſh* ſun."—*Shakſpeare.*
" Hide me from day's *gariſh* eye."—*Milton.*
JOHNSON.

Gariſh is gaudy, ſhowy. So, in *King Richard III:*
" A dream of what thou waſt, a *gariſh* flag."
Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:
" —— march'd like players
" With *gariſh* robes."
It ſometimes ſignifies wild, flighty. So, in the following inſtance: " —ſtarting up and *gairiſhly* ſtaring about, eſpecially on the face of *Elioſto.*" Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo,* 1606.
STEEVENS.

[8] —— *I have bought* the manſion of a love,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

But not poſſeſs'd it; and, though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe,

Enter Nurſe, *with Cords.*

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But Romeo's name, ſpeaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurſe, what news? What haſt thou there, the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news! why doſt thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath Romeo ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but *I*,[9]

" —— the ſtrong baſe and *building of my love*
" Is as the very center to the earth,
" Drawing all things to it." Malone.

[9] ——*ſay thou but* I,] In Shakſpeare's time (as Theobald has obſerved) the affirmative particle *ay* was uſually written *I*, and here it is neceſſary to retain the old ſpelling. Malone.

And that bare vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:[1]
I am not I, if there be ſuch an *I*;
Or thoſe eyes ſhut, that make thee anſwer, *I*.
If he be ſlain, ſay—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,—
God ſave the mark![2]—here on his manly breaſt:
A piteous corſe, a bloody piteous corſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I ſwounded at the ſight.

[1] ——*death-darting eye of cockatrice:*] See Vol. XIII. p. 281, n. 1, and p. 298, n. 2. Malone.

The ſtrange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. Pope.

The ſtrange lines are theſe:

"I am not I, if there be ſuch an I,
"Or theſe eyes ſhot, that make thee anſwer I.
"If he be ſlain, ſay—I; or if not, no:
"Brief ſounds determine of my weal or woe."

Theſe lines hardly deſerve emendation; yet it may be proper to obſerve, that their meanneſs has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the firſt two of them being evidently tranſpoſed; we ſhould read:

"——that bare vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more,
"Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
"Or thoſe eyes *ſhot*, that make thee anſwer, I.
"I am not I," &c. Johnson.

I think the tranſpoſition recommended may be ſpared. The ſecond line is corrupted. Read *ſhut* inſtead of *ſhot*, and then the meaning will be ſufficiently intelligible.

Shot, however, may be the ſame as *ſhut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358:

"And dreſſ'd him up by a *ſhot* window." Steevens.

[2] *God ſave the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obſcurity, in *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i. See note on that paſſage. Steevens.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth reſign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, preſs one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beſt friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honeſt gentleman!
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!

Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary?
Is Romeo ſlaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord?[3]—
Then, dreadful trumpet, ſound the general doom!
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo baniſhed;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand ſhed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face![4]

[3] *My* dear-lov'd *couſin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—

My deareſt *couſin, and my dearer lord?*

Mr. Pope introduced the preſent reading from the original copy of 1597. Malone.

[4] *O* ſerpent *heart, hid with a* flow'ring *face!*] The ſame images occur in *Macbeth:*

"——look like the innocent *flower,*
"But be the *ſerpent* under it." Henley.

O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?] So, in *King John:*

"Ruth, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
"*With ladies' face and fierce dragons' ſpleens.*"

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

"You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts."

The line, *Did ever dragon,* &c. and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. Malone.

Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven![5] wolviſh-ravening lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint,[6] an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?—
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd,
All forſworn, all naught, all diſſemblers.—

[5] *Dove-feather'd raven!* &c.] In old editions—
Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.
The four following lines not in the firſt edition, as well as ſome others which I have omitted. Pope.

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,
Wolviſh-ravening lamb!] This paſſage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, becauſe theſe two noble hemiſtichs are inharmonious: but is there no ſuch thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verſe? I'll venture to reſtore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verſe, and a proper contraſt of epithets and images:
Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh-rav'ning lamb!
Theobald.
The quarto, 1599, and folio, read—
Ravenous *dove-feather'd raven, wolviſh-ravening lamb.*
The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuſcript by miſtake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then ſtruck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[6] *A damned faint.*] The quarto, 1599, for *damned*, has—*dimme*; the firſt folio—*dimne*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. Malone.

Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *aqua vitæ*:—
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old.[7]
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame:
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;[8]
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,[9]
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?[1]—

[7] *Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old.*] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power."

Malone.

[8] *Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;*] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Tom. II. p. 223: "Is it poſſible that under ſuch beautie and rare comelineſſe, diſloyaltie and treaſon may have their *ſiedge* and lodging?" The image of ſhame *ſitting* on the brow, is not in the poem. Steevens.

[9] ——*what tongue ſhall* ſmooth *thy name*,] To *ſmooth*, in ancient language, is to *ſtroke*, to *careſs*, to *fondle*. So, in *Pericles*, Act I. ſc. ii: "Seem'd not to ſtrike, but *ſmooth*." Steevens.

[1] *Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,*
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Ah cruel *murd'ring tongue*, murderer of others' fame,
"How durſt thou once attempt to touch the honour of his *name?*
"Whoſe deadly foes do yield him due and earned praiſe,
"For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.

But, wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband:
Back, fooliſh tears,[2] back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My huſband lives, that Tybalt would have ſlain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have ſlain my huſband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—baniſhed;
That—*baniſhed*, that one word—*baniſhed*,

"Why blam'ſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt?
"Since he is guiltleſs quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.
"Whither ſhall he, alas! poor baniſh'd man, now fly?
"What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeek beneath the ſtarry ſky?
"Since ſhe purſueth him, and him defames by wrong,
"That in diſtreſs ſhould be his fort, and only rampire ſtrong." MALONE.

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*: "Where from henceforth ſhall be his refuge? ſith ſhe, which ought to be the only bulwarke and aſſined repare of his diſtreſſe, doth perſue and defame him." HENDERSON.

[2] *Back, fooliſh tears*, &c.] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——I am a *fool*
"To weep at what I am glad of." STEEVENS.

"Back," ſays ſhe, "to your native ſource, you fooliſh tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occaſions; but now you erroneouſly ſhed your tributary drops for an event [the death of Tybalt and the ſubſequent eſcape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a ſubject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have ſlain my huſband; but my huſband is alive, and has ſlain Tybalt. This is a ſource of joy, not of ſorrow: wherefore then do I weep?" MALONE.

Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts.[3] Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if four woe delights in fellowſhip,[4]
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?[5]
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is baniſhed,—to ſpeak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All ſlain, all dead:—*Romeo is baniſhed*,—
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,

[3] *Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts.*] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is,—I am more affected by Romeo's baniſhment than I ſhould be by the death of ten thouſand ſuch relations as Tybalt. RITSON.

Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts.] That is, is worſe than the loſs of ten thouſand Tybalts. Dr. Johnſon's explanation cannot be right; for the paſſage itſelf ſhows that Tybalt was not out of her mind. M. MASON.

[4] ——*four woe delights in fellowſhip,*] Thus the Latin hexameter: (I know not whence it comes)

"Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris." STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage,
"As palmers' chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"——the mind much ſufferance doth o'er-ſkip,
"When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip."

MALONE.

[5] *Which* modern *lamentation* &c.] This line is left out of the later editions, I ſuppoſe becauſe the editors did not remember that Shakſpeare uſes *modern* for *common*, or *ſlight*: I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*. JOHNSON.

It means only *trite, common*. So, in *As you like it*:

"Full of wiſe ſaws and *modern* inſtances."

See Vol. VIII. p. 74, n. 4. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 270, n. 5. MALONE

In that word's death; no words can that woe
found.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corſe:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine
ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's baniſhment.
Take up thoſe cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurſe; I'll to my wedding
bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

FRI. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROM. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

FRI. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROM. What leſs than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

FRI. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.

ROM. Ha! baniſhment? be merciful, ſay—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not ſay—baniſhment.

FRI. Hence from Verona art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROM. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.
Hence baniſhed is ba 'ſh'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then baniſhment[6]

[6] ——*then* baniſhment—] The quarto 1599, and the folio,

Is death miſ-term'd: calling death—baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy,[7] and thou ſeeſt it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives;[8] and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo:[9] they may ſeize

read—then *baniſhed.* The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The words are not in the quarto 1597. Malone.

[7] *This is dear mercy,*] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earlieſt copy reads—This is *mere* mercy. Malone.

Mere mercy, in ancient language, ſignifies *abſolute* mercy. So, in *Othello:*

"The *mere* perdition of the Turkiſh fleet."

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

"——to the *mere* undoing
"Of all the kingdom." Steevens.

[8] ——*heaven is here,*
Where Juliet lives;] From this and the foregoing ſpeech of Romeo, Dryden has borrowed in his beautiful paraphraſe of Chaucer's *Palamon* and *Arcite:*

"Heaven is not, but where Emily abides,
"And where ſhe's abſent, all is hell beſides."

Steevens.

[9] ——*More* validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip *lives*
In carrion flies, than Romeo:] *Validity* ſeems here to mean *worth* or *dignity:* and *courtſhip* the ſtate of a *courtier* permitted to approach the higheſt preſence. Johnson.

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and veſtal modeſty,[1]
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin;
But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed:[2]
Flies may do this, when I from this muſt fly;
They are free men, but I am baniſhed.
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?[3]
Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But—baniſhed—to kill me; baniſhed?
O friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How haſt thou the heart,

Validity is employed to ſignify *worth* or *value*, in the firſt ſcene of *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

By *courtſhip*, the author ſeems rather to have meant, the ſtate of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or wooes a lady is ſometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the ſubſequent lines:

"——they may ſeize
"On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
"And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;—
"*Flies* may do this." MALONE.

[1] *Who, even in pure and veſtal modeſty,*] This and the next line are not in the firſt copy. MALONE.

[2] *But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed:*] This line has been very awkwardly introduced in the modern as well as ancient copies, and might better be inſerted after—*their own kiſſes ſin.* STEEVENS.

This line, in the original copy, immediately follows—"And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips." The two lines, *Who, even*, &c. were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely parenthetical: the line, therefore, *But Romeo may not*; &c. undoubtedly ought to follow thoſe two lines. By miſtake, in the copy of 1599, it was inſerted lower down, after—*is not death*. MALONE.

[3] *They are free men, but I am baniſhed.*
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?] Theſe two lines are not in the original copy. MALONE.

Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſs'd,
To mangle me with that word—baniſhment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but ſpeak a word.[4]

Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.[5]

Rom. Yet baniſhed?—Hang up philoſophy!
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.[6]

[4] Thou *fond mad man,* hear me but ſpeak a word.] So the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read:

Then fond mad man, *hear me a little* ſpeak.

The folio:

Then fond mad man, hear *me ſpeak.* Malone.

[5] *Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,*
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet,* the Friar ſays—

"Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,
"But *wiſdom in adverſity* finds cauſe of quiet joy."

See alſo Lyly's *Euphues,* 1580: "Thou ſayeſt *baniſhment* is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are ſowre in the mouth and ſharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with *ſweet* ſawces, they yeeld both a pleaſant taſte and wholeſome nouriſhment.—I ſpeake this to this end; that though thy *exile* ſeeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyſelfe with the rules of *philoſophy,* it ſhall be more tolerable." Malone.

[6] *Let me* diſpute *with thee of thy eſtate.*] The ſame phraſe, and with the ſame meaning, occurs in *The Winter's Tale:*

Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,[7]
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,[8]
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Ariſe; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyſelf. [*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I; unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
[*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, ariſe;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—ſtand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my ſtudy:—By and by:—God's will!

"——can he ſpeak? hear?
"Know man from man? *diſpute his own eſtate?*"
i. e. is he able to talk over his own affairs, or the preſent ſtate he is in? Steevens.

[7] *Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,*] Thus the original copy; for which in the folio we have—
Wert thou as young as Juliet my *love.*
I only mention this to ſhow the very high value of the early quarto editions. Malone.

[8] ——*then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,*] So, in the poem:
"Theſe heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,
"And like a frantick man hath torn the garments that he ware——
"He riſeth oft, and ſtrikes his head againſt the walls:
"He falleth down again, and loud for haſty death he calls." Malone.

What wilfulneſs[9] is this?—I come, I come.
[*Knocking.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

NURSE. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

FRI. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

NURSE. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRI. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe!

FRI. O woeful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament![1]

NURSE. Even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, ſtand up; ſtand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand;
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O?

ROM. Nurſe!

[9] *What* wilfulneſs—] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—What *ſimpleneſs*. MALONE.

[1] *O woeful ſympathy!*
Piteous predicament!] The old copies give theſe words to the Nurſe. One may wonder the editors did not ſee that ſuch language muſt neceſſarily belong to the *Friar*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may juſtly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. STEEVENS.

Nurse. Ah ſir! ah ſir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'ſt thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?[2]

Nurse. O, ſhe ſays nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then ſtarts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womaniſh;[3] thy wild acts denote

[2] ——cancell'd *love?*] The folio reads—*conceal'd* love. JOHNSON.

The quarto, *cancell'd* love. STEEVENS.

The epithet *concealed* is to be underſtood, not of the perſon, but of the condition of the lady. So, that the ſenſe is, my lady, whoſe being ſo, together with our marriage which made her ſo, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

[3] *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*
Thy tears are womaniſh,] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed his original:

"*Art thou,* quoth he, *a man? thy ſhape ſaith, ſo thou art;*
"*Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*

The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt:
Unſeemly woman,[4] in a ſeeming man!
Or ill-beſeeming beaſt, in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain Tybalt? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady too that lives in thee,[5]
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?[6]

" For manly reaſon is quite from off thy mind outchaſed,
" And in her ſtead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed;
" So that I ſtood in doubt, this hour at the leaſt,
" *If thou a man or woman were, or elſe a brutiſh beaſt.*"
Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.
MALONE.

[4] *Unſeemly woman*, &c.] *Thou art a beaſt of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* JOHNSON.

A perſon who ſeemed both man and woman, would be a monſter, and of courſe an ill-beſeeming beaſt. This is all the Friar meant to expreſs. M. MASON.

[5] *And ſlay thy lady* too *that* lives *in thee*,] Thus the firſt copy. The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives. MALONE.

My copy of the firſt folio reads:
And ſlay thy lady that in thy life lies. STEEVENS.

[6] *Why* rail'ſt *thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?*] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the Friar as deſcribed in the poem, he is made to do ſo:
" Firſt *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,
" In which his joys had been ſo ſcant, and ſorrows aye ſo rife;
" The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;
" He cryed out with open mouth againſt the *ſtars above*.—
" On fortune eke he *rail'd*."
Shakſpeare copied the remonſtrance of the Friar, without reviewing the former part of his ſcene. He has in other places fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original.

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'ſt loſe.
Fye, fye! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man:[7]
Thy dear love, ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk,[8]
Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.[9]
What, rouſe thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead;

The lines, *Why rail'ſt thou*, &c. to—*thy own defence*, are not in the firſt copy. They are formed on a paſſage in the poem:

"Why cry'ſt thou out on love? why doſt thou blame thy fate?
"Why doſt thou ſo cry after death? thy life why doſt thou hate?" &c. MALONE.

[7] Digreſſing *from the valour of a man*:] So, in the 24th Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, as tranſlated by Chapman:

"——my deſerv'ings ſhall in nought *degreſs*
"From beſt fame of our race's foremoſt merit"

STEEVENS.

[8] *Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk*, &c.] To underſtand the force of this alluſion, it ſhould be remembered that the ancient Engliſh ſoldiers, uſing *match*-locks, inſtead of locks with flints as at preſent, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flaſk* in which they kept their powder. The ſame alluſion occurs in *Humour's Ordinary*, an old collection of Engliſh epigrams:

"When the lips *flaſk* and tow-box ſit on fire,
"And till this hour the burning is not out." STEEVENS.

[9] *And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. JOHNSON.

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt Tybalt; there art thou happy too:[1]
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of bleſſings lights upon thy back;
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love:[2]
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to Mantua;
Where thou ſhalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

[1] ——*there art thou happy* too:] Thus the firſt quarto. In the ſubſequent quartos and the folio *too* is omitted. MALONE.

It ſhould not be concealed, that the reading of the *ſecond folio* correſponds with that of the *firſt quarto*:

——*there art thou happy* too. STEEVENS.

The word is omitted in *all* the intermediate editions; a ſufficient proof that the emendations of that folio are not always the reſult of *ignorance* or *caprice*. RITSON.

[2] *Thou pout'ſt* upon *thy fortune and thy love*:] The quarto, 1599, and 1609, read:

Thou puts up *thy fortune and thy love.*

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:

Thou putteſt *up thy fortune and thy love.*

The undated quarto has *powts*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line ſtands:

Thou frown'ſt upon *thy fate, that ſmiles on thee.*

MALONE.

The reading in the text is confirmed by the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*:

"————then
"We *pout upon* the morning,—"

See Vol. XVI. p. 214. STEEVENS.

With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurſe: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.[3]

Nurse. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all the night,
To hear good counſel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, ſir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.
[*Exit* Nurſe.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night;[4] and here ſtands all your ſtate;[5]—
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day diſguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy paſt joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this ſpeech has likewiſe been added ſince the firſt edition. Stevens.

[4] *Go hence: Good night*; &c.] Theſe three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. Johnson.

They were firſt omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] ——*here ſtands all your ſtate*;] The whole of your fortune depends on this. Johnson.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

CAP. Things have fallen out, ſir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman Tybalt dearly,
And ſo did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. Theſe times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LA. CAP. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night ſhe's mew'd up[7] to her heavineſs.

[6] *SCENE IV.*] Some few unneceſſary verſes are omitted in this ſcene according to the oldeſt editions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldeſt copy, and omitted ſome unneceſſary verſes which are not found there, but inſerted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expreſſed himſelf ſo looſely, as to have been miſunderſtood by Mr. Steevens. In the text theſe *unneceſſary* verſes, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preſerved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. MALONE.

[7] —[illegible] *mew'd up*—] This is a phraſe from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. So, in *Albumazar*, 1614:

" ——fully *mew'd*
" From brown ſoar feathers—."

Again, in our author's *King Richard III:*

" And, for his meed, poor lord he is *mew'd up*."

STEEVENS.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love:[8] I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my ſon Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wedneſday next—
But, ſoft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wedneſday is too ſoon,
O' Thurſday let it be;—o' Thurſday, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſsly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thurſday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thurſday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] *Sir Paris, I will make a* deſperate *tender*
Of my child's love:] *Deſperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had ſaid in the vulgar phraſe, *I will ſpeak a* bold *word*, and venture *to promiſe you my daughter.* Johnson.

So, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, 1600:
"Witneſs this *deſperate tender* of mine honour."
Steevens.

SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber.*[9]

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:[1]
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

[9] SCENE V. *Juliet's Chamber.*] The ſtage-direction in the firſt edition is—"*Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window.*" In the ſecond quarto, "*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*" They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old Engliſh ſtage. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. III. MALONE.

[1] *Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:* &c.] This ſcene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"The golden ſun was gone to lodge him in the weſt,
"The full moon clear in yonder ſouth had ſent moſt men to reſt;
"When reſtleſs Romeus and reſtleſs Juliet,
"In wonted ſort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.

* * *

"Thus theſe two lovers paſs away the weary night
"In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleaſure and delight.
"But now, ſomewhat too ſoon, in fartheſt eaſt aroſe
"Fair Lucifer, the golden ſtar that lady Venus choſe;
"Whoſe courſe appointed is with ſpeedy race to run,
"A meſſenger of dawning day and of the riſing ſun.—
"When thou ne lookeſt wide, ne cloſely doſt thou wink,
"When Phœbus from our hemiſphere in weſtern wave doth ſink,
"What colour then the heavens do ſhow unto thine eyes,
"The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſtern ſkies:
"As yet he ſaw no day, ne could he call it night,
"With equal force decreaſing dark fought with increaſing light.

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:[2]
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops;
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:[3]
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

" Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
" With friendly kiſs, and ruthfully ſhe 'gan her knight behold." Malone.

[2] Nightly *ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely a poetical ſuppoſition. It is obſerved of the nightingale, that, if undiſturbed, ſhe ſits and ſings upon the ſame tree for many weeks together.

What Euſtathius, however, has obſerved relative to a *fig-tree* mentioned by Homer, in his 12th *Odyſſey*, may be applied to the paſſage before us: " —Theſe particularities, which ſeem of no conſequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention ſuch a tree, if the tree were not there in reality?" Steevens.

[3] *It is ſome* meteor *that the ſun exhales,*
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way—] Compare Sidney's *Arcadia*, 13th edit. p. 109: " The *moon*, then full, (not thinking ſcorn to be a *torch-bearer* to ſuch beauty) guided her ſteps."

And Sir J. Davies's *Orcheſtra*, 1596, ſt. vii. of the ſun:
" When the great *torch-bearer* of heauen was gone
" Downe in a maſke unto the Ocean's court."

And Drayton's *Eng. Heroic. Epiſt.* p. 221, where the moon is deſcribed with the ſtars—
" Attending on her, as her *torch-bearers*." Todd.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex[4] of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heaven ſo high above our heads:
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go;[5]—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it ſo.—
How is't, my ſoul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;[6]
This doth not ſo, for ſhe divideth us:
Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too![7]

[4] ——*the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud oppoſed to the moon. JOHNSON.

[5] *I have more care to ſtay, than will to go*;] Would it not be better thus—*I have more will to ſtay, than care to go?* JOHNSON.

Care was frequently uſed in Shakſpeare's age for *inclination*. MALONE.

[6] ——*ſweet* diviſion;] *Diviſion* ſeems to have been the technical phraſe for the pauſes or parts of a muſical compoſition. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"Sung by a fair queen in a ſummer's bower,
"With raviſhing *diviſion* to her lute."

To *run a diviſion*, is alſo a muſical term. STEEVENS.

[7] *Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;*
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!] I wiſh the lark and toad had changed voices; for then the noiſe which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark: it would conſequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks; not morning, when the lark ſings; and we ſhould not be under the neceſſity of [illegible]ation.. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance

Since arm from arm[8] that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.[9]

of day, and conſequently no ſignal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpoſe of Juliet's wiſh. HEATH.

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occaſion of a common ſaying amongſt the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the ſpeaker alludes. WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expreſſed in a ruſtick rhyme:

" ——— To heav'n I'd fly,
" But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye." JOHNSON.

Read chang'd eyes. M. MASON.

[8] *Since arm from arm* &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deſerve to be replaced, but as they may ſhow the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to *I wot* was ſpecious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The ſenſe is this: *The lark, they ſay, has loſt her eyes to the toad, and now* I would *the toad had her voice too, ſince ſhe uſes it to the diſturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Hunting thee hence with* hunts-up *to the day.*] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muſe."

Again, in the play of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594 and 1599:

" To play him *huntſup* with a point of war,
" I'll be his minſtrell with my drum and fife."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607:

" ——— Make a noiſe, its no matter; any *huntſup* to waken vice."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 13th:

" But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd ſylvans ſing." STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Engliſh Poeſy*, 1589, ſpeaking of one Gray, ſays, " what good eſtimation did he grow into with king Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the duke of Somerſet protectour, for making certaine merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up*." RITSON.

A *huntſup* alſo ſignified a morning *ſong* to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly uſed here in that ſenſe. See Colgrave's *Dictionary*, in v. *Reveil*. MALONE.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurſe?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
[*Exit* Nurſe.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiſs, and I'll deſcend. [Romeo *deſcends.*

Jul. Art thou gone ſo? my love! my lord! my friend![1]
I muſt hear from thee every day i'the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.[2]

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve

[1] *Art thou gone ſo? my love! my lord! my friend!*] Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:
Art thou gone ſo? love, lord, ay huſband, *friend!*
Malone.

[2] *O! by this count I ſhall be much in years,*
Ere I again behold my Romeo.]
"Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,
"Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus."
Ovid, Epiſt. I. Steevens.

For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul:[3]
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead[4] in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyeſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me, love, in my eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our blood.[5] Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* Romeo.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him

[3] *O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul:* &c.] This miſerable preſcience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumſtance particularly beautiful. The ſame kind of warning from the mind, Romeo ſeems to have been conſcious of, on his going to the entertainment at the houſe of Capulet:

" —— my mind miſgives,
" Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtars,
" Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
" From this night's revels." Steevens.

[4] *O God! I have an* ill-divining *ſoul:*
Methinks, I ſee thee, *now thou art below,*
As one dead—] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
" And fear doth teach it *divination*;
" *I prophecy thy death.*"

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *ſo low*. Malone.

[5] *Dry ſorrow drinks our blood.*] This is an allution to the proverb—" Sorrow's dry."

Chapman, in his verſion of the ſeventeenth *Iliad*, ſays—

" ——————— their harts
" *Drank* from their faces *all their bloods*;—."

Steevens.

He is accounting for their *paleneſs*. It was an ancient notion that ſorrow conſumed the blood, and ſhortened life. Hence, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* we have—" *blood-ſucking* ſighs." Malone.

See Vol. XVIII. p. 311, n. 4. Steevens.

That is renown'd for faith?[6] Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

LA. CAP. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JUL. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?[7]
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?[8]

Enter Lady CAPULET.

LA. CAP. Why, how now, Juliet?

JUL. Madam, I am not well.

LA. CAP. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?[9]

[6] *That is renown'd for faith?*] This Romeo, ſo *renown'd for faith*, was but the day before dying for love of another woman: yet this is natural. Romeo was the darling object of Juliet's love, and Romeo was, of courſe, to have every excellence. M. MASON.

[7] *Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?*] Is ſhe not laid down in her bed at ſo late an hour as this? or rather is ſhe riſen from bed at ſo early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

[8] —— procures *her hither?*] *Procures* for *brings*. WARBURTON.

[9] *Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?* &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" —— time it is that now you ſhould our Tybalt's death forget;
" Of whom ſince God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,
" He is in bliſs, no is there cauſe why you ſhould thus lament:
" *You cannot call him back with teares and ſhrieking ſhoutes*;
" It is a fault thus full to grudge at God's appointed will."
MALONE.

So, full as appoſitely, in Painter's Novel: " Thinke no more upon the death of your couſin Thibault, *whom do you thinke to revoke with teares?*" &c. STEEVENS

What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief ſhows much of love;
But much of grief ſhows ſtill ſome want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.

La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chooſe but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That ſame villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him![1] I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, becauſe the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from[2] the reach of theſe my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my couſin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

[1] *God pardon* him!] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] *Ay, madam, from* &c.] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind diſturbed by the loſs of a new lover. Johnson.

Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in Mantua,—
Where that ſame baniſh'd runagate doth live,—
That ſhall beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,[3]
That he ſhall ſoon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart ſo for a kinſman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That Romeo ſhould, upon receipt thereof,
Soon ſleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my couſin Tybalt[4]
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him!

[3] *That ſhall beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio, 1623, which read, leſs intelligibly:

Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram.

STEEVENS.

The elder quarto has—That *ſhould* &c. The word *ſhall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

——unaccuſtom'd *dram*,] In vulgar language, Shall give him a *dram* which he is *not uſed* to. Though I have, if I miſtake not, obſerved, that in old books *unaccuſtomed* ſignifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious.* JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation is the true one. Barnaby Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered*, 1563, uſes *unacquainted* in the ſame ſenſe:

" And ever as we mounted up,
" I lookte upon my wynges,
" And prowde I was, me thought, to ſee
" Suche *unacquaynted* thyngs." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*my couſin* Tybalt —] The laſt word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

La. Cap. Find thou[5] the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time,[6] what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris,[7] at Saint Peter's church,

[5] *Find thou* &c.] This line in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. Steevens.

[6] ——*in happy time,*] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. Johnson.

[7] *The county Paris,*] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot."—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled *a young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte, Countee, County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word, however, is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

"As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,
"Set in a mainth, or high on a hill,
"And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,
"To bring the place subjected to his will;
"So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.
Godfrey of Bulloigne, Book VII. Stanza 60.
Farmer

See p. 56-57, n. 3. Malone.

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte; that I muſt wed
Ere he, that ſhould be huſband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I ſwear,
It ſhall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—Theſe are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him ſo yourſelf.
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurſe.

Cap. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;[8]

[8] *When the ſun ſets, the* air *doth drizzle dew*;] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599, and the folio, is philoſophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly riſes from the earth, in conſequence of the action of the heat of the ſun on its moiſt ſurface. Thoſe vapours which riſe from the earth in the courſe of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as ſoon as they ariſe; but thoſe which riſe after ſun-ſet, form themſelves into drops, or rather into that fog or miſt which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I ſuſpected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece*, ſtrongly ſupports that reading:

"But as the *earth* doth *weep*, the *ſun being ſet*,—."

MALONE.

When our author, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, ſays: "And when the [the moon] weeps, *weeps* every little flower;" he only means that every little flower is moiſtened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itſelf *drizzles dew*. This paſſage ſufficiently explains how the *earth*, in the quotation from *The Rape of Lucrece*, may be ſaid to *weep*. STEEVENS.

But for the ſunſet of my brother's ſon,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?[9]
Evermore ſhowering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the winds, thy ſighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, ſir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

That Shakſpeare thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that *drizzled* dew, is evident from other paſſages. So, in *King John*:

"Before the *dew* of evening *fall*."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"His *dews fall* every where."

Again, in the ſame play:

"The *dews* of *heaven fall* thick in bleſſings on her."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"*Dews* of blood *fell*." Ritson.

[9] *How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?*] In Thomas Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. ii. ſt. 40, 1609, there is the ſame alluſion:

"You ſhould not let ſuch high-priz'd moyſture fall,
"Which from your hart your *conduit-eyes* diſtill."

Holt White.

Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already obſerved, were common in Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. IX. p. 404, n. 9.

We have again the ſame image in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"A pretty while theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
"Like ivory *conduits* coral ciſterns filling." Malone.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſs'd,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick![1] What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud;[2]—Miſtreſs minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face![3]

[1] ——*chop-logick!*] This term, which hitherto has been divided into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from *The xxiiii Orders of Knaves*, bl. l. no date, a nick-name: "*Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayſter rebuketh his ſervaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one, or elles he wyll bydde the devylles pater noſter in ſcylence."
In *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell* &c. 1560 this word alſo occurs:
"But you wyl *choplogyck*
"And be Bee-to-buſſe," &c. Steevens.

[2] *And yet not proud*; &c.] This line is wanting in the folio. Steevens.

[3] ——*out, you baggage!*
You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakſpeare, that authors were not contented only to employ theſe terms of abuſe in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their verſions of the moſt chaſte and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurſt,

La. Cap. —*I pray you, pardon me*;—
not wed, I'll pardon you:
Jul. Good father, I will you ſhall not houſe with me;
Hear me with patience, but I do not uſe to jeſt.
Cap. Hang thee, young and on heart, adviſe:
wretch! you to my friend;
I tell thee what,—get thee to ſerve, die i' the ſtreets,
Or never after look me in the knowledge thee,
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer.
My fingers itch.—Wife we ſcarce thought us
That God had ſent us[4] but this only child as I am bent,
But now I ſee this one is one too much, you freely do aſſent
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding! your and
Nurse. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurse. I ſpeak no treaſon.
Cap. O, God ye good den!
Nurse. May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.

the tranſlator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas—*hedgebrat, cullion*, and *tar-breech*, in the courſe of one ſpeech.

Nay, in the Interlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567, *Mary Magdalen* ſays to one of her attendants:

"*Horeſon*, I beſhrowe your heart, are you here?"

Stevens.

[4] ——*had* ſent *us*—] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—had *lent* us. Malone.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take mad:[5] Day, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe company,
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe my care hath been
Unworthy as ſhe is, that had having now provided
So worthy a gentleman my parentage,

Jul. Not proud, youthful, and nobly train'd, you have with honourable parts,
Proud can I never be's heart could wiſh a man,—
But thankful even a wretched puling fool,

Cap. How mammet, in her fortune's tender,
—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*[6]

Proud

An *God's bread!* &c] The firſt three lines of this ſpeech are formed from the firſt quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The firſt copy reads:

" God's *bleſſed mother*, wife, it makes me mad,
" Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
" Alone, in company, waking or ſleeping,
" Still my care hath been to *ſee* her match'd."

The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read:

" God's *bread*, it makes me mad.
" Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
" Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath been
" To *have* her match'd," &c. Malone.

[6] —— *and having now* provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,——
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" Such care thy mother had, ſo dear thou wert to me,
" That I with long and earneſt ſuit *provided* have for thee
" One of the greateſt lords that wons about this town,
" And for his many virtues' ſake a man of great renown;—
" —— and yet thou playeſt in this caſe
" The *dainty fool* and ſtubborn girl; for want of ſkill,
" Thou doſt refuſe thy offer'd weal, and diſobey my will.
" Even by his ſtrength I ſwear that firſt did give me life,
" And gave me in my youth the ſtrength to get thee on my wife,

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' the ſtreets,
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

"Unleſs by Wedneſday next thou bend as I am bent,
"And, at our caſtle call'd Freetown, thou freely do aſſent
"To county Paris' ſuit,—
"*Not only will I give all that I have away,*
"*From thee* to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honour and obey;
"But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gale
"I ſhall thee wed for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fail
"A thouſand times a day to wiſh for ſudden death:—
"Adviſe thee well, and ſay that thou art warned now,
"*And think not that I ſpeak* in ſport, *or mind to break my vow.*"

There is a paſſage in an old play called *Wily Beguil'd*, ſo nearly reſembling this, that one poet muſt have copied from the other. *Wily Beguil'd* was on the ſtage before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in his *Have with you to Saffron Waldon*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a ſuitor, which ſhe plucks back; on which her *Nurſe* ſays:

"——She'll none, ſhe thanks you, ſir.
"*Gripe.* Will ſhe none? why, how now, I ſay?
"What, you *powting*, peeviſh thing, you untoward *baggage*,
"Will you not be ruled by your father?
"*Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this?*
"And will you doe as you liſt?
"Away, I ſay; *hang, ſtarve, beg*, be gone;
"Out of my ſight! pack, I ſay:
"Thou ne'er get'ſt a pennyworth of my goods for this.
"Think on't; *I do not uſe to jeſt:*
"Be gone, I ſay, I will not hear thee ſpeake."

MALONE.

Nor what is mine ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?[7]
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.[8]

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurſe! how ſhall this be prevented?
My huſband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How ſhall that faith return again to earth,
Unleſs that huſband ſend it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counſel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!—
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurſe.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is baniſhed; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,

[7] *Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,*
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?] So, in *King John*, in two parts, 1591:

"Ah boy, thy yeeres, I ſee, are far too greene,
"*To look into the bottom of theſe cares.*" Malone.

[8] *In that* dim *monument* &c.] The modern editors read *dun monument*. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto, 1597, and the folio. Steevens.

I think it beſt you married with the county.[9]
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſhclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not ſo green,[1] ſo quick, ſo fair an eye,

[9] *'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo*
Is baniſhed; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—
Then, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the county.] The character of the Nurſe exhibits a juſt picture of thoſe whoſe actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the truſt repoſed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the conſequences of her firſt infidelity. STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the Nurſe exhibits the ſame readineſs to accommodate herſelf to the preſent conjuncture:

" The flattering nurſe did praiſe the friar for his ſkill,
" And ſaid that ſhe had done right well, by wit to order will;
" She ſetteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
" And eke ſhe praiſeth much to her *the ſecond marriage*;
" *And county Paris now ſhe praiſeth ten times more*
" *By wrong, than ſhe herſelf by right had Romeus prais'd before:*
" Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill; *Romeus ſhall not return*;
" What ſhall it boot her all her life to languiſh ſtill and mourn?" MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in *The Relapſe*, has copied in this reſpect the character of his Nurſe from Shakſpeare. BLACKSTONE.

[1] ——*ſo* green,——*an eye*,] So the firſt editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ſo keen*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the ſame colour:

" His noſe was high, his eyin bright *citryn*:"

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher and Shakſpeare, Act V. ſc. i:

" ——oh vouchſafe,
" With that thy rare *green* eye," &c.——

As Paris hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here[2] and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my ſoul too;
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?[3]

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done.
[*Exit.*

I may add, that Arthur Hall (the moſt ignorant and abſurd of all the tranſlators of Homer), in the fourth *Iliad* (4to, 1581,) calls Minerva—

"The *greene* eide Goddeſe—." STEEVENS.

What Shakſpeare meant by this epithet here, may be eaſily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thiſbé in the laſt Act of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"Theſe lily lips,
"This cherry noſe,
"Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
"Are gone, are gone!—
"His eyes were *green* as leeks." MALONE.

[2] *As living here*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *as living hence*, that is, at a diſtance, in baniſhment; but *here* may ſignify, *in this world*. JOHNSON.

[3] *To what?*] The ſyllable—*To*, which is wanting towards the meaſure, I have ventured to ſupply. When Juliet ſays—*Amen!* the Nurſe might naturally aſk her *to* which of the foregoing ſentiments ſo ſolemn a formulary was ſubjoined. STEEVENS.

Jul. Ancient damnation![4] O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin—to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thouſand times?—Go, counſellor;
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday, ſir? the time is very ſhort.

Par. My father Capulet will have it ſo;
And I am nothing ſlow, to ſlack his haſte.[5]

[4] *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in *The Malcontent*, 1604:

" ——out, you *ancient damnation!*" Stevens.

[5] *And I am nothing ſlow*, &c.] *His haſte ſhall not be abated by my ſlowneſs.* It might be read:

And I am nothing ſlow to back *his haſte:*

that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haſte. Johnson.

Slack was certainly the author's word, for, in the firſt edition, the line ran—

And I am nothing ſlack *to ſlow his haſte.*

Back could not have ſtood there.

If this kind of phraſeology be juſtifiable, it can be juſtified only by ſuppoſing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of ſlowneſs in me, to induce me to ſlacken or abate his haſte.* The

Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, ſir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe doth give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety:
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.

Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.[6] [*Aſide.*
Look, ſir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, ſir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on Thurſday next.

meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wiſh to reſtrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverſe of this, and ſeem rather to mean, *I am not backward in reſtraining his haſte*; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnſon ſaw the impropriety of this expreſſion, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at firſt preſent; and hence his propoſed alteration; but our author muſt anſwer for his own peculiarities. See Vol. XVII. p. 240, n. 6.

Malone.

[6] ——*le* ſlow'd.] So, in Sir A. Gorge's tranſlation of the ſecond Book of Lucan:

"——will you overflow
"The fields, thereby my march to *ſlow*?" Steevens.

Jul. What muſt be ſhall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?

Jul. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am ſure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their ſpite.

Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no ſlander, ſir,[7] that is a truth;
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.

Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now;

[7] *That is no* ſlander, *ſir*, &c.] Thus the firſt and ſecond folio. The quarto, 1607, reads—That is no *wrong*, &c. and ſo leaves the meaſure defective. Steevens.

A word was probably omitted at the preſs. The quarto, 1599, and the ſubſequent copies, read:

That is no ſlander, *ſir, which is a truth.*

The context ſhows that the alteration was not made by Shakſpeare. Malone.

The repetition of the word *wrong*, is not, in my opinion, neceſſary: beſides, the reply of Paris juſtifies the reading in the text:

"Thy face is mine, and thou haſt *ſlander'd* it."

Steevens.

Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?[8]

Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now:—
My lord, we muſt entreat the time alone.

Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thurſday early will I rouſe you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.

Jul. O, ſhut the door! and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me; Paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing muſt prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,[9]

[8] *Or ſhall I come to you at* evening maſs?] Juliet means *veſpers*. There is no ſuch thing as *evening maſs*. "*Maſſes* (as Fynes Moryton obſerves) are only ſung in the morning, and when the prieſts are faſting." So, likewiſe, in *The boke of thenſeygnementes and techynge that the knyght of the toure made to his doughteres*: tranſlated and printed by Caxton. "And they of the parvyſe told the preeſt that it was paſt *none*, and therfor he durſt not ſynge maſſe, and ſo they hadde no maſſe that daye." Ritson.

[9] *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The ſeals of deeds in our author's time were not impreſſed on the parchment itſelf on which the deed was written, but were appended on diſtinct ſlips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II.* the

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire;[1] arbitrating that
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art[2]
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf to eſcape from it;
And, if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;[3]

Duke of York diſcovers a covenant which his ſon the Duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending ſeal:

"What ſeal is that, which *hangs* without thy boſom?"

See the *fac-ſimile* of Shakſpeare's hand writing in Vol. I.

MALONE.

[1] *Shall play the umpire;*] That is, this knife ſhall decide the ſtruggle between me and my difficulties. JOHNSON.

[2] ——commiſſion *of thy years and art*—] *Commiſſion* is for *authority* or *power*. JOHNSON.

[3] *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,*
From off the battlements of yonder tower,] So, in *King Leir*, written before 1594:

"Yea, for to do thee good, I would aſcend
"The higheſt turret in all Britanny,
"And from the top leap headlong to the ground."

MALONE.

Or walk in thieviſh ways; or bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are; chain me[4] with roaring bears;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel-houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;[5]

——*of* yonder *tower*;] Thus the quarto, 1597. All other ancient copies—of *any* tower. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*chain me* &c.]

" Or walk in thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
" Where ſerpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
" Or hide me nightly," &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy ſeems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read—

" Where *ſavage* bears and *roaring* lions roam."

JOHNSON.

I have inſerted the lines which Mr. Pope omitted; for which I muſt offer this ſhort apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three diſtinct ideas, ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are theſe:

" Or chain me to ſome ſleepy mountain's top,
" Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
" Or ſhut me——." STEEVENS.

The lines laſt quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnſon preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *hide* me nightly, &c.

MALONE.

[5] *And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud*;] In the quarto, 1599, and 1609, this line ſtands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his,

The editor of the folio ſupplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the diſguſting repetition of that word. The original copy leads me to believe that Shakſpeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line ſtands thus:

Or lay me in a tombe *with one new dead.*

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *ſhroud*. MALONE.

Things that, to hear them the day of life;
tremble; government,
And I will do it without fear c appear like death:
To live an unstain'd wife to m of shrunk death

Fri. Hold, then; go home d forty hours,
sent asant sleep.
To marry Paris: Wednesday i the morning comes
To-morrow night look that th here art thou dead:
Let not thy nurse lie with the country is,)
Take thou this phial,[6] being t the bier,[1]

It may be natural for the reader to pred
positive assertion, relative to the print;
To creep under a *shroud*, and so fuse
with a corpse, is surely a more terrifi
merely laid in a *tomb* with a dead co ted course,
ire;
[6] *Take thou this phial*, &c.] Sq and swarfe
of Romeus and Juliet: fire." STEEVENS.
"Receive this phial small, an
"And on the marriage day, not in the original copy.
the sky, read—To *many* ashes, for
"Fill it with water full up to o substituted—*mealy* ashes.
"Then drink it off, and thou ted quarto. This uncom-
vein and *limb* *Henry V*:
"A pleasant *slumber* slide, a ly flames,
"On all thy parts; from eve umber'd face."
strength: mer scene—"*Pale*, pale as
"Withouten moving then th
"*No pulse shall go*, no hea e Vol XVII. p. 205, n. 9.
hollow breast; MALONE.
"But thou shalt lie as she tha *ntry is*,)
"Thy kinsmen and thy trust *he bier*.] The Italian custom
den chance: l body to the grave with the
"Thy corps then will they bri ned by Painter,) our author
yard, *Tragicall Hystory of Romeus*
"Where thy forefathers long
"—— where thou shalt rest, whosoever dies,
"Till I to Mantua send for R *open face upon the bier he*
"Out of the tomb *both he a*
night." MALONE. wrapt in winding-sheet—."
MALONE

Or walk in thievish or drink thou off:
Where serpents are ough all thy veins shall run
Or shut me nightly, mour,[7] which shall seize
O'er-cover'd quite no pulse shall keep
With reeky shanks, but surcease to beat:
Or bid me go into h, shall testify thou liv'st;
And hide me with and cheeks shall fade
eyes' windows fall,[9]

——*of* yonder *tower*
ancient copies—of *any* *ice of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 237:
[4] ——*chain me* &c.] e a viole, &c. drink so much as is
"Or walk in thi hen you shall feele a certaine kinde of
"Where serpent oching by litle and litle all the parts
"Or hide me ni n them in such wise, as unmoveable
It is thus the editions va not doing their accustomed duties,
My edition has the w clings, and you abide in such extasie
the old copy seems in least, without any beating of poulse
might better read— , which shall so astonne them that
"Where *savage* ill judge you to be dead, and accord-
r citie, you shall be caried to the
I have inserted the lin urch, when you shall be entombed in
I must offer this short a the Capellets your ancestors," &c.
meet with three distinct ing which the sleep of Juliet was to
cite terror in a woman, in the poem. STEVENS.
The lines now omitted *ins shall run*
"Or chain me *mour*, &c.] The first edition in 1597
"Where roarin llowed, except only, that instead of
"Or shut me— , we there find—"*a dull and heavy*
The lines last quoted er, "*no sign of* breath," &c. The
ferred, are found in the atly enlarged; for in the first copy it
1599 is followed, exce lines; in the subsequent edition, of

[9] *And hide me with nd cheeks shall fade*
quarto, 1599, and 160 y be remarked, that this image does
And hide me wi prose translation, or Brooke's me-
The editor of the folio which conjunctively the tragedy of
grave, without advertised. It may be met with, however,
word. The original *ca Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard,
wrote—in his *tomb*; for
Or lay me in a tde, her cheer full lookes
I have, however, with wanted sweete;
undated quarto, in whi urnde the hue
word *shroud*. MALON *ssomes* sweete:

Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,[1]

" And drery dulneſſe had beſpred
" The wearith bodie throw;
" Each vitall vaine did ſtat refuſe
" To do their dutie now.
" The blood forſooke the wonted courſe,
" And backward gane retire;
" And left the limmes as cold and ſwarfe
" As coles that waſtes with fire." STEEVENS.

To paly aſhes;] Theſe words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—To *many* aſhes, for which the editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted—*mealy* aſhes. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *King Henry V*:

" ——and through their *paly* flames,
" Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face."

We have had it already, in a former ſcene—" *Pale*, pale as *aſhes*." MALONE.

[9] ——*thy eyes'* windows *fall*,] See Vol XVII. p. 205, n. 9. MALONE.

[1] *Then (as the manner of our country is,)*
In thy beſt robes uncover'd *on the bier*,] The Italian cuſtom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter,) our author found particularly deſcribed in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*:

" Another uſe there is, that whoſoever dies,
" Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies*,
" In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-ſheet—." MALONE

Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our driſt;
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking,[2] and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame;
If no unconſtant toy,[3] nor womaniſh fear,

Thus alſo Ophelia's Song in *Hamlet*:

" They bore him *bare fac'd on the bier*,—." STEEVENS.

In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the firſt folio, introduce the following verſe, which the poet, very probably, had ſtruck out, on his reviſal, becauſe it is quite unneceſſary, as the ſenſe of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

" Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave."

Had Virgil lived to have reviſed his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

" At *Venus* obſcuro gradientes aere ſæpſit;
" Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu."

The awkward repetition of the nominative caſe in the ſecond of them, ſeems to decide very ſtrongly againſt it.

Fletcher, in his *Knight of Malta*, has imitated the foregoing paſſage:

" ——————and thus thought dead,
" In her beſt habit, as the cuſtom is
" You know, in Malta, with all ceremonies
" She's buried in her family's monument," &c.

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*and he and I*
Will watch thy waking,] Theſe words are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

[3] *If* no *unconſtant toy*, &c.] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

If no unconſtant toy, nor a womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.] Theſe expreſſions are borrowed from the poet:

" Call off from thee at once the weed of *womaniſh dread*,
" With manly courage arm thyſelf from heel unto the head:—

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.[4]

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve: I'll ſend a friar with ſpeed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Nurſe, *and* Servant.

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.[5]

2 *Serv.* You ſhall have none ill, ſir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

" God grant he ſo confirm in thee thy preſent will,
" That no *inconſtant toy* thee let thy promiſe to fulfill!"
Malone.

[4] *Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.*] The old copies unmetrically read:
Give me, give me! O tell me not &c. Stervens.

[5] ——*go hire me* twenty *cunning* cooks.] *Twenty cooks for half a dozen gueſts!* Either Capulet has altered his mind ſtrangely, or our author forgot what he had juſt made him tell us. See p. 169. Ritson.

2 *Serv.* Marry, ſir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers:[6] therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift[7] with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headſtrong? where have you been gadding?[8]

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you, and your beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall proſtrate here,

[6] ——*lick his own fingers:*] I find this adage in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, p. 157:

"As the olde cocke crowes ſo doeth the chick:
"A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick."

Steevens.

[7] ——*from ſhrift*——] i. e. from confeſſion. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"A, like a wench comes roundly to her *ſhrift*."

In the old Morality of *Every Man*, bl. l. no date, confeſſion is perſonified:

"Now I pray you, *Shrifte*, mother of ſalvacyon."

Steevens.

[8] ——*gadding*?] The primitive ſenſe of this word was to ſtraggle from houſe to houſe, and collect money, under pretence of ſinging carols to the Bleſſed Virgin. See Mr. T. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 40. Steevens.

And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love[9] I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—ſtand up:
This is as't ſhould be.—Let me ſee the county;
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.[1]

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thurſday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt* Juliet *and* Nurſe.

[9] ——*becomed love*—] *Becamed* for *becoming*: one participle for the other; a frequent practice with our author. Steevens.

[1] ——*this reverend holy friar,*
All our whole city is much bound to him.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" ——this is not, wife, the friar's firſt deſert;
" In all our commonweal ſcarce one is to be found,
" But is, for ſome good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*" Malone.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldeſt quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound unto. Steevens.

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort[2] in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.[3]

Cap. Tuſh! I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the houſewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myſelf
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this ſame wayward girl is ſo reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and* Nurſe.[4]

Jul. Ay, thoſe attires are beſt:—But, gentle nurſe,

[2] *We ſhall be ſhort*—] That is, we ſhall be *defective.* Johnson.

[3] *'Tis now near night.*] It appears, in a foregoing ſcene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tueſday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* ſhe went to Friar Laurence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week, [" *Wedneſday is to-morrow.*"] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and ſhe is juſt now returned from ſhrift:—yet lady Capulet ſays, " 'tis near *night*," and this ſame night is aſcertained to be *Tueſday*. This is one out of the many inſtances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. Malone.

[4] *Enter Juliet and Nurſe.*] Inſtead of the next ſpeech, the quarto 1597 ſupplies the following ſhort and ſimple dialogue:
" *Nurſe.* Come, come; what need you anie thing elſe?

I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night;
For I have need of many oriſons[5]
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

" *Juliet.* Nothing, good Nurſe, but leave me to myſelfe.
" *Nurſe.* Well there's a cleane ſmocke under your pillow, and ſo good night." STEEVENS.

[5] *For I have need* &c.] Juliet plays moſt of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakſpeare meant to puniſh her hypocriſy. JOHNSON.

The pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the Nurſe, was ſuggeſted by *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, and ſome of the expreſſions of this ſpeech were borrowed from thence:

" Dear friend, quoth ſhe, you I now to-morrow is the day
" Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpoſe is to pray*
" Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the ſkies,
" And order all the courſe of things as they can beſt deviſe,
" That they ſo *ſmile* upon the doings of to-morrow,
" That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from ſorrow;
" Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night*,
" But ſee that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,
" For you muſt curl my hair, and ſet on my attire—."
MALONE.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and reſt; for thou haſt need.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and* Nurſe.

Jul. Farewell![6]—God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life:[7]
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurſe!—What ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?[8]

[6] *Farewell!* &c.] This ſpeech received conſiderable additions after the elder copy was publiſhed. Steevens.

[7] *I have a faint cold* fear *thrills through my veins,*
That almoſt freezes *up the heat of life:*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"And whilſt ſhe in theſe thoughts doth dwell ſomewhat too long,
"The force of her imagining anon did wax ſo ſtrong,
"That ſhe furmis'd ſhe ſaw out of the hollow vault,
"A griſly thing to look upon, the carcaſe of Tybalt;
"Right in the ſelf ſame ſort that ſhe few days before
"Had ſeen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded ſore.
"Her dainty tender parts 'gan ſhiver all for dread,
"Her golden hair did ſtand upright upon her *chilliſh* head:
"Then preſſed with the *fear* that ſhe there lived in,
"*A ſweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender ſkin.*" Malone.

[8] *What if this* mixture *do not work at all?*] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Tom. II. p. 239: [illegible] what know I (ſay [illegible]) whether the operation of this [illegible] to ſoone or t[illegible] or not correſpondent to the [illegible] that my fa[illegible]ing diſcovered, I ſhall remayn [illegible] and fable to the people? what know I more[illegible]s and other venemous and crauling wormes, [illegible] fre-quent the graves and pittes of the earth, [illegible]me thinkyng

Muſt I of force be married to the county?[9]—
No, no;—this ſhall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a Dagger.*[1]

that I am dead? But how ſhall I endure the ſtinche of ſo many carions and bones of myne anncеſtors which reſt in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me? And as ſhe was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, ſhe thought that ſhe ſawe a certaine viſion or fantſie of her couſin Thibault, in the very ſame ſort as ſhe ſawe him wounded and imbrued with blood." STEEVENS.

Here alſo Shakſpeare appears to have followed the poem:

" ——to the end I may my name and conſcience ſave,
" I muſt devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:
" Whoſe *working* and whoſe force as yet I do not know:—
" And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:
" What do I know, (quoth ſhe) if that this powder ſhall
" Sooner or later than it ſhould, or elſe *not work at all?*
" And what know I, quoth ſhe, if ſerpents odious,
" And other beaſts and worms, that are of nature venemous,
" That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,
" And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men's tombs are found,
" Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I ſhall lie as dead?
" Or how ſhall I, that always have in to freſh air been bred,
" Endure the loathſome ſtink of ſuch a heaped ſtore
" Of carcaſes not yet conſum'd, and bones that long before
" Intombed were, where I my ſleeping-place ſhall have,
" Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindred's common grave?
" Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
" Find me, if I awake before, *y ſtyfled in the tomb?*"
MALONE.

[9] Muſt *I of force be married to the* county?] Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions—

Shall I [redacted] *be married to the* County?

The ſubſequent [redacted] copies read, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,

Shall I [redacted] *married* then to morrow morning? MALONE.

[1] ——*lie thou there.* [*Laying down a dagger.*] This ſtage-

What if it be a poiſon, which the friar
Subtly hath miniſter'd to have me dead;
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain ſo bad a thought.[2]—

direction has been ſupplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: "*Knife*, lie thou there." It appears from ſeveral paſſages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet's *ſtate* had juſt been left with her. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives!*"

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

"Here by my ſide do hang my *wedding knives:*
"Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
"And with the other, I'll diſpatch my love."

Again: "—there was a maide named &c.——ſhe tooke *one of her knives* that was ſome halfe a foote long" &c. &c. "And it was found in all reſpects like to *the other that was in her ſheath.*" Goulart's *Admirable Hiſtories*, &c. 4to. 1607, pp. 176, 178.

In the third Book of Sidney's *Arcadia* we are likewiſe informed, that Amphialus "in his creſt carried Philocleas' *knives*, the only token of her forced favour." STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not neceſſary to have recourſe to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent ſoever the cuſtom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furniſhed herſelf with this inſtrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris:

"If all fail elſe, myſelf have power to die."

Accordingly, in the very next ſcene, when ſhe is at the Friar's cell, and before ſhe could have been furniſhed with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then conſented to marry the count.) ſhe ſays—

"Give me ſome preſent counſel, or [illegible]
"'Twixt my extremes and me this [illegible] *knife*
"Shall play the umpire." MALONE.

[2] *I will not entertain ſo bad a thought.*] This line I have reſtored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,[3]
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,[4]
Lies feſt'ring[5] in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,[6]

[3] *As in a vault*, &c.] This idea was probably ſuggeſted to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repoſitory of the ſame kind in England. I was furniſhed with this obſervation by Mr. Murphy, whoſe very elegant and ſpirited defence of Shakſpeare againſt the criticiſms of Voltaire, is not one of the leaſt conſiderable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*green in earth*,] i. e. freſh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——of our dear brother's death,
" The memory be *green*."

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley:

" ——I am but
" *Green* in my honours." STEEVENS.

[5] *Lies feſt'ring*,—] To *feſter* is to corrupt. So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

" Like that which *feſters* ſmell far worſe than weeds."

This line likewiſe occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakſpeare. The play of *Edward III* has been aſcribed to him. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*is it not like, that I*,] This ſpeech is confuſed, and inconſequentially according to the diſorder of Juliet's mind.

JOHNSON.

So early waking,—what with loathſome ſmells;
And ſhrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;[7]—
O! if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,[8]
Environed with all theſe hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his ſhroud?
And, in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out Romeo, that did ſpit his body

[7] ——*run mad*;] So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,
"And am *grown mad* with't."

Again, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, 1611:

"The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear
"With more ſad horror, than that voice does mine."

Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

"I'll rather give an ear to the blatk *ſhrieks*
"Of *mandrakes*," &c.

Again, in *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*:

"This is the *mandrake's voice* that undoes me."

The *mandrake* (ſays Thomas Newton, in his *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587,) has been fably repreſented as "a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the ſeed of ſome dead perſon that hath beene convicted and put to death for ſome felonie or murther; and that they had the ſame in ſuch dampiſh and funerall places where the ſaide convicted perſons were buried," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. p. 140, n. 1; and Vol. XIII. p. 297, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] ——*le* diſtraught,] *Diſtraught* is diſtracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

"Is, for that river's ſake, near of his wits *diſtraught*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

"What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus *diſtraught*,
&c. STEEVENS.

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, ſtay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.[9]
[*She throws herſelf on the Bed.*

SCENE IV.

Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. Hold, take theſe keys, and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.[1]

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir! the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell[2] hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

[9] *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read:
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.
MALONE.

[1] *They call for* dates *and quinces in the* paſtry.] i. e. in the room where paſte was made. So *laundry, ſpicery,* &c.
MALONE.

See Vol. V. p. 321, n. 5.
On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, are the following entries:
"Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii *ſ.*
"Item payd for x. iiii pounde of prunys iii. *s.* viii *d.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] *The* curfeu *bell*—] I know not that the morning-bell, is called the *curfeu* in any other place. JOHNSON.

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica: [3]
Spare not for coſt.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for leſſer cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt [4] in your time;

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a paſſage in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

" —— well 'tis *nine* o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew*."

STEEVENS.

The *curfew bell* is univerſally rung at *eight* or *nine* o'clock at night; generally according to the ſeaſon. The term is here uſed with peculiar impropriety, as it is not believed that *any* bell was ever rung ſo early as *three* in the morning. The derivation of *curfew* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error that the inſtitution was a badge of ſlavery impoſed by the Norman Conqueror. To *put out the fire* became neceſſary only becauſe it was time to go to bed: And if the *curfew* commanded all fires to be extinguiſhed, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In ſhort, the ringing of thoſe two bells was a manifeſt and eſſential ſervice to people who had ſcarcely any other means of meaſuring their time. RITSON.

[3] *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:*] Shakſpeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty ſolicitudes of a private houſe concerning a provincial entertainment. To ſuch a buſtle our author might have been witneſs at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whoſe wife, if *Angelica* be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a houſekeeper. STEEVENS.

[4] —— a mouſe-hunt *in your time*;] In my original attempt to explain this paſſage, I was completely wrong, for want of knowing that in Norfolk, and many other parts of England, the cant term for a weaſel is—a *mouſe-hunt*. The intrigues of this animal, like thoſe of the cat kind, are uſually carried on during the night. This circumſtance will account for the appellation

But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady* CAPULET *and* Nurſe.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with Spits, Logs, and Baſkets.*

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, ſir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte. [*Exit* 1 Serv.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will ſhow thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, ſir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid; A merry whoreſon! ha,
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Muſick within.*
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near:—
Nurſe!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurſe, I ſay!

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haſte, I ſay! [*Exeunt.*

which Lady Capulet allows her huſband to have *formerly* deſerved. STEEVENS.

The animal called the *mouſe-hunt*, is the *martin*. HENLEY.

Cat after kinde, good mouſe hunt, is a proverb in Heywood's *Dialogue*, 1598, iii. pt. c. 2. HOLT WHITE

SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber*; JULIET *on the Bed.*

Enter Nurſe.

Nurse. Miſtreſs!—what, miſtreſs!—Juliet!—faſt,
I warrant her, ſhe:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—ſye, you ſlug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I ſay!—madam! ſweet-heart!—why,
bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath ſet up his reſt,[5]

[5] ——*ſet up his reſt,*] This expreſſion, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuſs. This was ſo heavy a gun, that the ſoldiers were obliged to carry a ſupporter called a *reſt*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uſes it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "—ſet your heart at reſt, for I have *ſet up my reſt*, that unleſs you can run ſwifter than a hart, home you go not." The ſame expreſſion occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"——*My reſt is up,*
"Nor will I go leſs——."

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Like a muſket on a *reſt*."

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Françoiſe*, Tom. V. plate 48.
STEEVENS.

The origin of this phraſe has certainly been rightly explained, but the good Nurſe was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expreſſion may probably be ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe already explained; it is, however, oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in uſe. In the ſecond inſtance above quoted it is certainly ſo. To avoid loading the page with examples, I ſhall refer

That you ſhall reſt but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how ſound is ſhe aſleep!
I needs muſt wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;[6]
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, dreſt! and in your clothes! and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

to Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780, where ſeveral are brought together. Reed.

To ſet up one's reſt, is, in fact, a gambling expreſſion, and means that the gameſter has determined what ſtake he ſhould play for.

In the paſſage quoted by Steevens from Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, when Euſtace ſays:

"*My reſt is up*, and I will go no leſs."

he means to ſay, *my ſtake is laid*, and I will not play for a ſmaller.

The ſame phraſe very frequently occurs in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is alſo uſed by Lord Clarendon, in his Hiſtory, as well as in the old comedy of *Suppoſes*, publiſhed in the year 1587. M. Mason.

[6] —— *why* lady!—*fie, you* ſlug-abed!——
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*:

"Firſt ſoftly did ſhe call, then louder did ſhe cry,
"*Lady, you ſleep too long, the earl will raiſe you by and by.*" Malone.

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me ſee her:—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Accurſed time![7] unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak,[8]

[7] *Accurſed time!* &c.] This line is taken from the firſt quarto, 1597. Malone.

[8] *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,*
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.] Our author has here followed the poem cloſely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this ſcene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long ſpeech, but the old man utters not a word:

"But more than all the reſt the father's heart was ſo
"Smit with the heavy news, and to ſhut up with ſudden woe,
"That he ne had the power his daughter to beweep,
"Ne yet to ſpeak, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep." Malone.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with Muſicians.*

FRI. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAP. Ready to go, but never to return:
O ſon, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:[9]—See, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowered by him.[1]
Death is my ſon-in-law,[2] death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.[3]

O ſon, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:] Euripides has ſported with this thought in the ſame manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

"Τήνδ' αὖ τάλαιναν παῖδ' ὁρᾶις (τί παῖδ' ὁρᾶις;
"Αιδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.)"

SIR W. RAWLINSON.

Hath death lain with thy bride?] Perhaps this line is coarſely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

"Dead: ſhe's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead."

STEEVENS.

Decker ſeems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

"——I'll to my wedding bed,
"And *Death*, not Romeo, *take my maidenhead.*"

The word *ſhe* in the line before us, is drawn from the firſt quarto. MALONE.

[1] Flower *as ſhe was*, deflowered *by him.*] This jingle was common to other writers; and among the reſt, to Greene, in his *Greene in Conceipt*, 1598: "—a garden-houſe having round about it many *flowers*, and within it much *deflowering*."

COLLINS.

[2] *Death is my ſon-in-law*, &c.] The remaining part of this ſpeech, "death is my heir," &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition; and ſome of the ſubſequent editors, following his example, took the ſame unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly reſtored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[3] ——*life* leaving, *all is death's.*] The old copies read—life living. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,[4]
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that e'er time ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day![5]
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpited, ſlain!
Moſt déteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

[4] —— *morning's face.*] The quarto, 1597, [illegible] the ſpeech of Paris thus:

" And doth it now preſent ſuch prodi[illegible]
" Accurſt, unhappy, miſerable [illegible]
" Forlorn, forſaken, deſtitute [illegible]
" Born to the world to be a [illegible] in it:
" Diſtreſt, remedileſs, unfortunate.
" O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
" To live ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall?"

Steevens.

[5] *O woe! O woful,* &c.] This ſpeech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited? [that of 1597] Several other parts unneceſſary or tautology, are not to be found in the ſaid edition; which occaſion the variation in this from the common books.

Pope.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed.

Malone.

Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder murder our ſolemnity?—
O child! O child!—my ſoul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead![6]—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſion's cure[7] lives not
In theſe confuſions. Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt you ſought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itſelf?
O, in this love, you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary

[6] *Dead art thou,* dead! &c.] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakſpeare wrote:

Dead, dead, *art thou!* &c.

When the ſame word is repeated, the compoſitor often is guilty of omiſſion. Malone.

I have repeated the word—*dead,* though in another part of the line. Steevens.

[7] —— *confuſion's* cure—] Old copies—*care.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Theſe violent and confuſed exclamations, ſays the Friar, will by no means alleviate that ſorrow which at preſent overwhelms and diſturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?" Malone.

On this fair corſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
In all her beſt array bear her to church:
For though fond nature[8] bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.

Cap. All things,[9] that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;

[8] *For though* fond *nature*—] This line is not in the firſt quarto. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—though *ſome* nature. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted *fond* for *ſome*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propoſe. I have already ſhown that all the alterations made by the editor of the ſecond folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—

"*In all* her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments," &c.

The quarto, 1599, and folio, read—

"*And in her* beſt array bear her to church." MALONE.

I am fully ſatisfied with the reading of the ſecond folio, the propriety of which is confirmed by the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*:

"'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable ſtrokes." STEEVENS.

[9] *All things*, &c.] Inſtead of this and the following ſpeeches, the eldeſt quarto has only a couplet:

"*Cap.* Let it be ſo: come woeful ſorrow-mates,
"Let us together taſte this bitter fate." STEEVENS.

All things, that we ordained feſtival, &c.] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,
"And now to ſorrow is return'd the joy of every one;
"And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,
"And *Hymen* to *a dirge*:—alas! it ſeemeth ſtrange.
"Inſtead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,
"And, whom they ſhould ſee married, they follow to the grave;
"The *feaſt* that ſhould have been of pleaſure and of joy,
"Hath every diſh and cup fill'd full of ſorrow and annoy."
MALONE.

Our wedding cheer, to a ſad burial feaſt;[1]
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers ſerve for a buried corſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, ſir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corſe unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.

[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and* Friar.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honeſt good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe.[2]

[*Exit* Nurſe.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.[3]

Pet. Muſicians, O, muſicians, *Heart's caſe, heart's caſe*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's caſe.*

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's caſe?*

Pet. O, muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays

[1] ——*burial feaſt*;] See Vol. XVIII. p. 43, n. 5. Steevens.

[2] ——*a* pitiful *caſe*] If this ſpeech was deſigned to be metrical, we ſhould read—*piteous*. Steevens.

[3] *Enter* Peter.] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kempe*. Malone.

—*My heart is full of woe:*[4] O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me.[5]

[4] —— *My heart is full of woe:*] This is the burthen of the firſt ſtanza of *A pleaſant new Ballad of Two Lovers:*

"Hey hoe! *my heart is full of woe.*" STEEVENS.

[5] —— *O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me.*] A *dump* anciently ſignified *ſome kind of dance*, as well as *ſorrow*. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,
"Or a *French brawl*."

But on this occaſion it means a mournful ſong. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the ſhepherds have ſung an elegiac hymn over the hearſe of Colin, Venus ſays to Paris—

"—— How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

"*Paris.* Such *dumps*, ſweet lady, as bin theſe, are deadly *dumps* to prove." STEEVENS.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; poſſibly indeed *any ſort* of movements were once ſo called, as we ſometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep ſorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page but one, and in the leſs ancient ballad of *Chevy Chaſe*. It is ſtill ſaid of a perſon uncommonly ſad, that he is in the *dumps*.

In a MS. of Henry the Eighth's time, now among the King's Collection in the Muſeum, is a tune for the cittern, or guitar, entitled, "My lady Careys *dompe*;" there is alſo "The duke of Somerſettes *dompe*;" as we now ſay, "Lady Coventry's *minuet*," &c. "If thou wert not ſome blockiſh and ſenſeleſs dolt, thou wouldeſt never laugh when I ſung a heavy mixt-Lydian tune, or a note to a *dumpe* or dolefull dittie." Plutarch's *Morals*, by Holland, 1602, p. 61. RITSON.

At the end of *The Secretaries Studie*, by Thomas Gainsford, Eſq. 4to. 1616, is a long poem of forty-ſeven ſtanzas, and called *A Dumpe or Paſſion*. It begins in this manner:

"I cannot ſing; for neither have I voyce,
"Nor in my minde nor matter muſicall;
"My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce:
"Nor is my tale or taleſman comicall,
"Muſitions and I were never friends at all:
"I write and credit that I ſee and knowe,
"And mean plain truth; would every one did ſo."
REED.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. Mo money, on my faith; but the gleek:[6] I will give you the minſtrel.[7]

[6] ——*the* gleek:] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occaſion."

To *gleek* is to ſcoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*.

So, in Turberville's tranſlation of *Ovid's Epiſtle* from *Dido to Æneas:*

"By manly mart to purchaſe prayſe,
"And *give his foes the gleeke.*"

Again, in the argument to the ſame tranſlator's verſion of *Hermione to Oreſtes:*

"Oreſtes *gave* Achylles' ſonne *the gleeke.*" STEEVENS.

The uſe of this cant term is no where explained; and in all probability cannot, at this diſtance of time, be recovered. *To gleek* however ſignified to put a joke or trick upon a perſon, perhaps to *jeſt* according to the coarſe humour of that age. See *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, above quoted. RITSON.

[7] *No money, on my faith; but the* gleek; *I will give you the* minſtrel.] Shakſpeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A *Gleekman* or *Gligman*, as Dr. Percy has ſhown, ſignified a *minſtrel*. See his Eſſay on the antient Engliſh Minſtrels, p. 55. The word *gleek* here ſignifies *ſcorn*, as Mr. Steevens has already obſerved; and is as he ſays, borrowed from the old game ſo called, the method of playing which may be ſeen in Skinner's *Etymologicon*, in voce, and alſo in *The Compleat Gameſter*, 2d edit. 1676, p. 90. DOUCE.

——*the* minſtrel.] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parſon* was cheaper than that of a *minſtrel* or a *cook*.

"Item, payd to the preacher vi s. ii d.
"Item, payd to the minſtrell xii s.
"Item, payd to the coke xv s." STEEVENS.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the ſerving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Anſwer me like men:

When griping grief[8] *the heart doth wound,*
And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs,[9]
Then muſick, with her ſilver ſound;

[8] *When* griping *grief* &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his tranſlation of the ſecond Book of Virgil's Æneid, makes the hero ſay:

"New *gripes* of dred then pearſe our trembling breſtes."

Dr. Percy thinks that the queſtions of Peter are deſigned as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. Steevens.

IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICKE.

"Where griping grief ye hart would woūd, (& dolful domps ye mind oppreſſe
"There muſick with her ſilver ſound, is wont with ſpede to geue redreſſe;
"Of troubled minds for every ſore, ſwete muſick hath a ſalue in ſtore:
"In ioy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heavy ſpirights,
"The carefull head releef hath found, by muſicks pleaſant ſwete delights:
"Our ſenſes, what ſhould I ſaie more, are ſubject unto muſicks lore.

Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?*
What ſay you, Simon Catling?[1]

1 *Mus.* Marry, ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! What ſay you, Hugh Rebeck?[2]

"The Gods by muſick hath their pray, the ſoul therein doth ioye,
"For as the Romaine poets ſaie, in ſeas whom pirats would deſtroye,
"A Dolphin ſau'd from death moſt ſharpe, Arion playing on his harp.
"Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the ſterne doth rule the ſhip,)
"Of muſick, whom ye Gods aſſignde to comfort man, whom cares would nip,
"Sith thou both man, and beaſt doeſt moue, what wiſemā the will thee reprove?

From *The Paradiſe of Daintie Deuiſes*, fol. 31. b. Richard Edwards."

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of ſundry poems in this collection, ſee an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and alſo in Tanner's *Bibliotheca.* Sir John Hawkins.

Another copy of this ſong is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.* Steevens.

[9] *And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs.*] This line I have recovered from the old copy [1597.] It was wanting to complete the ſtanza as it is afterwards repeated. Steevens.

[1] ——*Sim on* Catling?] A *catling* was a ſmall lute-ſtring made of *catgut.* Steevens.

In *An hiſtorical account of Taxes under all Denominations in the Time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every groſs of *catlings* and lutethring," &c. A. C.

[2] ——*Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is ſo called from an inſtrument with three ſtrings, which is mentioned by ſeveral of the old writers. *Rebec, rebec quin.* See Menage, in v. *Rebec.* So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle:* "—'Tis preſent death for the fidlers to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace." In *England's Helicon*, 1600, is *The Shepherd Arſilius, his Song to his* Rebeck, by Bar. Young. Steevens.

2 *Mus.* I ſay—*ſilver ſound*, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What ſay you, James Sound-poſt?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the ſinger: I will ſay for you. It is—*muſick with her ſilver ſound*,[3] becauſe ſuch fellows as you[4] have ſeldom gold for ſounding:—

Then muſick with her ſilver ſound,
With ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs.
[*Exit, ſinging.*

1 *Mus.* What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

It is mentioned by Milton, as an inſtrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round,
"And the jocund *rebecks* ſound——" Malone.

[3] ——*ſilver ſound,*] So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"Faith, fellow fidlers, here's no *ſilver ſound* in this place."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"——what harmony is this
"With *ſilver ſound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"

Spenſer perhaps is the firſt author of note who uſed this phraſe:

"A *ſilver ſound* that heavenly muſick ſeem'd to make."
Steevens.

Edwards's ſong preceded Spenſer's poem. Malone.

[4] ——*becauſe ſuch fellows as you*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. The others read—becauſe *muſicians*. I ſhould ſuſpect that a fidler made the alteration. Steevens.

ACT V.[5] SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering eye of ſleep,[6]
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:

[5] *Act V.*] The Acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better diſtribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the peruſal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the firſt folio, and I ſuppoſe the foregoing editions are in the ſame ſtate, there is no diviſion of the Acts, and therefore ſome future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON.

[6] *If I may truſt the flattering* eye *of ſleep,*] Thus the earlieſt copy, meaning, perhaps, if I may truſt to what *I ſaw* in my ſleep. The folio reads:

If I may truſt the flattering truth *of ſleep;*

which is explained, as follows, by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

The ſenſe is, *If I may truſt the* honeſty *of ſleep,* which I know however not to be ſo nice as not often to practiſe *flattery.* JOHNSON.

The ſenſe ſeems rather to be—"If I may repoſe any confidence in the flattering viſions of the night."

Whether the former word ought to ſuperſede the more modern one, let the reader determine: it appears to me, however, the moſt eaſily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

If I may truſt the flattering eye *of ſleep,*] i. e. If I may confide in thoſe delightful *viſions* which I have *ſeen* while aſleep. The preciſe meaning of the word *flattering* here, is aſcertained by a former paſſage in Act II:

"——all this is but a *dream,*
"Too *flattering-ſweet* to be ſubſtantial."

By *the eye of ſleep* Shakſpeare, I think, rather meant the viſual power, which a man aſleep is enabled, by the aid of imagination, to exerciſe, than the eye of *the god of ſleep.*

My boſom's lord[7] ſits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit

This is the reading of the original copy in 1597, which in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the ſubſequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

If I may truſt the flattering truth *of ſleep,*

which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in the pleaſing viſions of ſleep, and believe them to be true.—

Otway, to obtain a clearer ſenſe than that furniſhed by the words which Dr. Johnſon has interpreted, reads, leſs poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never ſeen, but with nearly the ſame meaning:

If I may truſt the flattery *of ſleep,*
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:

and Mr. Pope has followed him.

In this note I have ſaid, that I thought Shakſpeare *by the eye of ſleep* meant the viſual power which a man aſleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exerciſe, rather than the eye of the *God of ſleep:* but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the ſame time ſtrongly ſupports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of ſleep was meant:

"My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks;
"O, if thy *eye* be not a *flatterer,*
"Come thou on my ſide, and entreat for me."

MALONE.

[7] *My* boſom's lord—] So, in *King Arthur,* a Poem, by R. Chetſier, 1001:

"That neither Uter nor his councell knew
"How his deepe *boſome's lord* the dutcheſs thwarted."

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *boſom's lord,* he means—*Cupid.* STEEVENS.

So alſo, in the Preface to *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble-bee,* 1599: "—whilſt he [*Cupid,*] continues honoured in the world, we muſt once a yeare bring him upon the ſtage, either dancing, kiſſing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *ſeating* himſelf *in their breaſts,*" &c.

Thus too Shakſpeare, in *Twelfth Night:*

"It gives a very echo to the ſeat
"Where *love* is *thron'd.*"

Again, in *Othello:*

"Yield up, O *Love,* thy crown and *hearted throne,*"

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Though the paſſage quoted above from *Othello* proves deciſively that Shakſpeare conſidered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, ſince this note was written, ſtrange as it may ſeem, that by *my boſom's lord*, we ought to underſtand, not the *god of love*, but *the heart*. The words—*love ſits lightly on his throne*, ſays Mr. Maſon, can only import "that Romeo loved leſs intenſely than uſual." Nothing leſs. Love, the lord of my boſom, (ſays the ſpeaker,) who has been much diſquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened ſince my marriage, is now, in conſequence of my laſt night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—*ſits cheerful* in his throne, aſcertains the author's meaning beyond a doubt.

When the poet deſcribed the god of love as ſitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phraſe, *a light heart*, which ſignified in his time, as it does at preſent, a heart undiſturbed by care.

Whenever Shakſpeare wiſhes to repreſent a being that he has perſonified, eminently happy, he almoſt always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"And on your eyelids *crown* the god of ſleep."

Again, in the play before us:

"Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
"For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,
"Sole monarch of the univerſal earth."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Henry V.*:

"As if allegiance *in their boſoms ſat*,
"*Crowned* with faith and conſtant loyalty." MALONE.

My boſom's lord—] Theſe three lines are very gay and pleaſing. But why does Shakſpeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulneſs juſt before the extremity of unhappineſs? Perhaps to ſhow the vanity of truſting to thoſe uncertain and caſual exaltations or depreſſions, which many conſider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this paſſage himſelf a little further on:

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,
"Have they been merry? which their keepers call
"A lightning before death."

Again, in G. Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:

"——a lightning delight againſt his ſodden deſtruction."
STEEVENS

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd,[8] and was an emperor.[9]
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſs'd,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthaſar?
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet?[1] That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

BAL. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in Capels' monument,[2]

[8] *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;——*
And breath'd *ſuch* life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd.] Shakſpeare ſeems here to have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As you like it*:
"By this ſad Hero——
"Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;
"*He kiſs'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,*" &c.
MALONE.

[9] *I dreamt, my lady——*
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.] So, in Shakſpeare's 87th Sonnet:
"Thus have I had thee, as a *dream* doth *flatter*,
"In ſleep a *king*." STEEVENS.

[1] *How fares my Juliet?*] So the firſt quarto, 1599, and the folio, read:
How doth my lady *Juliet?* MALONE.

[2] ——*in* Capels' *monument*,] Thus the old copies; and thus Gaſcoigne, in his *Flowers*, p. 51:
"Thys token whyche the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, ſo that

And her immortal part with angels lives;
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, ſir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars![3]—
Thou know'ſt my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus:[4]
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,

"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they paſſe,
"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene theſe two houſes was." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* uſed indiſcriminately in the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'* monument the modern editors have ſubſtituted *Capulet's* monument. MALONE.

Not all of them. The edition preceding Mr. Malone's does not, on this occaſion, differ from his. REED.

[3] —— *I defy you, ſtars!*] The firſt quarto—I defy *my* ſtars. The folio reads—*deny* you, ſtars. The preſent and more animated reading is picked out of both copies. STEEVENS.

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read—I *deny you*, ſtars. MALONE.

[4] *Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus:*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:

I do beſeech you, ſir, have patience. STEEVENS.

So alſo the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's ſee for means:—O, miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,[5]—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,

[5] *I do remember an apothecary*, &c.] This circumſtance is likewiſe found in Painter's tranſlation, Tom. II. p. 241: "—beholdyng an apoticaries ſhoppe of lytle furniture, and leſſe ſtore of *boxes* and other thynges requiſite for that ſcience, thought that the verie povertie of the mayſter apothecarye would make him wyllyngly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakſpeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed more than one expreſſion from thence:

"And ſeeking long, alas, too ſoon! the thing he ſought, he found.
"An apothecary ſat unbuſied at his door,
"Whom by his *heavy countenance* he gueſſed to be poor;
"And in his ſhop he ſaw his *boxes* were but few,
"And in his window of his wares there was to ſmall a *ſhew*:
"Wherefore our Romeus aſſuredly hath thought,
"What by no friendſhip could be got with money ſhould be bought;
"For needy lack is like the poor man to compel
"To ſell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to ſell.—
"Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)——
"Fair ſir, (quoth he) for *this* is the *ſpeeding geer*,
"And more there of than you ſhall need; for half of that is there
"Will ſerve [illegible] under it, in leſs than half an hour
"To [illegible] ſtrongeſt man alive, ſuch is the poiſon's power." MALONE.

Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:[6]
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd,[7] and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,[8]
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid—
An if a man[9] did need a poiſon now,

[6] ——*meager were his looks,*
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:] See Sackville's deſcription of *Miſerie*, in his *Induction*:
" His *face was leane*, and ſome deal pinde away;
" And eke *his hands conſumed to the bone*." MALONE.

[7] *An alligator ſtuff'd,*] It appears from Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a ſtuff'd alligator, in Shakſpeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's ſhop: " He made (ſays Naſhe) an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, inſtead of an *apothecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator*." MALONE.

I was many years ago aſſured, that formerly, when an apothecary firſt engaged with his druggiſt, he was gratuitouſly furniſhed by him with theſe articles of ſhow, which were then imported for that uſe only. I have met with the alligator, tortoiſe, &c. hanging up in the ſhop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouſe, as well as in places more remote from our metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, Plate III.—It may be remarked, however, that the apothecaries diſmiſſed their alligators, &c. ſome time before the phyſicians were willing to part with their amber-headed canes and ſolemn periwigs.
STEEVENS.

[8] *A* beggarly *account of empty boxes,*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

[9] An if *a man* &c.] This phraſeology which means ſimply—*If*, was not infrequent in Shakſpeare's time and before. Thus in Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, Vol. I. p. 85: " —meanys was maid unto me to ſee *an yf* I wold appoynt" &c. REED.

Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
O, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need;
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe:
Being holiday, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon; ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer
As will diſperſe itſelf through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare, and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thy eyes,[1]

[1] *Need and oppreſſion* ſtarveth *in thy eyes,*] The firſt quarto reads:

And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth *in thy eyes.*

Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppreſſion ſtare *within thy eyes.* STEEVENS.

The paſſage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus:

Need and oppreſſion ſtareth *in thy eyes.*

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,[2]
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes; though *starved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy*, not *thine*, is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation. RITSON.

The modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

"Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes."

The word *starved* in the first copy shows that *starveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this speech stands thus:

"And dost thou fear to violate the law?
"The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,
"And therefore make no conscience of the law.
"Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,
"And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

The last line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been substituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemistich. MALONE.

[2] *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have retained it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions:

Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.

In *The First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling this of Shakspeare:

"Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,
"Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation." STEEVENS.

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

"Upon thy *back* where *misery doth sit.*
"O Rome," &c.

Jeronimo was performed before 1590. MALONE.

See Vol. X. p. 344, n. 3. STEEVENS.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would deſpatch you ſtraight.[3]

Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſouls,
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyſelf in fleſh.—
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there muſt I uſe thee.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Put this in any liquid thing you will,*
And drink it off; and, if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would deſpatch you ſtraight.] Perhaps, when Shakſpeare allotted this ſpeech to the Apothecary, he had not quite forgot the following paſſage in *The Pardoneres Tale* of Chaucer, 12,794:

"The Potecary anſwered, thou ſhalt have
"A thing, as wisly God my ſoule ſave,
"In all this world ther n'is no creature,
"That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,
"Not but the mountance of a corne of whete,
"That he ne ſhal his lif anon forlete;
"Ye, ſterve he ſhal, and that in leſſe while,
"Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile:
"This poiſon is ſo ſtrong and violent." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciſcan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Lau. This ſame ſhould be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What ſays Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,[4]

[4] *One of our order, to aſſociate me,*] Each friar has always a companion aſſigned him by the ſuperior when he aſks leave to go out; and thus, ſays Baretti, they are a check upon each other. Steevens.

In *The Viſitatio Notabilis de Selcburne,* a curious record printed in *The Natural Hiſtory and Antiquities of Selborne,* Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on ſuch occaſions to aſſign the brother a companion, *ne ſuſpicio ſiniſtra vel ſcandalum oriatur. Append.* p. 448. Holt White.

By the Statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, ch. 22, it is declared—That no batchelor or ſcholar ſhall go into the town without a companion as a witneſs of his honeſty, on pain for the firſt offence to be deprived of a week's commons, with further puniſhment for the offence if repeated. Reed.

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting, &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet,* 1562:

Here in this city viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting, that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to Mantua there was ſtay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not ſend it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[5] but full of charge,

"Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;
"And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted guiſe
"That friars in the town ſhould ſeldom walk alone,
"But of their convent aye *ſhould be accompanied with one*
"*Of his profeſſion*, ſtraight a houſe he findeth out,
"In mind to take ſome friar with him, to walk the town about."

Our author, having occaſion for Friar John, has here departed from the poem, and ſuppoſed the peſtilence to rage at Verona, inſtead of Mantua.

Friar John ſought for a brother merely for the ſake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of viſiting the ſick; the words, therefore, *to aſſociate me*, muſt be conſidered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. muſt refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the paſſage ought to be regulated thus:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town
Here in this city viſiting the ſick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The ſearchers would have had no ground of ſuſpicion, if neither of the Friars had been in an infected houſe. Malone.

[5] ——*was not* nice,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle ſubject.

Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;[6]
She will beſhrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corſe, cloſ'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

Nice ſignifies *fooliſh* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the ſecond Book *De Confeſſione Amantis*, fol. 37:

"My ſonne, eſchewe thilke vice.——
"My father elles were I *nice*."

Again, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.

"——the moſt complaint of all,
"Is, to thinkin that I have be ſo *nice*,
"That I ne would in vertues to me call," &c.

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"You muſt appeare to be ſtraunge and *nyce*."

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, obſerves, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the ſynonymes of *ſot*. *Apol. Herod.* L. I. c. iv. Steevens.

See Vol. XIV. p. 421, n. 1; and Vol. XVI. p. 375, n. 8. Malone.

[6] *Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake*;] Inſtead of this line, and the concluding part of the ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

"Leſt that the lady ſhould be fore I come
"Be wak'd from ſleep, I will hye
"To free her from that tombe of miſerie." Steevens.

SCENE III.

A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing Flowers and a Torch.*

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and ſtand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach
Give me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit doſt contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels doſt remain,[7]

[7] *Fair Juliet, that with angels* &c.] Theſe four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has theſe lines:

"Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew;
"O woe! thy canopy is duſt and ſtones,
"Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew,
"Or, wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by moans.

Accept this lateſt favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praiſes do adorn thy tomb!
[*The Boy whiſtles.*
The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.[8]
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a Torch, Mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,

"The obſequies that I for thee will keep,
"Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy grave, and weep."
JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactneſs; but took the firſt and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verſes, which I have reſtored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the ſeven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[8] ——muffle *me, night, a while.*] Thus, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"But ſuddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,
"Do *muffle* him again ——."

Muffle was not become a low word even in the time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in *Comus* uſes it:

"Unmuffle ye faint ſtars" &c.

A *muffler*, as I have already obſerved, was a part of female dreſs. See Vol. V. p. 170. n. 5. STEEVENS.

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I muſt uſe
In dear employment:[9] therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are ſavage-wild;[1]
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring ſea.

Bal. I will be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhow me friendſhip.—Take thou that:
Live, and be proſperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

[9] ——*dear employment:*] That is, *action of importance.* Gems were ſuppoſed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 308, n. 6.

Ben Jonſon uſes the word *dear* in the ſame [illegible]

"Put your known talents on ſo *dear* [illegible] ſs."

Catiline, Act I.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 20th book of the *Odyſſey*:

"——full pitching on

"The *deareſt* joint his [illegible] was plac'd upon."

Again, in the ancient MS. [illegible]ance of *The Sowdon of Babylayne*, p. 14:

"Now telle we of the meſſingere
"That went to Charlemayne,
"[illegible]fyinge him by lettres *dere*
"[illegible] the Romaynes were flayne." STEEVENS.

[illegible] X. p. 202, n. 9. MALONE.

[1] *ſavage wild*;] Here the ſpeech concludes in the old copy. STEEVENS.

Rom. Thou déteſtable[2] maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*
And, in deſpite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that baniſh'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's couſin;—with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou muſt die.

Rom. I muſt, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon theſe gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beſeech thee, youth,
Heap not another ſin upon my head,[3]

[2] ——*déteſtable*—] This word, which is now accented on the ſecond ſyllable, was once accented on the firſt; therefore this line did not originally ſeem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tragedie of Craſus*, 1601:
"Court with vain words and *déteſtable* lyes."
Again, in Shakſpeare's *King John*, Act III. ſc. iii:
"And I will kiſs thy *déteſtable* bones." STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:
"Such *déteſtable* vile impiety." MALONE.

[3] Heap *not* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio—*Put not*; which led Mr. Rowe to introduce the unauthorized reading—*pull*. That in the text, however, is the true one. So, in *Cymbeline*.
"——thou *heapeſt*
"A year's age on me."

By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter ſay—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,[4]
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Again, in a Letter from Queen Elizabeth to Lady Drury: "*Heape* not your harmes where helpe ther is none," &c. See Nichols's *Progreſſes* &c. Vol. II. p. 36, F. 2. b.

After all, it is not impoſſible our author deſigned we ſhould read—*Pluck* not &c. Thus, in *King Richard III:* "—ſin will *pluck* on *ſin*." Steevens.

So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet:*

"With ſighs and ſalted tears her ſhriving doth begin,
"For the of *heaped* ſorrows hath to ſpeak, and not of *ſin*." Malone.

[4] *I do* defy *thy conjurations,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. Paris conceived Romeo to have burſt open the monument for no other purpoſe than to do *ſome villainous ſhame* on the dead bodies, ſuch as witches are reported to have practiſed; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magick arts which he ſuſpects he is preparing to uſe. So, in Painter's tranſlation of the novel, Tom. II. p. 214. "—the watch of the city by chance paſſed by, and ſeeing light within the grave, ſuſpected ſtraight that they were negromancers which had opened the tombs *to abuſe the dead bodies*, for aide of their arte." The folio reads:

I do defy *thy commiſeration.*

Among the ancient ſenſes of the word—to *defy*, was to *diſdain, refuſe*, or *deny*. So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"Or, as I ſaid, for ever I *defy* your company."

Again, in *The Miſeries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. viii:

"Foole, (ſaid the Pagan) I thy gift *defye*."

See Vol. XI. p. 232, n. 7.

Paris may, however, mean—I refuſe to do as thou *conjureſt* me to do, i. e. to depart. Steevens.

I do defy thy conjurations,] So the quarto, 1597. Inſtead of this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration*. In the next

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit* Page.

Par. O, I am ſlain! [*Falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruſe this face;—
Mercutio's kinſman, noble county Paris:—
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris ſhould have married Juliet:
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?[5]
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was ſo?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern,[6] ſlaughter'd youth,

quarto of 1609 this was altered to *commiſeration*, and the folio being probably printed from thence, the ſame word is exhibited there. The obvious interpretation of theſe words, "*I refuſe to do as thou conjureſt me to do, i. e. to depart*," is in my apprehenſion the true one. Malone.

[5] ——*or did I dream it ſo?*] Here the quarto 1597 not inelegantly ſubjoins:

"But I will ſatisfy thy laſt requeſt,
"For thou haſt priz'd thy love above thy life."

A following addition, however, obliged our author to omit theſe lines, though perhaps he has not ſubſtituted better in their room. Stevens.

[6] *A grave? O, no; a* lantern,] A *lantern* may not, in this inſtance, ſignify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is ſtyled *lanternium*, i. e. a ſpacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and ſometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minſter.

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting preſence[7] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.[8]
[*Laying* Paris *in the Monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I

The ſame word, with the ſame ſenſe, occurs in Churchyard's *Siege of Edinbrough Caſtle:*

" This loſty ſeat and *lantern* of that land,
" Like lodeſtarre ſtode, and lokte o'er eu'ry ſtreete."

Again, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the 12th chapter of the 35th Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory:* " —hence came the *louvers* and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples" &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*preſence*—] A *preſence* is a *publick room.* JOHNSON.

A preſence means a publick room, which is at times the *preſence-chamber* of the ſovereign. So, in *The Two Noble Gentlemen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques ſays, his maſter is a duke,—

" His chamber hung with nobles, like *a preſence.*"

M. MASON.

Again, in *Weſtward for Smelts*, 1620: " —the *king* ſent for the wounded man into the *preſence.*" MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:

" The darkeſt dungeon which ſpite can deviſe
" To throw this carcaſe in, her glorious eyes
" Can make as lightſome as the faireſt chamber
" In Paris Louvre." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*by a dead man interr'd.*] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, conſiders himſelf as already dead. MALONE.

Till I read the preceding note, I ſuppoſed Romeo meant, that he placed Paris by the ſide of *Tybalt* who was already dead, and buried in the ſame monument. The idea, however, of a man's receiving burial from a dead undertaker, is but too like ſome of thoſe miſerable conceits with which our author too frequently counteracts his own pathos. STEEVENS.

Call this a lightning?[9]—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty;[1]
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

[9] —— *O*, how *may I*
Call this a lightning?] I think we ſhould read:
—— *O*, now *may I*
Call this a lightning?—— JOHNSON.

How is certainly right and proper. Romeo had, juſt before, been in high ſpirits, a ſymptom, which he obſerves, was ſometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how, ſays he, (for no ſituation can exempt Shakſpeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *ſad* and *gloomy* proſpect a *lightning?* RITSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The firſt copy reads: *But* how, &c. which ſhows that Dr. Johnſon's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatick pieces. So, in the Second Part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" I thought it was *a lightning before death*,
" Too ſudden to be certain."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 15th *Iliad*:

" —— ſince after this he had not long to live,
" This *lightning flew before his death*."

Again, in his tranſlation of the 18th *Odyſſey*:

" —— extend their cheer
" To th' utmoſt *lightning* that ſtill uſhers *death*."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,*
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. III: " Death being able to divide the ſoule, but not the beauty from her body." STEEVENS.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" Decayed roſes of diſcolour'd cheeks
" Do yet retain ſome notes of former grace,
" *And ugly death ſits faire within her face*."

MALONE.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.[2]—
Tybalt, lieſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?[3]
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, couſin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? Shall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;[4]

[2] —— *beauty's* enſign *yet*
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale *flag* &c.] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:
" And nought reſpecting death (the laſt of paines)
" Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *enſign* of his might)
" Upon his new-got ſpoil," &c.
In the firſt edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare is leſs florid in his account of the lady's beauty; and only ſays:
" ——— ah, dear Juliet,
" How well thy beauty doth become this grave!"
The ſpeech, as it now ſtands, is firſt found in the quarto, 1599. STEEVENS.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there] An ingenious friend ſome time ago pointed out to me a paſſage of *Marini*, which bears a very ſtrong reſemblance to this:
" *Morte* la 'nſegna ſua pallida e bianca
" *Vincitrice ſpiegò ſu'l volto mio.*"
Rime lugubri, p. 149, edit. Venet. 1605. TYRWHITT.

[3] *Tybalt, lieſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?*] So, in Painter's tranſlation, Tom. II. p. 242: " —what greater or more cruel ſatisfaction canſt thou deſyre to have, or henceforth hope now, than to ſee hym which murdered thee, to be empoyſoned wyth hys owne handes, and buryed by thy ſyde?" STEEVENS.

[4] —— *Ah, dear Juliet,*
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous; &c.] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:
" Ah, now, methinks, I ſee *death dallying ſeeks*
" *To entertain itſelfe in love's ſweete place.*"
MALONE.

That unſubſtantial death is amorous; &c.] Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 403, ſpeaking of the

And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

power of beauty, tells us:—"But of all the tales in this kinde, that is moſt memorable of **Death himſelfe**, when he ſhould have ſtroken a ſweet young **virgin with his dart**, hee fell in love with the object."—Burton refers to *Angerianus*; but I have met with the ſame ſtory in ſome other ancient book of which I have forgot the title. STEEVENS.

——*Ah, dear Juliet*, &c.] In the quarto, 1597, the paſſage runs thus:

"——Ah dear Juliet,
"How well thy beauty doth become this grave!
"O, I believe that unſubſtantial death
"Is amorous, and doth court my love.
"Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,
"Set up my everlaſting reſt
"With worms that are thy *chamber-maids*.
"Come, deſperate pilot, now at once run on
"The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary barge:
"Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,
"Thy drugs are ſwift: thus with a kiſs I die." [*Falls.*

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the latter has *arms* inſtead of *arm*,) the lines appear thus:

"——Ah dear Juliet,
"Why art thou yet ſo fair? *I will believe*
"*Shall I believe* that unſubſtantial death is amorous,
"And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
"Thee here in dark to be his paramour;
"For fear of that I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
"And never from this palace [*pallat** 4] of dim night
"[Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm:
"*Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumbleſt in.*
"O true apothecary!
"Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiſs I die.]
"Depart again; here, here, will I remain
"With worms that are thy chamber-maids: O, here
"Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt,

* ——*pallat*—] Meaning, perhaps, the *bed* of night. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Upon uneaſy *pallets* ſtretching thee."

In *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, however, (an old MS. in the library of the Marquis of Lanſdowne,) monuments are ſtyled the "*palaces* of death."
STEEVENS.

For fear of that, I will ſtill ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt; [5]

" And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars, &c.
" Come, bitter conduct, come, unſavoury guide!
" Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
" The dashing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary bark!
" Here's to my love. O, true apothecary,
" Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiſs I die."

As the old blundering tranſcribers or compoſitors may be fairly ſuppoſed, in the preſent inſtance, to have given what Shakſpeare had rejected, as well as what he deſigned to appear in his text, the lines within the crotchets are here omitted. Following the example of Mr. Malone, I have alſo omitted the long notes which, in ſome former editions, had accompanied this paſſage.

STEEVENS.

There cannot, I think, be the ſmalleſt doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the catch-lineſs or ignorance of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. In like manner, in a former ſcene we have two lines evidently of the ſame import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 197, n. 1.

In a preceding part of this paſſage Shakſpeare was probably in doubt whether he ſhould write:

——— *I will believe*
That unſubſtantial death is amorous,

Or,—

——— Shall *I believe*
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;

and having probably eraſed the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wife compoſitor printed the rejected words as well as thoſe intended to be retained.

With reſpect to the line:

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumbleſt in.

it is unneceſſary to inquire what was intended by it, the paſſage in which this line is found, being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being much more accurately expreſſed in its ſecond than in its firſt exhibition, we have a right to preſume that the poet intended it to appear in its ſecond form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

[5] ——— *my everlaſting reſt*;] See a note on ſcene 5th of the

And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-wearied fleſh.—Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death![6]—
Come, bitter conduct,[7] come, unſavoury guide!

preceding Act, p. 212, n. 5. So, in *The Spaniſh Gipſie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" ——could I *ſet up my reſt*
" That he were loſt, or taken priſoner,
" I could hold truce with ſorrow."

To *ſet up one's reſt*, is to be determined to any certain purpoſe, to reſt in perfect confidence and reſolution, to make up one's mind.

Again, in the ſame play:

" *Set up thy reſt*; her marrieſt thou, or none."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Eyes, look your laſt!*
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" Pitiful mouth, ſaid he, that living gaveſt
" The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoul could wiſh,
" O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou haveſt
" The ſorrowing farewell of a dying kiſs!
" And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliſs,
" Motives of love, born to be matched never,
" Entomb'd in your ſweet circles, ſleep for ever!"

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other paſſages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the laſt Act of the preſent tragedy.

A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing *death!*] *Engroſſing* ſeems to be uſed here in its clerical ſenſe. MALONE.

[7] *Come bitter* conduct,] Marſton alſo in his Satires, 1599, uſes *conduct* for *conductor*:

" Be thou my *conduct* and my genius."

So, in a former ſcene in this play:

" And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now."

See Vol. IV. p. 100, n. 3. MALONE.

Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiſs I die.
[*Dies.*

Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

FRI. Saint Francis be my ſpeed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves?[8]—Who's there?
Who is it that conſorts, ſo late, the dead?[9]

BAL. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRI. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BAL. It doth ſo, holy ſir; and there's my maſter,
One that you love.

FRI. Who is it?

[8] ——*how oft to-night*
Have my old feet ſtumbled *at graves?*] This accident was reckoned ominous. So. in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
"For many men that *ſtumble* at the threſhold,
"Are well foretold, that danger lurks within."
Again, in *King Richard III.* Haſtings, going to execution, ſays:
"Three times to-day my foot-cloth horſe did *ſtumble*."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Who is it* &c.] This very appropriate queſtion I have reſtored from the quarto 1597.
To *conſort*, is to keep company with. So, in Chapman's verſion of the 23d *Iliad*:
——"Tis the laſt of all care I ſhall take,
"While I *conſort* the careful." STEEVENS.

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,[1]
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo?— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the Monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And sleep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour

[1] *I dreamt my master and another fought.*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

Let me add, that this passage appears to have been imitated by Quintus Calabar, XIII. 125:

"Πότμον ὁμῶν ὁρόωντες ὀνείρασιν." STEEVENS.

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady ſtirs.[2] [JULIET *wakes and ſtirs.*

JUL. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?
[*Noiſe within.*

FRI. I hear ſome noiſe.—Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;[3]
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead;[4]

[2] *The lady ſtirs.*] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the ſtage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the ſtory as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

"*Mar. Jun.* She breathes, and ſtirs.
"*Lav.* [*in the tomb.*] Where am I? bleſs me! Heaven!
"'Tis very cold, and yet here's ſomething warm.
"*Mar. Jun. She lives, and we ſhall both be made immortal.*
"Speak, my Lavinia, ſpeak ſome heavenly news,
"And tell me how the gods deſign to treat us.
"*Lav.* O, I have ſlept a long ten thouſand years.—
"What have they done with me? I'll *not be us'd thus:*
"*I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my huſband!*"

MALONE.

[3] ——*and unnatural ſleep;*] Shakſpeare alludes to the ſleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs.

STEEVENS.

[4] *Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead;*] Shakſpeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus loſing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting ſcene between theſe unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any *literal* tranſlation of it, and was miſled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the author of which departed from the Italian ſtory, making the poiſon take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a tranſlation of the original pathetick narrative at the concluſion of the play, in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

And Paris too; come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is coming;[5]
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noiſe again.*] I dare ſtay
no longer. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,[6]
To help me after?—I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtorative. [*Kiſſes him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

[5] *Stay not to queſtion, for the* watch *is coming;*] It has been objected that there is no ſuch eſtabliſhment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakſpeare ſeldom ſcrupled to give the manners and uſages of his own country to others. In this particular inſtance the old poem was his guide:

"The weary *watch* diſcharg'd did hie them home to ſleep."

Again:

"The *watchmen* of the town the whilſt are paſſed by,
"And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb they ſpy." Malone.

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, where the ſcene lies at Meſſina, our author has alſo introduced *Watchmen*; though without ſuggeſtion from any dull poem like that referred to on the preſent occaſion.

See, however, Vol. XIX. p. 241, n. 8, in which Mr. Malone appears to contradict, on the ſtrongeſt evidence, the preſent aſſertion relating to there being *no watch in Italy*. Steevens.

[6] O *churl!* drink *all*; *and* leave *no friendly drop,*] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The firſt has—

Ah *churl!* drink *all, and* leave *no drop for me!*

The other:

O *churl!* drunk *all, and* left *no friendly drop,*
To help me after? Malone.

Jul. Yea, noiſe?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching* Romeo's *Dagger.*[7]
This is thy ſheath; [*Stabs herſelf.*] there ruſt, and let me die.[8]
[*Falls on* Romeo's *Body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:
Go, ſome of you, who e'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt ſome.*
Pitiful ſight! here lies the county ſlain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

[7] *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's tranſlation of *Pierre Boiſteau*, Tom. II. p. 244: "Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his ſide, ſhe pricked herſelf with many blowes againſt the heart." Steevens.

It is clear that in this and moſt other places Shakſpeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter deſcribes Romeo's dagger as hanging at *his ſide*; whereas the poem is ſilent as to the place where it hung, and our author, governed by the faſhion of his own time, ſuppoſes it to have hung at Romeo's *back*:

"And then paſt deadly fear (for life ne had ſhe care,)
"With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware." Malone.

[8] ——*there* ruſt, *and let me die* | is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the paſſage thus:

"I, noiſe? then muſt I be reſolute.
"Oh, happy dagger! thou ſhalt end my fear;
"*Reſt* in my boſom: thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"This is thy *ſheath*." Steevens.

Raiſe up the Montagues,—ſome others ſearch;[9]—
[*Exeunt other* Watchmen.
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie;
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, *with Friar* LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, ſighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince *and Attendants.*

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

[9] *Raiſe up the Montagues,—ſome others ſearch;*—] Here ſeems to be a rhyme intended, which may be eaſily reſtored:

"Raiſe up the Montagues. Some others, *go.*
"We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie,
"But the true ground of all *the* piteous *woe*
"We cannot without circumſtance deſcry." JOHNSON.

It was often thought ſufficient, in the time of Shakſpeare, for the ſecond and fourth lines in a ſtanza, to rhyme with each other.

It were to be wiſhed that an apology as ſufficient could be offered for the Watchman's quibble between *ground*, the earth, and *ground*, the fundamental cauſe. STEEVENS.

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and Others.*

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?[1]

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and ſome—Paris; and all run,
With open outery, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in our ears?[2]

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris ſlain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and ſlaughter'd Romeo's man;
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en,—for, lo! his houſe
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.[3]

[1] ——*that they ſo ſhriek abroad?*] Thus the folio and the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that *is* ſo ſhriek abroad. MALONE.

[2] *What fear is this, which ſtartles in* our *ears?*] The old copies read—in *your* ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

[3] *This dagger hath miſta'en,—for, lo! his houſe*
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.] The modern editors (contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and

La. Cap. O me! this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter Montague *and Others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,[4]

without attention to the diſagreeable aſſonance of *ſheath* and *ſheathed*, which was firſt introduced by Mr. Pope) read:

" This dagger hath miſta'en; for, lo! *the ſheath*
" *Lies* empty on the back of Montague,
" *The point* mis-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom."

The quarto, 1597, erroneouſly,

" ——this dagger hath miſtooke;
" For (loe) the back is empty of yong Montague,
" And *it* mis-ſheathed in my daughter's boſome."

If we do not read—*it* inſtead of *is*, Capulet will be made to ſay —*The ſcabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and ſheathed in Juliet's boſom.*

Shakſpeare quaintly repreſents the dagger as having miſtaken its place, and " *it* mis-ſheathed, i. e. " mis-ſheathed *itſelf*" in the boſom of Juliet.

The quarto, 1609, and the folio, 1623, offer the ſame reading, except that they concur in giving *is* inſtead of *it*.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

" Thou muſt weare thy ſword by thy ſide,
" And thy *dagger* handſumly *at thy backe*"

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

" See you the huge bum *dagger at his backe*"

The epithet applied to the dagger, ſhows at what part of the back it was worn. Stevens.

The words, " *for, lo! his houſe is empty on the back of Montague*," are to be conſidered as parenthetical. In a former part of this ſcene we have a ſimilar conſtruction.

My reading [*is*] is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and the folio. Malone.

[4] ——*for thou art early up*, &c.] This ſpeech (as appears

To ſee thy ſon and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;[5]
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopp'd her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.[6]

Mon. O thou untaught![7] what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,

from the following paſſage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601) has ſomething proverbial in it:

"In you, i'faith, the proverb's verified,
"*You are early up*, and yet are ne'er the near."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;*] After this line the quarto, 1597, adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceaſed too."

But this, I ſuppoſe, the poet rejected, on his reviſion of the play, as unneceſſary ſlaughter. STEEVENS.

The line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his abſence from this intereſting ſcene. RITSON.

[6] *Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.*] Theſe words, as they ſtand, being of no kindred to metre, we may fairly ſuppoſe that ſome others have been caſually omitted. Perhaps, our author wrote:

Look in this monument, *and thou ſhalt ſee.* STEEVENS.

[7] *O thou untaught!* &c.] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:
"Who came firſt to the world, ſhould firſt depart.
"It not becomes the old t'o'er-live the young;
"This dealing is prepoſt'rous and o'er-thwart."

STEEVENS.

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"If children pre-decеaſe progenitors,
"We are their off-ſpring, and they none of ours."

MALONE.

And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned and myſelf excus'd.

Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

Fri. I will be brief,[8] for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.[9]
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that Juliet;
And ſhe, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;

[8] *I will be brief,*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare was led into this unintereſting narrative by following too cloſely *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet.* MALONE.

In this poem (which is ſubjoined to the preſent edition of the play) the bodies of the dead are removed to a publick ſcaffold, and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The ſame circumſtance, as I have already obſerved, is introduced in *Hamlet.* See Vol. XVIII. p. 383, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*my ſhort date of breath*
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.] So, in the 90th *Pſalm*: "——when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." MALONE.

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that ſiege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—Then comes ſhe to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or, in my cell there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her, ſo tutor'd by my art,
A ſleeping potion; which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could ſend to Romeo:
But, when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb;
And ſhe, too deſperate, would not go with me,
But (as it ſeems,) did violence on herſelf.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy: And, if aught in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for a holy man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he ſay in this?

Bal. I brought my maſter news of Juliet's death;
And then in poſt he came from Mantua,
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's grave;
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be theſe enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen;[1]—all are puniſh'd.

[1] *Have loſt a brace of kinſmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expreſsly called the prince's kinſman in Act III. ſc. iv. and that Paris alſo was the prince's kinſman, may be inferred from the following paſſages. Capulet, ſpeaking of the count in the fourth Act, deſcribes him as "a gentleman of *princely* parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo ſays:

"——Let me peruſe this face;
"*Mercutio's kinſman*, noble county Paris." Malone.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich ſhall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace[2] this morning with it brings;
The ſun, for ſorrow, will not ſhow his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:[3]

A brace *of kinſmen:*—] The ſportſman's term—*brace*, which on the preſent occaſion is ſeriouſly employed, is in general applied to men in contempt. Thus, Proſpero in *The Tempeſt*, addreſſing himſelf to Sebaſtian and Antonio, ſays:—

"But you, my *brace* of lords, were I ſo minded,
"I here *&c.*—" Steevens.

[2] *A* glooming *peace* &c.] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is an old reading, may be the true one. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1603:

"Through dreadful ſhades of ever-*glooming* night."

To *gloom* is an ancient verb uſed by Spenſer; and I meet with it likewiſe in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"If either he gaſpeth or *gloometh*." Steevens.

Gloomy is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *glooming* was ſubſtituted in that of 1599. Malone.

[3] *Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:*] This ſeems to be ſaid with a reſolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various diſpenſations of Providence; for who was there that could juſtly be puniſhed by any human law? Edwards's MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was baniſhed for concealing the marriage; Romeo's ſervant left at liberty becauſe he had only acted in obedience to his maſter's orders;

For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.[4] [*Exeunt.*[5]

the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakſpeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the ſcenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marſton, in his Satires, 1598, ſays:

"Luſcus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know
"I ſet thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
"Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo." STEEVENS.

For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.] Theſe lines ſeem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

"——among the monuments that in Verona been,
"There is no monument more worthy of the ſight,
"Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight."
MALONE.

[5] This play is one of the moſt pleaſing of our author's performances. The ſcenes are buſy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the cataſtrophe irreſiſtibly affecting, and the proceſs of the action carried on with ſuch probability, at leaſt with ſuch congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakſpeare to exhibit the converſation of gentlemen, to repreſent the airy ſprightlineſs of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might eaſily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakſpeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, leſt he ſhould have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no ſuch formidable perſon, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in queſt of truth, in a pointed ſentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very ſeldom to be rigorouſly underſtood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wiſh him a longer life; but his death is not

precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the conſtruction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakſpeare to have continued his exiſtence, though ſome of his ſallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whoſe genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehenſive, and ſublime.

The Nurſe is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great ſubtilty of diſtinction, drawn her at once loquacious and ſecret, obſequious and inſolent, truſty and diſhoneſt.

His comick ſcenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick ſtrains are always polluted with ſome unexpected depravations. His perſons, however diſtreſſed, *have a conceit left them in their miſery, a miſerable conceit.** JOHNSON.

* This quotation is alſo found in the Preface to Dryden's Fables: "Juſt *John Littlewit* in *Bartholomew Fair*, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his miſery; a miſerable conceit." STEEVENS.

THE

TRAGICALL HYSTORY

OF

ROMEUS AND JULIET.

CONTAYNING IN IT

A RARE EXAMPLE OF TRUE CONSTANCIE;

WITH THE

SUBTILL COUNSELS AND PRACTICES OF AN OLD FRYER;
AND THEIR ILL EVENT.

"RES EST SOLLICITI PLENA TIMORIS AMOR."

TO THE READER.

AMID the deſert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herſelfe, her yonge,
Nought els but lumpes of fleſhe, withouten heare;
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Goves them ſuch ſhape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth ſhake
With moofled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he ſtandeth by his ſtake,
(A noble creaſt!) or wylde in ſavage wood
A doſyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and ſtayned jawes with blood;
Or els, when from the fartheſt heavens, they
The lode-ſtarres are, the wery pilates marke,
In ſtormes to gyde to haven the toſſed barke;—
Right ſo my muſe
Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of ſtyle,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle
May better ſhape. The eldeſt of them loe
I offer to the ſtake; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprocheſull mouth might overthrowe:
The reſt, unlickt as yet, a whyle ſhall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve ſtrength, to meete and match in fight,
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then ſhall they tell of ſtryfe,
Of noble trymphes, and deedes of martial might;
And ſhall geve rules of chaſt and honeſt lyfe.
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muſe.

THE ARGUMENT,

LOVE hath inflamed twayne by ſodayn ſight,
And both do graunt the thing that both deſyre;
They wed in ſhrift, by counſell of a frier;
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Julicts bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A baniſht man, he ſcapes by ſecret flight:
New marriage is offred to his wyfe:
She drinkes a drinke that ſeemes to reve her breath;
They bury her, that ſleping yet hath lyfe.
[illegible] heares the tydinges of her death;
[illegible] his bane; and ſhe, with Romeus' knyfe,
[illegible] akes, her ſelfe, alas! ſhe fleath.

ROMEUS AND JULIET

THERE is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoume yet ſhineth cleare, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertyle ſoyle,
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the townifh toyle.

* In a preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I obſerved that it was founded on *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almoſt as rare as a manuſcript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and ſhall give it a place here as a proper ſupplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the Death of Maiſter* Arthur Brooke *drownde in paſſing to New-Haven*, by George Tubervile, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes*, &c. 1567,] we learn that the former was the author of this poem:

" Apollo lent him lute, for ſolace ſake,
" To ſound his verſe by touch of ſtately ſtring,
" And of the never-fading baye did make
" A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
" In proufe that he for myter did excell,
" As may he judge by *Iuliet and her mate*;
" For there he ſhewde his cunning paſſing well,
" When he the tale to Engliſh did tranſlate.
" But what? as he to fortuigne realm was bound,
" With others moe his ſoveraigne queene to ſerve,
" Amid the ſeas unluckie youth was drownd,
" More ſpeedie death than ſuch one did deſerve."

The original relater of this ſtory was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. In an epiſtle prefixed to this work, which is addreſſed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this ſtory:

" As you yourſelf have ſeen, when heaven had not as yet levelled againſt me its whole wrath, in the fair ſpring of my youth I devoted myſelf to the profeſſion of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for ſome years I ſerved in your delightful country, Friuli, through every part of which, in the courſe of my private ſervice, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accuſtomed, when upon any expedition on horſeback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whoſe name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practiſed in the military art, a pleaſant companion, and, like almoſt all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave, and experienced ſoldier, but of a gay and lively diſpoſition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in reading the moſt amuſing novels, eſpecially ſuch as treated of love, and this he did with more

The fruitefull hilles above, the pleaſant vales belowe,
The ſilver ſtreame with chanel deepe, that through the town doth flow;
The ſtore of ſpringes that ſerve for uſe, and eke for eaſe,
And other moe commodities, which profit may and pleaſe;
Eke many certayne ſignes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngry eyes of thoſe that curiouſly beholde;
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the reſt
Of Lombard townes, or at the leaſt, compared with the beſt.
In which whyle Eſcalus as prince alone did raygne,
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
Alas! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
Which Boccace ſkant, not my rude tonge, were able ſoorth to tell.
Within my trembling haude my penne doth ſhake for feare,
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth ſtand my heare.
But ſith ſhee doeth commaunde, whoſe heſt I muſt obeye,
In moorning verſe a woful chaunce to tell I will aſſaye.
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muſes with your art,
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retourned to ſmart:
Help eke, ye ſiſters three, my ſkilleſſe pen tindyte,
For you it cauſd, which I alas! unable am to wryte.

grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradiſca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my ſervants, travelling, perhaps impelled by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely ſolitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly abſorbed in thought, and riding at a diſtance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who gueſſed my thoughts, thus addreſſed me: 'Will you then for ever live this *melancholy* life, becauſe a cruel and diſdainful fair one does not love you? though I now ſpeak againſt myſelf, yet, ſince advice is eaſier to give than to follow, I muſt tell you, maſter of mine, that, beſides its being diſgraceful in a man of your profeſſion to remain long in the chains of love, almoſt all the ends to which he conducts us are ſo replete with miſery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in teſtimony of what I ſay, if it ſo pleaſe you, I could relate a tranſaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way leſs ſolitary and leſs diſagreeable to us; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miſerable and piteous death.—And now, upon my making him a ſign of my willingneſs to liſten, he thus began."

The phraſe, in the beginning of this paſſage, *when heaven had not as yet levelled againſt me its whole wrath*, will be beſt explained by ſome account of the author, extracted from Creſcembeni, *Iſtoria della Volgar Poeſia*, T. V. p. 91: "Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in his youth, on account of his valour, made a leader in the Venetian army; but, fighting againſt the Germans in Friuli, was ſo wounded, that he remained for a time wholly diſabled, and afterward lame and weak during his life; on which account, quitting the profeſſion of arms, he betook himſelf to letters," &c. Malone.

There were two auncient ſtocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the reſt, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race;
Lovd of the common ſorte, lovd of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune liſt to ſtryke;
Whoſe prayſe with equal blaſt Fame in her trumpet blew;
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.
A wonted uſe it is, that men of likely ſorte,
(I wot not by what furye forsd) envye each others porte.
So theſe, whoſe egall ſtate bred envye pale of hew,
And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew;
As of a littel ſparke oft ryſeth mighty fyre,
So, of a kyndled ſparke of grudge, in flames flaſh oute their eyre:
And then theyr deadly foode, firſt hatchd of trifling ſtryſe,
Did bathe in bloud of ſmarting woundes,—it reved breth and lyfe.
No legend lye I tell; ſcarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
That did behold the griſly ſight with wet and weeping eye.
But when the prudent prince who there the ſcepter helde,
So great a new diſorder in his commonweale behelde,
By jentyl meane he ſought their choler to aſſwage,
And by perſwaſion to appeaſe their blameful furious rage;
But both his woords and tyme the prince hath ſpent in vayne,
So rooted was the inward hate, he loſt his buyſy payne.
When frendly ſage adviſe ne gentyll woords avayle,
By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he quayle;
In hope that when he had the waſting flame ſuppreſt,
In time he ſhould quyte quench the ſparke that boornd within their breſt.
Now whylſt theſe kyndreds do remayne in this eſtate,
And eche with outward frendly ſhew doth hyde his inward hate,
One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,
Upon whoſe tender chyn as yet no manly ke beard there grewe,
Whoſe beauty and whoſe ſhape ſo farre the reſt dyd ſtayne,
That from the cheef of Veron youth he greateſt fame dyd gayne,
Hath found a mayde ſo fayre (he founde ſo foul his happe)
Whoſe beauty, ſhape, and comely grace, did ſo his heart entrappe,
That from his owne affayres his thought ſhe did remove;
Onely he ſought to honor her, to ſerve her and to love.
To her he writeth oft, oft meſſengers are ſent,
At length, in hope of better ſpede, himſelfe the lover went;
Preſent to pleade l grace, which abſent was not founde,
And to diſcover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
But ſhe that from her youth was foſtred evermore
With vertues foode, and taught in ſchole of wiſdom's ſkilfull lore,

By aunſwere did cutte off thaffections of his love,
That he no more occaſion had ſo vayne a ſute to move:
So ſterne ſhe was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
That, in reward of toyle, ſhe would not geve a frendly looke;
And yet how much ſhe did with conſtant minde retyre,
So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by deſyre,
But when he, many monthes, hopeleſs of his recure,
Had ſerved her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
If chaunge of place might chaunge away his ill-beſtowed love;
And ſpeaking to himſelfe, thus gan he make his mone:
"What booteth me to love and ſerve a fell unthankfull one,
Sith that my humble ſute, and labour ſowde in vayne,
Can reape none other fruite at all but ſcorne and proude diſdayne?
What way ſhe ſeekes to goe, the ſame I ſeeke to runne,
But ſhe the path wherein I treade with ſpedy flight doth ſhunne.
I cannot live except that nere to her I be;
She is ay beſt content when ſhe is fartheſt of from me.
Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;
Perhaps, mine eye once baniſhed by abſence from her ſight,
This fyre of myne, that by her pleaſant eyne is fed,
Shall little and little weare away, and quite at laſt be ded."
But whileſt he did decree this purpoſe ſtill to kepe,
A contrary repugnant thought ſanke in his breſt ſo depe,
That douteful is he now which of the twayne is beſt,
In ſyghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in ſorrow and unreſt,
He mones the daye, he wakes the long and werey night;
So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygrav'd her bewty bright
Within his breſt, and hath ſo maſtred quyte his hart,
That he of force muſt yelde as thrall;—no way is left to ſtart.
He cannot ſtaye his ſteppe, but forth ſtyll muſt be ronne,
He languiſheth and melts awaye, as ſnowe agaynſt the ſonne.
His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
And eche of them in frendly wyſe his heavy hap bewayles.
But one emong the reſt, the truſtieſt of his feeres,
Farre more than he with counſel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
Gan ſharply him rebuke; ſuch love to him he bare,
That he was fellow of his ſmart, and partner of his care.
"What meanſt thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage
Doth make thee thus conſume away the beſt part of thine age,
In ſeking her that ſcornes, and hydes her from thy ſight,
Not forſing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unſpotted truth,
Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardeſt hart to ruthe?

Now, for our frendſhips ſake, and for thy health, I pray
That thou hencefoorth become thine owne;—O give no more away
Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free eſtate:
In that thou loveſt ſuch a one thou ſeemſt thy ſelf to hate.
For ſhe doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;
Or els (what booteſt thee to ſue?) Loves court ſhe hath forſworne.
Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace:
What man is better ſhapd than thou? who hath a ſweeter face?
By painfull ſtudies meane great learning haſt thou wonne,
Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely ſonne.
What greater greeſe, trowſt thou, what woful dedly ſmart,
Should ſo be able to diſtraine thy feely fathers hart,
As in his age to ſee thee plonged deepe in vice,
When greateſt hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame ariſe?
What ſhall thy kinſmen think, thou cauſe of all their ruthe?
Thy dedly foes doe laugh to ſkorne thy yll-employed youth.
Wherefore my counſell is, that thou henceforth beginne
To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedſt in.
Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes ſo blyndo,
That thou ne canſt the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
But if unto thy will ſo much in thrall thou art,
Yet in ſome other place beſtowe thy witles wandring hart.
Chooſe out ſome woorthy dame, her honor thou, and ſerve,
Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pitty ere thou ſterve.
But ſow no more thy paynes in ſuch a barraine ſoyle
As yelds in harveſt time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
Ere long the townish dames together will reſort,
Some one of beauty, favour, ſhape, and of ſo lovely porte,
With ſo faſt fixed eye perhaps thou mayſt beholde,
That thou ſhalt quite forget thy love and paſſions paſt of olde."
The yong mans liſtning eare receivd the holſome ſounde,
And reaſons truth y-planted ſo, within his heade had grounde;
That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,
And piece meale weares away the greeſe that erſt his heart did freate.
To his approved frend a ſolemne othe he plight,
At every feaſt y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
At pardons in the churche, at games in open ſtreate,
And every where he would reſort where ladies wont to mete;
Eke ſhould his ſavage heart like all indifferently,
For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.
How happy had he been, had he not been forſworne!
But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.

For ere the moone could thriſe her waſted hornes renew,
Falſe Fortune caſt for him, poore wretch, a miſchiefe new to brewe.
The wery winter nightes reſtore the Chriſtmas games,
And now the ſeſon doth invite to banquet townish dames.
And fyrſt in Capels houſe, the chiefe of all the kyn
Sparth for no coſt, the wonted uſe of banquets to begin.
No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne,
But Capilet himſelfe hath byd unto his feaſt,
Or, by his name in paper ſent, appointed as a geaſt.
Yong damſels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
Not ſo much for the banquets ſake, as bewties to ſerche out.
But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
(For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)
Save Romeus, and he in maſke, with hydden face,
The ſupper done, with other five did preaſe into the place.
When they had maſkd a while with dames in courtly wiſe,
All did unmaſke; the reſt did ſhew them to theyr ladies eyes;
But baſhfull Romeus with ſhamefaſt face forſooke
The open preaſe, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.
But brighter than the ſunne the waxen torches ſhone,
That, maugre what he could, he was eſpyd of every one,
But of the women cheefe, theyr gaſing eyes that threwe,
To woonder at his ſightly ſhape, and bewties ſpotles hewe;
With which the heavens him had and nature ſo bedeckt,
That ladies, thought the fayreſt dames, were fowle in his reſpect.
And in theyr head beſyde an other woonder roſe,
How he dunſt put himſelfe in throng among ſo many foes:
Of courage ſtoute they thought his cunning to procede,
And women love an hardy hart, as I in ſtories rede.
The Capilets diſdayne the preſence of theyr foe,
Yet they ſuppreſſe theyr fyred yre; the cauſe I doe not knowe:
Perhaps toffend theyr geſtes the courteous knights are loth;
Perhaps they ſtay from ſharpe revenge, dreadyng the princes wroth;
Perhaps for that they ſhamd to exerciſe theyr rage
Within their houſe, gainſt one alone, and him of tender age.
They uſe no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyre deede,
They neyther ſay, what makſt thou here, ne yet they ſy, God ſpeede.
So that he freely might the ladies view at eaſe,
And they alſo beholding him their chaunge of fanſies pleaſe:
Which Nature had hym taught to doe with ſuch a grace,
That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.

With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,
And judgd who beſt, and who next her, was wrought in natures frame.
At length he ſaw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect ſhape,
(Which Theſeus or Paris would have choſen to their rape)
Whom erſt he never ſawe; of all ſhe pleaſde him moſt;
Within himſelfe he ſayd to her, thou juſtly mayſt thee bolde
Of perfet ſhapes renowne and beauties founding prayſe,
Whoſe like ne hath, ne ſhall be ſeene, ne liveth in our dayes.
And whilſt he fixed on her his partiall pierced eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:
The proverbe ſaith, unminded oft are they that are unſeene.
And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
This ſodain kindled fyre in time is wox ſo great,
That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.
When Romeus ſaw himſelfe in this new tempeſt toſt,
Where both was hope of pleaſant port, and daunger to be loſt,
He doubtefull ſkafely knew what countenance to keepe;
In Lethies flood his wonted hames were quenchd and drenched deepe.
Yea he forgets himſelfe, ne is the wretch ſo bolde
To aſke her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;
Ne how unlooſe his bondes doth the poore foole deviſe,
But onely ſeeketh by her ſight to feede his hongry eyes;
Through them he ſwalloweth downe loves ſweete empoyſonde baite:
How ſurely are the wareles wrapt by thoſe that lye in wayte!
So is the poyſon ſpred throughout his bones and vaines,
That in a while (alas the while) it hafteth deadly paines.
Whilſt Julict, for ſo this gentle damſell hight,
From ſyde to ſyde on every one dyd caſt about her ſight,
At laſt her floting eyes were ancored faſt on him,
Who for her ſake dyd baniſh health and freedome from eche limme.
He in her ſight did ſeeme to paſſe the reſt, as farre
As Phœbus ſhining beames do paſſe the brightnes of a ſtarre.
In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and ſhaft,
And to his eare with ſteady hand the bowſtring up he raft:
Till now ſhe had eſcapde his ſharpe inflaming darte,
Till now he lifted not a ſhaulte her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow looſde, ſo touchde her to the quicke,
That through the eye it ſtrake the hart, and there the hedde did ſticke.

It booted not to ſtrive. For why?—ſhe wanted ſtrength;
The weaker aye unto the ſtrong, of force, muſt yeld, at length.
The pomps now of the feaſt her heart gyns to deſpyſe;
And onely joyeth when her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
When theyr new ſmitten hearts had fed on loving gleames,
Whilſt, paſſing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr beames,
Eche of theſe lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,
That frendſhip in theyr breſt had roote, and both would have it grow.
When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
And eche of them had fought the meane to end the warre by ſpeach,
Dame Fortune did aſſent, theyr purpoſe to advaunce.
With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her foorth to daunce;
She quit herſelfe ſo well and with ſo trim a grace
That ſhe the cheefe praſe wan that night from all Verona race:
The whilſt our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the ſeate where ſhe muſt ſit, the daunce once beyng donne.
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleaſant cheere,
And glad ſhe was her Romeus approched was ſo neere.
At thone ſyde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
And on the other ſyde there ſat one cald Mercutio;
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his ſpeeche, and pleaſant of deviſe
Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
Such was emong the bathful maydes Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceaſd fayre Juliets ſnowiſh hand:
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his ſwathing band,
That froſen mountayne yſe was never halfe ſo cold,
As were his handes, though nere ſo neere the fire he did them hold.
As ſoon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.
For he wiſt well himſelfe for her abode moſt payne,
And well he wiſt ſhe lovd him beſt, unleſs ſhe liſt to fayne.
Then ſhe with ſlender hand his tender palm hath preſt;
What joy, trow you, was graffed ſo in Romeus cloven breſt?
The ſodayne ſweete delight had ſtopped quite his tong,
Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redreſſe of wrong.
But ſhe eſpyd ſtraight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
From pale to red, from red to pale, and ſo from pale anewe,
That vehment love was cauſe why ſo his tong did ſtay,
And ſo much more ſhe longd to heare what Love could teach him ſaye,

When ſhe had longed long, and he long held his peace,
And her deſyre of hearing him by ſylence did increaſe,
At laſt, with trembling voyce and ſhamefaſt chere, the mayde
Unto her Romeus tourndc her ſelfe, and thus to him ſhe ſayde:
"O bleſſed be the time of thy arrivall here!"—
But ere ſhe could ſpeake forth the reſt, to her Love drewe ſo nere,
And ſo within her mouth her tongue he glewed faſt,
That no one woord could ſcape her more then what already paſt.
In great contented eaſe the yong man ſtraight is rapt:
What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt:
That geves you worthy cauſe my cumming here to bleſſe?
Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her ſelfe by this;
Fyrſt ruthfully ſhe look'd, then ſay'd with ſmyling chere:
"Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and feere,
Mercutio's yſy hande had all to-froſen myne,
And of thy goodneſs thou agayne had warmed it with thyne."
Whereto with ſtayed brow gan Romeus replye:
"If ſo the Gods have graunted me ſuche favor from the ſkye,
That by my being here ſome ſervice I have donne
That pleaſeth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.
O wel-beſtowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,
Which I woulde with if I might have my wiſhed hart's deſire!
For I of God woulde crave, as pryſe of paynes torpaſt,
To ſerve, obey, and honor you, ſo long as lyfe ſhall laſt:
As proofe ſhall teache you playne, if that you like to trye
His ſaltles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.
But if my touched hand have warmed yours ſome dele,
Aſſure your ſelfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,
Compard to ſuche quicke ſparks and glowing furions gleade,
As from your bewties pleaſant eyne Love cauſed to proceade;
Which have to ſet on fyre eche feling parte of myne,
That lo! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utward parts do pyne.
And, but you helpe all whole, to athes ſhall I tourne;
Wherefore, alas! have ruth on him, whom you do force to bourne."
Even with his ended tale, the toreles-daunce had ende,
And Juliet of force muſt part from her new-choſen frend.
His hand ſhe claſped hard, and all her partes dyd ſhake,
When layſureles with whiſpring voyce thus did ſhe aunſwer make:
"You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours;
My honour ſav'd, preſt obey your will, while life endures."
Lo! here the lucky lot that fild true lovers finde,
Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.

A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchaunge of love.
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde;
He hath forgot to aſk her name, that hath his hart in holde.
With forged careles cheere, of one he ſeekes to knowe,
Both how ſhe hight, and whence ſhe camme, that him enchaunted ſo.
So hath he learnd her name, and knowth ſhe is no geaſt,
Her father was a Capilet, and maſter of the feaſt.
Thus hath his foe in choyſe to geve him life or death,
That ſcarcely can his woſull breſt keepe in the lively breath.
Wherefore with pitious plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth ſeeke her laughing game.
And he reproveth love cheefe cauſe of his unreſt,
Who eaſe and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull breſt:
Twiſe hath he made him ſerve, hopeles of his rewarde;
Of both the ylles to chooſe the leſſe, I weene, the choyſe were harde.
Fyrſt to a ruthles one he made him ſue for grace,
And now with ſpurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.
Amid theſe ſtormy ſeas one ancor doth him holde,
He ſerveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde;
And therefore is content and chooſeth ſtill to ſerve,
Though hap ſhould ſweare that guerdonles the wretched wight ſhould ſterve.
The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myſer ſtill doth pyne.
As carefull was the mayde what way were beſt deviſe,
To learne his name that intertaind her in ſo gentle wiſe;
Of whom her hart receivd ſo depe, ſo wyde, a wound.
An ancient dame ſhe calde to her, and in her care gan rounde:
(This old dame in her youth had nurſt her with her mylke,
With ſlender nedel taught her ſow, and how to ſpyn with ſylke,)
What twayne are thoſe, quoth ſhe, which preaſe unto the doore,
Whoſe pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?
And then, as eche of them had of his houſhold name,
So ſhe him named.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame:—
"And tell me who is he with vyſor in his hand,
That yonder dooth in mathing weede beſyde the window ſtand."
His name is Romeus, ſaid ſhee, a Montagewe,
Whoſe fathers pryde firſt ſtyrd the ſtryfe which both your houſholds rewe.
The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,
And ſtraight inſtead of happy hope deſpayre began to growe.

What hap have I, quoth ſhe, to love my fathers foe?
What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wyſh my woe?
But though her grevouſe paynes diſtraind her tender hart,
Yet with an outward ſhow of joye ſhe cloked inward ſmart;
And of the courtlike dames her leave ſo courtly tooke,
That none did geſſe the ſodein change by changing of her looke.
Then at her mothers heſt to chamber ſhe her hyed,
So wel ſhe faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme deſcride.
But when ſhe ſhoulde have ſlept as wont ſhe was in bed,
Not half a wynke of quyet ſlepe could harber in her bed;
For loe, an hugy heape of divers thoughtes ariſe,
That reſt have baniſht from her hart, and ſlumber from her eyes.
And now from ſyde to ſyde ſhe toſſeth and ſhe turnes,
And now for feare ſhe ſhevereth, and now for love ſhe burnes,
And now ſhe lykes her choyſe, and now her choyſe ſhe blames,
And now eche houre within her head a thouſand fanſyes frames.
Sometime in mynde to ſtop amyd her courſe begonne,
Sometime ſhe vowes, what ſo betyde, that tempted race to ronne.
Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought;
The fight was feerſe, continuyng long by their contrary thought.
In tourning maſe of love ſhe wandreth too and fro,
Then ſtandeth doutful what to doo; laſt, overpreſt with woe,
How ſo her fanſies ceaſe, her teares did never blin,
With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.
" Ah ſilly foole, quoth ſhe, y-cought in ſoottill ſnare!
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytiſe clad with care!
Whence come theſe wandring thoughts to thy unconſtant breſt,
By ſtraying thus from raiſons lore, that reve thy wonted reſt?
What if his ſuttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
And ſo the ſnake that lurkes in graſſe thy tender hart hath ſtong?
What if with frendly ſpeache the traytor lye in wayte,
As oft the poyſond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleaſant bayte?
Oft under cloke of truth hath Falſhood ſerved her luſt;
And toornd their honor into ſhame, that did to ſlightly truſt.
What, was not Dido ſo, a crowned queene, defamd?
And eke, for ſuch an heynous cryme, have men not Theſeus blamd?
A thouſand ſtories more, to teache me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainely written are.
Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by ſtrength,
By ſuttel ſleight (my honour ſtaynd) he hopes to woorke at length.
So ſhall I ſeeke to find my fathers foe, his game;
So (I defylde) Report ſhall take her trompe of blacke defame,
Whence ſhe with puffed cheeke ſhall blowe a blaſt ſo ſhrill
Of my diſprayſe, that with the noyſe Verona ſhall ſhe fill.

Then I, a laughing ſtocke through all the towne becomme,
Shall hide my ſelfe, but not my ſhame, within an hollow toombe."
Straight underneath her foote ſhe treadeth in the duſt
Her trobleſom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond diſtruſt.
" No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth ſhee,
Although I raſhely ſpake before, in no wiſe can it bee,
That where ſuch perfet ſhape with pleaſant bewty reſtes,
There crooked craft and trayſon blacke ſhould be appoynted geſtes.
Sage writers ſay, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
Then ſure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.
The tong the meſſenger eke call they of the mynd;
So that I ſee he loveth me:—ſhall I then be unkynd?
His faces roſy hew I ſaw full oft to ſeeke;
And ſtraight again it flaſhed foorth, and ſpred in eyther cheeke.
His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei ſemed to rehearce.
What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?
The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?
And whilſt I talke with him, himſelf he hath exylde
Out of himſelf, as ſeemed me; no was I ſure begyldo.
Thoſe arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
But Natures hand, when all deceyte was baniſhd out of place.
What other certayn ſignes ſeke I of his good wil?
Theſe doo ſuffice; and ſtedfaſt I will love and ſerve him ſtyll,
Till Attropos ſhall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
For ſo perchaunce this new alliance may procure [illegible]
Unto our houſes ſuch a peace as ever ſhall indure."
Oh how we can perſwade ourſelf to what we like!
And how we can diſwade our mynd, if ought our mind miſlyke!
Weake arguments are ſtronge, our fanſies ſtraight to frame
To pleaſing things, and eke to ſhonne, if we miſlyke the ſame.
The mayde had ſcarcely yet ended the wery warre,
Kept in her heart by ſtriving thoughts, when every ſhining ſtarre
Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus ſpred in ſkies
His golden rayes, which ſeemd to ſay, now time it is to riſe.
And Romeus had by this forſaken his wery bed,
Where reſtles he a thouſand thoughts had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring ſtep by Juliets houſe he paſt,
And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did caſt,
His love that looked for him there gan he ſtraight eſpye.
With pleaſant cheere eche greeted is; ſhe followeth with her eye
His parting ſteppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
But not ſo oft as he deſyres; warely he doth refrayne.

What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-fowered not the ſweete; if love were free from jeloſy!
But ſhe more ſure within, unſeene of any wight,
When ſo he comes, lookes after him till he be out of ſight.
In often paſſing ſo, his buſy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
In happy houre he doth a garden plot eſpye,
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love deſcrye;
For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where ſhe is wont to ſhew her heart by cheerfull frendly face.
And leſt the arbors might theyr ſecret love bewraye,
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from paſſing there by daye;
But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath ſpred,
Well-armde he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.
Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?
He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.
By night he paſſeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
And for the miſſing of his marke his greeſe hath hym nye ſlaine.
And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releeſe,—
Her Romeus pleaſant eyen I mean—is almoſt dead for greeſe.
Eche daye ſhe chaungeth bowres, for lovers keepe an bowre
When they are ſure to ſee their love, in paſſing by their bowre.
Impacient of her woe, ſhe hapt to leane one night
Within her windowe, and anon the moone did ſhine ſo bright
That ſhe eſpyde her loove; her hart revived ſprang;
And now for joy ſhe claps her handes, which erſt for wo ſhe wrang.
Eke Romeus, when he ſawe his long deſyred ſight,
His mourning cloke of mone caſt of, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I ſay, of both that ſhe rejoyced more:
His care was great, hers twiſe as great was, all the time before;
For whilſt ſhe knew not why he did himſelfe abſent,
In douting both his health and life, his death ſhe did lament.
For love is fearful oft where is no cauſe of feare,
And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced weare.
Of greater cauſe alway is greater woorke y-bred;
While he nought douteth of her helth, ſhe dreads leſt he be ded.
When onely abſence is the cauſe of Romeus ſmart,
By happy hope of ſight againe he feedes his fainting hart.
What wonder then if he were wrapt in leſſe annoye?
What marvel if by ſodain ſight ſhe fed of greater joy?
His ſmaller greete or joy no ſmaller love doo prove;
Ne, for ſhe paſſed him in both, did ſhe him paſſe in love.

But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.
Now whilſt with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,
With whiſpering voice, y-broke with ſobs, thus is her tale begonne:
" Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas ſure you are,
That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kinſmen, ſaw you here?
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes aſonder would they teare.
In ruth and in diſdayne, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my mourning hart would perce with bloudy knyfe.
For you, myne own, once dead, what joy ſhould I have heare?
And eke my honor ſtaynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare."
" Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall ſiſters three.
They may in ſpyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they alſo (who ſo ſayth nay) aſonder may it ſhreed.
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps ſhould trye unto his payne how I it coulde defende.
Ne yet I love it ſo, but alwayes, for your ſake,
A ſacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my miſhappe were ſuch, that here, before your ſight,
I ſhould reſtore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting ſprite would rewe,
That part he ſhould before that you by certain trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languiſh in,
And how I dread to looſe the gayne which I do hope to win:
And how I wiſh for lyfe, not for my proper eaſe,
But that in it you might I love, your honor, ſerve and pleaſe,
Till dedly pangs the ſprite out of the corps ſhall ſend:"
And thereupon he ſware an othe, and ſo his tale had ende.
Now love and pitty boyle in Juliets ruthfull breſt;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth reſt:
Her boſome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunſwered ſhe agayne:
" Ah my dere Romeus, kepe in theſe words, (quod ſhe)
For lo, the thought of ſuch miſchaunce already maketh me
For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath;
In even ballance peyſed are my life and eke my death.
For ſo my heart is knit, yea made one ſelfe with yours,
That ſure there is no greefe ſo ſmall, by which your mynd endures,
But as you ſuffer payne, ſo I doo beare in part
(Although it leſſens not your greefe) the halfe of all your ſmart.

But theſe thinges overpaſt, if of your health and myne
You have reſpect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eyen,
In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,
That as I ſee your pleaſant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you do intende my honor to defile,
In error ſhall you wander ſtill, as you have done this while:
But if your thought be chaſte, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the ende and marke which your deſyre hath found,
Obedience ſet aſyde, unto my parents dewe,
The quarrel eke that long agone betwene our houſholdes grewe,
Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
And following you where ſo you goe, my fathers houſe forſake.
But if by wanton love and by unlawfull ſute
You thinke in rypeſt yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty frute,
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beſeekes
To ceaſe your ſute, and ſuffer her to live among her likes."
Then Romeus, whoſe thought was free from fowle deſyre,
And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aſpyre,
Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expreſſe,
Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can geſſe.*
And then with joyned hands, heavd up into the ſkies,
He thankes the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down he cries,
If he have other thought but as his Lady ſpake;
And then his looke he toorned to her, and thus did anſwere make:
"Since, lady, that you like to honor me ſo much
As to accept me for your ſpouſe, I yeeld myſelf for ſuch.
In true witnes whereof, becauſe I muſt depart,
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.
Tomorrow eke betimes, before the ſunne ariſe,
To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his ſage adviſe.

* ——*the* hearers *hart can geſſe.*] From theſe words it ſhould ſeem that this poem was formerly ſung or recited to caſual paſſengers in the ſtreets. See alſo p. 285, l. 24.

"If any man be *here*, whom love hath clad with care,
"To him I ſpeak; if thou wilt ſpeed," &c. MALONE.

In former days, when the faculty of reading was by no means ſo general as at preſent, it muſt have been no unfrequent practice for thoſe who did not poſſeſs this accompliſhment to gratify their curioſity by liſtening while ſome better educated perſon read aloud. It is, I think, ſcarcely probable, that a poem of the length of this *Tale of all Hyſtory* ſhould be *ſung or recited in the ſtreets:* And Sir John Mandevile, at the cloſe of his work, intreats "alle the *Redares and Hearares* of his boke, zif it plete hem that thei wolde preyen to God," &c.—p. 383, 8vo. edit. 1727. By *hareres of his boke* he unqueſtionably intended *hearers* in the ſenſe I have ſuggeſted. HOLT WHITE.

He is my goſtly ſyre, and oft he hath me taught
What I ſhould doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have
fought.
And at this ſelf ſame houre, I plyte you here my faith,
I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he ſayth."
She was contented well; els favour found he none
That night, at lady Juliets hand, ſave pleaſant woords alone.
This bareſoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayiſh weede,
For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.
Not as the moſt was he, a groſſe unlearned foole,
But doctor of divinetie proceeded he in ſchoole.
The ſecrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;
By magicks arte moſt men ſuppoſed that he could wonders
woorke.
Ne doth it ill beſeeme devines thoſe ſkils to know,
If on no harmeful deede they do ſuch ſkilfulnes beſtow;
For juſtly of no arte can men condemne the uſe,
But right and reaſons lore crye out agaynſt the lewd abuſe.
The bounty of the fryer and wiſdom hath ſo wonne
The townes folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence
ronne,
To ſhrive themſelfe; the olde, the young, the great and ſmall;
Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
And, for he did the reſt in wiſdom farre exceede,
The prince by him (his counſell cravde) was holpe at time of
neede.
Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendſhip grew,
A ſecret and aſſured frend unto the Montague.
Lovd of this yong man more than any other geſte,
The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus beſt;
For whom he ever hath in time of his diſtres,
As earſt you heard, by ſkilful love found out his harmes redreſſe.
To him is Romeus gonne, ne ſtayeth he till the morrowe;
To him he painteth all his caſe, his paſſed joy and ſorrow.
How he hath her eſpide with other dames in daunce,
And how that fyrſt to talke with her him ſelfe he dyd ad-
vaunce;
Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
And how ſo faſt by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
Shall make him falſe his fayth to her, while lyfe ſhall lend him
breath.
And then with weping eyes he prayes his goſtly fyre
To further and accompliſh all their honeſt hartes deſyre.
A thouſand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arole,
A thouſand daungers like to comme the old man doth diſcloſe.

And from the ſpouſall rites he readeth him refrayne,
Perhaps he ſhall be bet adviſde within a weeke or twayne.
Adviſe is baniſht quite from thoſe that folowe love,
Except adviſe to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
As well the father might have counſeld him to ſtay
That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,
As warne his frend to ſtop amid his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his ſmarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.
Part wonne by earneſt ſute, the frier doth graunt at laſt;
And part, becauſe he thinkes the ſtormes, ſo lately overpaſt,
Of both the houſholds wrath, this marriage might appeaſe;
So that they ſhould not rage agayne, but quite for ever ceaſe.
The reſpite of a day he aſketh to deviſe
What way were beſt, unknown, to end ſo great an enterpriſe.
The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
Scarce patient tarieth whilſt his leeche doth make the ſalve to cure:
So Romeus hardly graunts a ſhort day and a night,
Yet nedes he muſt, els muſt he want his onely hartes delight.
You ſee that Romeus no time or payne doth ſpare;
Thinke, that the whilſt fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his miſhap
Into the friers breſt;—but where ſhall Juliet unwrap
The ſecrets of her hart? to whom ſhall ſhe unfolde
Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care ſo colde.
The nurſe of whom I ſpake, within her chamber laye,
Upon the mayde ſhe wayteth ſtill;—to her ſhe doth bewray
Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
In her, ſhe ſaith, it lyes to ſpill, in her, her life to ſave.
Not eaſily ſhe made the froward nurce to bowe,
But wonne at length with promeſt hyre, ſhe made a ſolemne vowe
To do what ſhe commaundes, as handmayd of her heſt;
Her miſtres ſecrets hide ſhe will, within her covert breſt.
To Romeus ſhe goes, of him ſhe doth deſyre
To know the meane of marriage, by counſell of the fryre.
On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to ſhrift
She ſhall be ſhrived and married:—how lyke you, noorſe, this drift?
Now by my truth, (quod ſhe) God's bleſſing have your hart,
For yet in all my life I have not heard of ſuch a part.
Lord, how you yong men can ſuch craftly wiles deviſe,
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes!
An eaſy thing it is with cloke of holines
To mock the ſely mother, that ſuſpecteth nothing leſſe.

But that it pleaſed you to tell me of the caſe,
For all my many yeres perhaps I ſhould have found it ſcarſe.
Now for the reſt let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, ſome feate excuſe I will deviſe anone;
For that her golden lockes by ſloth have been unkempt,
Or for unawares ſome wanton dreame the youthfull damſell drempt,
Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time ſhe ſpent,
Or otherwiſe within her hart deſerved to be ſhent.
I know her mother will in no caſe ſay her nay;
I warrant you, ſhe ſhall not fayle to come on Saterday.
And then ſhe ſweares to him, the mother loves her well;
And how ſhe gave her ſucke in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.
A pretty babe (quod ſhe) it was when it was yong;
Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
A thouſand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke ſoft, and kiſt where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I of ſuch a kiſſe forſooth,
Then I had been to have a kiſſe of ſome old lecher's mouth.
And thus of Juliets youth began this pratjng noorſe,
And of her preſent ſtate to make a tedious long diſcourſe.
For though he pleaſure tooke in hearing of his love,
The meſſage aunſwer ſeemed him to be of more behove.
But when theſe beldames ſit at caſe upon theyr tayle,
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke ſhall fayle.
And part they ſay is true, and part they do deviſe,
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
And gave them her;—a ſlight reward (quod he) and ſo adiew.
In ſeven yeres twice tolde ſhe had not bowd ſo lowe
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: ſhe ſweares ſhe will beſtowe
Her craſty wit, her time, and all her buſy payne,
To help him to his hoped bliſſe; and, cowring downe agayne,
She takes her leave, and home ſhe hyes with ſpedy pace;
The chaumber doore ſhe ſhuts, and then ſhe ſaith with ſmyling face;
Good newes for thee, my gyrle, good tydinges I thee bring,
Leave of thy wonted ſong of care, and now of pleaſure ſing.
For thou mayſt hold thyſelfe the happieſt under ſonne,
That in ſo little while ſo well ſo worthy a knight haſt wonne.
The beſt y-ſhapde is he and hath the fayreſt face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe ſo good a grace:
So gentle of his ſpeeche, and of his counſell wiſe:—
And ſtill with many prayſes more ſhe heaved him to the ſkies.

Tell me els what, (quod ſhe) this evermore I thought;
But of our marriage, ſay atonce, what anſwere have you brought?
Nay, ſoft, (quod ſhe) I feare your hurt by ſodain joye;
I liſt not play (quod Juliet), although thou liſt to toye.
How glad, trow ye, was ſhe, when ſhe had heard her ſay,
No farther of then Saturday differred was the day.
Again the auncient nurſe doth ſpeake of Romeus,
And then (ſaid ſhe) he ſpake to me, and then I ſpake him thus.
Nothing was done or ſayd that ſhe hath left untold,
Save only one that ſhe forgot, the taking of the golde.
"There is no loſſe (quod ſhe) ſweete wench, to loſſe of time,
Ne in thine age ſhall thou repent ſo much of any crime.
For when I call to mynd my former paſſed youth,
One thing there is which moſt of all doth cauſe my endleſs ruth.
At ſixtene yeres I firſt did chooſe my loving feere,
And I was fully rype before, I dare well ſay, a yere.
The pleaſure that I loſt, that year ſo overpaſt,
A thouſand times I have bewept, and ſhall, whyle life doth laſt.
In fayth it were a ſhame, yea ſinne it were, I wiſſe,
When thou maiſt live in happy joy, to ſet light by thy bliſſe."
She that this morning could her miſtres mynd diſwade,
Is now become an oratreſſe, her lady to perſwade.
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I ſpeake; if thou wilt ſpeede, thy purſe thou muſt not ſpare.
Two ſorts of men there are, ſeeld welcome in at doore,
The welthy ſparing nigard, and the ſutor that is poore.
For glittring gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;
And oftentimes a ſlight rewarde doth cauſe a more depart.
Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,
There is no better way to ſiſhe then with a golden hooke.
Of Romeus theſe two do ſitte and chat awhyle,
And to them ſelfe they laugh how they the mother ſhall begyle.
A feate excuſe they finde, but ſure I know it not,
And leave for her to go to ſhrift on Saterday, ſhe got.
So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
The Saterday betimes, in ſober weed y-clad,
She tooke her leave, and forth ſhe went with viſage grave and ſad.
With her the nurce is ſent, as brydle of her luſt,
With her the mother ſends a mayd almoſt of equall truſt.
Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath caught,
So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
She gaſeth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
Ne wandreth ſhe from place to place, but ſtraight ſhe kneleth downe

Upon an alters ſtep, where ſhe devoutly prayes,
And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady ſtayes;
Whilſt ſhe doth ſend her mayde the certain truth to know,
If frier Lawrence layſure had to heare her ſhrift, or no.
Out of his ſhriving place he commes with pleaſant cheere;
The ſhamfaſt mayde with bathfull brow to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
Perhaps you have diſpleasd your frend by geving him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
Go,heare a maſſe or two, (quod he) which ſtraightway ſhall be ſayde.
For, her confeſſion heard, I will unto you twayne
The charge that I received of you reſtore to you agayne.
What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
That for this truſty fryre hath chaungd her yong miſtruſting mayde?
I dare well ſay, there is in all Verona none,
But Romeus, with whom ſhe would ſo gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn;
He ſhuts the doore as ſoon as he and Juliet were in.
But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,
And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.
Eche minute ſeemd an houre, and every howre a day,
Twixt hope he lived and deſpayre of cumming or of ſtay.
Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of ſight,
For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleaſant cheefe delight.
And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her ſmart,
For now the reſt of all her parts hath found her ſtraying hart.
Both theyr confeſſions fyrſt the fryer hath heard them make,
And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence ſpake:
Fayre lady Juliet, my gotlly daughter deere,
As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you ſtondeth here,
Twixt you it is agreed, that you ſhal be his wyfe,
And he your ſpouſe in ſteady truth, till death ſhall end your life.
Are you both fully bent to kepe this great beheſt?
And both the lovers ſaid, it was theyr onely harts requeſt.
When he did ſee theyr myndes in linkes of love ſo faſt,
When in the playte of wedlocks ſtate ſome ſkilfull talke was paſt
When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
His duty eke by gotlly talke the youthfull huſband knew)
How that the wyfe in love muſt honour and obey,
What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he muſt pay,—
The wourds pronounced were which holy church of olde
Appoynted hath for mariage, and ſhe a ring of golde

Received of Romeus; and then they both aroſe.
To whom the frier then ſaid: Perchaunce apart you will diſcloſe.
Betwixt your ſelfe alone, the bottome of your hart;
Say on at once, for time it is that hence you ſhould depart.
Then Romeus ſaid to her, (both loth to parte ſo ſoone)
"Fayre lady, ſend to me agayne your nurce thys afternoone.
Of corde I will beſpeake a ladder by that time;
By which, this night, while other ſleepe, I will your windowe clime.
Then will we talke of love and of our old diſpayres,
And then with longer layſure had diſpoſe our great affayres."
Theſe ſayd, they kiſſe, and then part to theyr fathers houſe,
The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the ſpouſe;
Contented both, and yet both uncontented ſtill,
Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
The painful ſouldiour, ſore y-bet with wery warre,
The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from farre,
The ploughman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,
Rather to ſit in ydle eaſe then ſowe his tilt hath choſe,
Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;
Not pleaſurd with the ſound ſo much, but, when the warres do ceaſe,
Then ceaſed are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth:
The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious wooth;
Dredeleſs the huſbandman doth till his fertile feeld.
For welth, her mate, not for her ſelfe, is peace ſo precious held:
So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unreſt,
And dedly warre by ſtriving thoughts they keepe within their breſt;
But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
To do a thouſand pleaſant thinges that ſhould not els be donne.
The news of ended warre theſe two have heard with joy,
But now they long the fruite of peace with pleaſure to enjoy.
In ſtormy wind and wave, in daunger to be loſt,
Thy fearles ſhip, O Romeus, hath been long while betoſt;
The ſeas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy ſtarre,
Art come in ſight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with ſwelling tyde, boldly thou mayſt reſort
Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long deſyred port.
God graunt, no follies mift ſo dymme thy inward ſight,
That thou do miſſe the channel that doth leade to thy delight!
God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy ſea-beaten barke.

A ſervant Romeus had, of woord and deede ſo juſt,
That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maiſter would him truſt.
His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde;
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
Who ſtraight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
To which he hath made faſt two ſtrong and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to ſend the nurce at twylight fayleth not.
To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
For, whether Fortune ſmyle on him, or if ſhe liſt to lowre,
He will not miſſe to come to hys appoynted place,
Where wont he was to take by ſtelth the view of Juliets face.
How long theſe lovers thought the laſting of the day,
Let other judge that woonted are lyke paſſions to aſſay:
For my part, I do geſſe eche howre ſeemes twenty yere:
So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
The ſunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black ſhade of night and doubled darke ſhould ſtraight all over-hyde.
Thappointed howre is comme; he, clad in rich arraye,
Walkes toward his deſyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!
Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he ſpyde his wyfe,
Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;
Where ſhe ſo ſurely had made faſt the ladder made of corde,
That daungerles her ſpouſe the chaumber window climes,
Where he ere then had wiſht himſelfe above ten thouſand tymes.
The windowes cloſe are ſhut; els looke they for nowett;
To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurce is preſt,
Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
That ſhe at pleaſure might behold her huſbands bewty bright.
A carchef white as ſnow ware Juliet on her hed,
Such as ſhe wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
As ſoon as ſhe hym ſpide, about his necke ſhe clong,
And by her long and ſlender armes a great while there ſhe hong.
A thouſand times ſhe kiſt, and him unkiſt againe,
Ne could ſhe ſpeake a woord to him, though would ſhe nere ſo fayne.
And like betwixt his armes to faint his lady is;
She fets a ſigh and clappeth cloſe her cloſed mouth to his:
And ready then to ſownde, ſhe looked ruthfully,
That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
Theſe piteous painfull panges were haply overpaſt,
And ſhe unto herſelfe againe returned home at laſt.

Then, through her troubled breſt, even from the fartheſt part,
An hollow ſigh, a meſſenger ſhe ſendeth from her hart.
O Romeus, (quod ſhe) in whom all vertues ſhine,
Welcome thou art into this place, where from theſe eyes of mine
Such teary ſtreames did flowe, that I ſuppoſe welnye
The ſource of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
Abſence ſo pynde my heart, which on thy preſence fed,
And of thy ſafety and thy health ſo much I ſtood in dred.
But now what is decreed by fatall deſteny,
I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorſt to me.
Full recompenſd am I for all my paſſed harmes,
In that the Gods have granted me to claſpe thee in mine armes.
The chryſtall teares began to ſtand in Romeus eyes,
When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunſwere in this wiſe:
"Though cruell Fortune be ſo much my deadly foe,
That I ne can by lively proofe cauſe thee, fayre dame, to know
How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
Ne yet what mighty powre thou haſt, by thy deſert, on me,
Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well aſſure;
The leaſt of many paines which of thy abſence ſproong,
More painfully than death it ſelfe my tender hart hath wroong.
Ere this, one death had reft a thouſand deathes away,
But life prolonged was by hope of this deſyred day;
Which ſo juſt tribute payes of all my paſſed mone,
That I as well contented am as if my ſelfe alone
Did from the ocean reigne unto the ſea of Ynde.
Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde;
For, as the wretched ſtate is now redreſt at laſt,
So is it ſkill behinde our backe the curſed care to caſt.
Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time aſſinde,
Where we with pleaſure may content our uncontented mynde,
In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,
Whilſt we do bathe in bliſſe, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
And, for the time to comme, let be our buſy care
So wiſely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
Leſt envious foes by force deſpoyle our new delight,
And us threw backe from happy ſtate to more unhappy plight."
Fayre Juliet began to aunſwere what he ſayde,
But foorth in haſt the old nurce ſtept, and ſo her aunſwere ſtayde.
Who takes no time (quoth ſhe) when time well offred is,
An other time ſhall ſeeke for tyme, and yet of time ſhall miſſe
And when occaſion ſerves, who ſo doth let it ſlippe,
Is worthy ſure, if I might judge, of lathes with a whippe.
Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other ſo,
And eche of you hath ben the cauſe of others wayled woe

Lo here a field (ſhe ſhewd a field-bed ready dight)
Where you may, if you liſt, in armes revenge yourſelf by fight.
Whereto theſe lovers both gan eaſely aſſent,
And to the place of mylde revenge with pleaſant cheere they went,
Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to reſt)
How can this be? they reſtleſs lye, ne yet they feele unreſt.
I graunt that I envie the bliſſe they lived in;
O that I might have found the like! I with it for no ſin,
But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
As heretofore I have diſplayd their ſecret hidden playnt.
Of thyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
But Fortune ſuch delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
By proofe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
But what I geſſe by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.
The blindfold goddeſſe that with frowning face doth fraye,
And from theyr ſeate the mighty kinges throwes down with headlong ſway,
Begynneth now to turn to theſe her ſmyling face;
Nedes muſt they taſt of great delight, ſo much in Fortunes grace.
If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleaſant ſport,
I think, O Romeus, Mars himſelfe envies thy happy fort.
Ne Venus juſtly might (as I ſuppoſe) repent,
If in thy ſtead, O Juliet, this pleaſant time ſhe ſpent.
Thus paſſe they foorth the night, in ſport, in joly game;
The haſtines of Phœbus ſteeds in great deſpyte they blame.
And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon ſhot,
And now in eaſe he doth poſſeſſe the hoped place:
How glad was he, ſpeake you, that may your lovers parts embrace.
The marriage thus made up, and both the parties pleaſd,
The nigh approche of days retoorne theſe ſely ſoles diſeaſd.
And for they might no while in pleaſure paſſe theyr time,
Ne leyſure had they much to blame the haſty mornings crime,
With friendly kiſſe in armes of her Lis leave he takes,
And every other night, to come, a ſolemne othe he makes,
By one ſelfe meane, and eke to come at one ſelfe howre:
And ſo he doth, till Fortune liſt to ſwiſe his ſweete with ſowre.
But who is he that can his preſent ſtate aſſure?
And ſay unto himſelfe, thy joyes ſhall yet a day endure?
So wavering fortunes wheele, her chaunges be ſo ſtraunge;
And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:
Who raignes ſo over all, that eche man hath his part,
Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleaſure and of ſmart.

For after many joyes ſome feele but little paine,
And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
But other ſome there are, that living long in woe,
At length they be in quiet eaſe, but long abide not ſo;
Whoſe greefe is much increaſt by myrth that went before,
Becauſe the ſodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it ſeeme the more.
Of this unlucky ſorte our Romeus is one,
For all his hap turnes to miſhap, and all his myrth to mone.
And joyfull Juliet another leafe muſt toorne;
As woont ſhe was, (her joyes bereft) ſhe muſt begin to moorne.
The ſummer of their bliſſe doth laſt a month or twayne,
But winters blaſt with ſpedy ſoote doth bring the fall agayne.
Whom glorious Fortune erſt had heaved to the ſkies,
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
She payd theyr former greefe with pleaſures doubled gayne,
But now, for pleaſures uſury, ten folde redoubleth payne.
The prince could never cauſe thoſe houtholds ſo agree,
But that ſome ſparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee;
Which lye this while raaked up in aſhes pale and ded,
Till tyme do ſerve that they agayne in waſting flame may ſpred.
At holieſt times, men ſay, moſt heynous crimes are doone;
The morrowe after Eaſter-day the miſchiefe new begonne.
A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles, by Purſers gate, a band of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have choſe out,
Beſt exerciſd in feates of armes, and nobleſt of the rowte,
Our Juliets unkles ſonne, that cleped was Tibalt;
He was of body tall and ſtrong, and of his courage halt.
They needе no trumpet ſounde to byd them geve the charge,
So lowde he cryde with ſtrayned voyce and mouth out-ſtretched large:
"Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our ſelfe ſo let us wreake,
That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may ſpeake.
Now once for all let us their ſwelling pryde aſſwage;
Let none of them eſcape alive."—Then he with furious rage,
And they with him, gave charge upon theyr preſent foes,
And then forthwith a ſkirmiſh great upon this fray aroſe.
For loe the Montagewes thought ſhame away to flye,
And rather than to live with ſhame, with prayſe did chooſe to dye.
The woords that Tybalt uſed to flyrre his folke to yre,
Have in the breſtes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
With lyons harts they fight, warely them ſelfe to defend;
To wound his foe, his preſe it wit and force eche one doth bend,

This furious fray is long on eche ſide ſtoutly fought,
That whether part had got the woorſt, full doubtfull were the thought.
The noyſe hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
And parts are taken on every ſide; both kindreds thether hye.
Here one doth graſpe for breth, his frend beſtrydeth him;
And he hath loſt a hand, and he another maymed lym:
His leg is cutte whilſt he ſtrikes at an other full,
And whom he would have thruſt quite through, hath cleft his cracked ſkull.
Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde;
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutful wounde.
Thus foote by foote long while, and ſhylde to ſhylde ſet faſt,
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agaſt.
And whilſt this noyſe is riſe in every townefmans eare,
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyſe doth wofull Romeus heare.
With ſpedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace;
With him, thoſe fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
They pitie much to ſee the ſlaughter made ſo greate,
That wet ſhod they might ſtand in blood on eyther ſide the ſtreate.
Part frendes, ſaid he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the reſt, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to ſtaye.
Gods farther wrath you ſtyrre, beſide the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
But they ſo buſy are in fight, ſo egar, fierce,
That through theyr eares his ſage adviſe no leyſure had to pearce.
Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of thoſe that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.
As ſoon as Tybalt had our Romeus eſpyde,
He threw a thruſt at him that would have paſt from ſide to ſide;
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
So that the ſwerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou doeſt me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye;
Not dread, but other waighty cauſe my haſty hand doth ſtay.
Thou art the cheefe of thine, the nobleſt eke thou art,
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe theſe folke to part.
Many are hurt, ſome ſlayne, and ſome are like to dye:—
No coward, traytor boy, quoth he, ſtraight way I mind to trye,
Whether thy fugred talke, and tong ſo ſmoothly fylde,
Againſt the force of this my ſwerd ſhall ſerve thee for a ſhylde.

And then, at Romeus hed a blow he ſtrake ſo hard
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,
And geve him deth for intereſt, a well-forborne gayne.
Right as a foreſt bore, that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with ſpeare y-pricked to the quicke,
His brittles ſtyffe upright upon his backe doth ſet,
And in his fomy mouth his ſharp and crooked tuskes doth whet;
Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,
His whelps bereft, whoſe fury can no weaker beaſt aſſwage;—
Such ſeemed Romeus in every others ſight,
When he him thope, of wrong receavde tavenge himſelf by fight.
Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the ſkye,
That through the ayre, the maſſy earth, and ſeas, have powre to ſlye;
So met theſe two, and whyle they chaunge a blow or twayne,
Our Romeus thruſt him through the throte, and ſo is Tybalt ſlayne.
Loe here the end of thoſe that ſtyrre a dedly ſtryfe!
Who thryſteth after others death, him ſelfe hath loſt his lyfe.
The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.
The townelmen waxen ſtrong, the Prince doth ſend his force;
The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheleſs corce
Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his fait, that hath theyr kinſman ſlayne.
The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of fait;
The lookers on do ſay, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
The prince doth pawſe, and then geves ſentence in a while,
That Romeus, for fleying him, ſhould goe into exyle.
His foes woulde have him hangde, or ſterve in priſon ſtrong;
His frends do think, but dare not ſay, that Romeus hath wrong.
Both houſholds ſtraight are charged on payne of loſing lyfe,
Theyr bloudy weapons layd aſide, to ceaſe the ſtyrred ſtryfe.
This common plage is ſpred through all the towne anon,
From ſide to ſide the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
For Tybalts haſty death bewayled was of ſomme,
Both for his ſkill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
He ſhould, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
To helpe his frends, and ſerve the ſtate; which hope within a howre
Was waſted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.

And other ſomme bewayle, but ladies moſt of all,
The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is ſo late befall,
Without his fault, unto the feely Romeus;
For whilſt that he from natife land ſhall live exyled thus,
From heavenly bewties light and his well ſhaped parts,
The ſight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull harts,
Shall you be baniſhd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
What hope have you to joy, what hope to ceaſe to moorne?
This Romeus was borne ſo much in heavens grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature ſo beloved, that in his face
(Beſide the heavenly bewty gliſtring ay ſo bright,
And ſeemely grace that wonted ſo to glad the feers ſight)
A certain charme was graved by Natures ſecret arte,
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
So every one doth wiſh to beare a parte of payne,
That he releaſed of exyle might ſtraight retoorne againe.
But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet!
How doth ſhe bathe her breſt in teares! what depe ſighes doth the fet!
How doth the tear her heare! her weede how doth ſhe rent!
How fares the lover hearing of her lovers baniſhment!
How wayles ſhe Tybalts death, whom ſhe had loved ſo well!
Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
For delving depely now in depth of depe deſpayre,
With wretched ſorrows cruell ſound ſhe fils the empty ayre;
And to the lowe ſt hell downe falls her heavy eyne,
And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods of ſighes and ſobs reſounde,
And from the hard reſounding rockes her ſorrowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a ſhowre,
That in the garden where ſhe walkd might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length ſhe ſaw her ſelfe outraged ſo,
Unto her chaumber there ſhe hide; there, overcharged with woe,
Upon her ſtately bed her painfull parts ſhe threw,
And in ſo woundrous wiſe began her ſorrowes to renewe,
That ſure no hart ſo hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
But would have rude the piteous playnt that ſhe did languiſhe in.
Then rapt out of her ſelfe, whilſt ſhe on every ſide
Did caſt her reſtles eye, at length the windowe ſhe eſpide,
Through which ſhe had with joye ſeen Romeus many a time,
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Julietts ſake to clyme.

She cryde, O curſed windowe! accurſt be every pane,
Through which, alas! to ſone I raught the cauſe of life and bane,
If by thy meane I have ſome ſlight delight receaved,
Or els ſuch fading pleaſure as by Fortune ſtraight was reaved,
Haſt thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
Of heaped greefe and laſting care, and ſorrowes dolorous?
That theſe my tender parts, which nedeful ſtrength do lacke
To bear ſo great unweldy lode upon ſo weake a backe,
Oppreſt with waight of cares and with theſe ſorrowes riſe,
At length muſt open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
That ſo my wery ſprite may ſomme where els unlode
His deadly loade, and free from thrall may ſeeke els where abode;
For pleaſant quiet eaſe and for aſſured reſt,
Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unreſt?
O Romeus, when firſt we both acquainted were,
When to thy painted promiſes I lent my liſtning eare,
Which to the brinkes you fild with many a ſolemne othe,
And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
I thought you rather would continue our good will,
And ſeek tappeaſe our fathers ſtrife, which daily groweth ſtill.
I little wend you would have ſought occaſion how
By ſuch an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;
Whereby your bright renoume all whole yclipſed is,
And I unhappy, huſbandles, of cumforte robde and bliſſe.
But if you did ſo much the blood of Capels thyrſt,
Why have you often ſpared myne? myne might have quencht it fyrſt.
Synce that ſo many times and in ſo ſecret place.
Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,
My doubtful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to ſtand
In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloudy hand.
What! ſeemde the conqueſt which you got of me ſo ſmall?
What! ſeemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your thrall?
But that you muſt increaſe it with that kinſmans blood,
Which for his woorth and love to me, moſt in my favour ſtood?
Well, goe henceforth els where, and ſeeke an other whyle
Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
And, where I comme, ſee that you ſhonne to ſhew your face,
For your excuſe within my hart ſhall finde no reſting place.
And I that now, too late, my formet fault repent,
Will ſo the reſt of wery life with many teares lament,

That ſoon my joyceles corps ſhall yeld up baniſhd breath,
And where on earth it reſtles lived, in earth ſeeke reſt by death.
Theſe ſayd, her tender hart, by payne oppreſſed ſore,
Reſtraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in ſtore;
And then as ſtill ſhe was, as if in ſownd ſhe lay,
And then againe, wroth with herſelfe, with feeble voyce gan ſay:
"Ah cruell murdering tong, murdrer of others fame,
How durſt thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
Whoſe deedly foes do yeld him dew and erned prayſe;
For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayes.
Why blamſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt,
Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the fault?
Whether ſhall he, alas! poore baniſhd man, now flye?
What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeeke beneth the ſtarry ſkye?
Since ſhe purſueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
That in diſtres ſhould be his fort, and onely rampier ſtrong.
Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
Who, for ſhe was unkind her ſelfe, doth offer up her life,
In flames of yre, in ſighes, in ſorow and in ruth,
So to revenge the crimes ſhe did commit againſt thy truth."
Theſe ſaid, ſhe could no more; her ſenſes all gan fayle,
And deedly panges began ſtraightway her tender hart aſſayle;
Her limmes ſhe ſtretched forth, ſhe drew no more her breath:
Who had been there might well have ſeen the ſignes of preſent death.
The nurce that knew no cauſe why ſhe abſented her,
Did doute leſt that ſomme ſodayn greefe too much tormented her.
Feare where but where ſhe was, the carefull beldam ſought,
Laſt, of the chamber where ſhe lay ſhe happly her bethought;
Where ſhe with pitcous eye her nurce-child did beholde,
Her limmes ſtretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.
The nurce ſuppoſde that ſhe had payde to death her det,
And then, as ſhe had loſt her wittes, ſhe cryde to Juliet:
Ah! my dere hart, quoth ſhe, how greveth me thy death!
Alas! what cauſe haſt thou thus ſone to yeld up living breath?
But while ſhe handled her, and chafed every part,
She knew there was ſome ſparke of life by beating of her hart,
So that a thouſand times ſhe cald upon her name;
There is no way to helpe a traunce but ſhe hath tride the ſame:
She openeth wyde her mouth, ſhe ſtoppeth cloſe her noſe,
She bendeth downe her breſt, ſhe wringeth her fingers and her toes,
And on her boſome cold ſhe layeth clothes hot;
A warmed and a holeſome juyce ſhe powreth down her throte.

At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
And then ſhe ſtretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce ſhe ſpyes.
But when ſhe was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
" Why doſt thou trouble me, quoth ſhe, what drave thee, with miſchaunce,
To come to ſee my ſprite forſake my bretheles corſe ?
Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my ſmart remorſe.
For who would ſee her frend to live in dedly payne ?
Alas ! I ſee my greeſe begonne for ever will remayne.
Or who would ſeeke to live, all pleaſure being paſt ?
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to laſt.
Wherefore ſince that there is none other remedy,
Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."
The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward ſmart,
With holow ſigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
Thus ſpake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care :
" Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare ;
Ne yet the cauſe of your unmeaſurde heavineſs.
But of this one I you aſſure, for care and ſorowes ſtreſſe,
This hower large and more I thought, ſo god me ſave,
That my dead corps ſhould wayte on yours to your untimely grave."
" Alas, my tender nurce, and truſty frende, (quoth ſhe)
Art thou ſo blinde that with thine eye thou canſt not eaſely ſee
The lawfull cauſe I have to ſorow and to moorne,
Since thoſe the which I hyld moſt deere, I have at once forlorne."
Her nurce then aunſwered thus—" Methinkes it ſits you yll
To fall in theſe extremities that may you gyltles ſpill.
For when the ſtormes of care and troubles do aryſe,
Then is the time for men to know the fooliſh from the wiſe.
You are accounted wiſe, a foole am I your nurce ;
But I ſee not how in like caſe I could behave me wurſe.
Tybalt your frend is ded ; what, weene you by your teares
To call him backe agayne ? thinke you that he your crying heares ?
You ſhall perceive the fult, if it be juſtly tryde,
Of his ſo ſodayn death was in his rathnes and his pryde.
Would you that Romeus him ſelfe had wronged ſo,
To ſuffer him ſelfe cauſeles to be outraged of his foe,
To whom in no reſpect he ought a place to geve ?
Let it ſuffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,

And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
With greater glory ſhall be caſde home from his hard exile.
How well y-born he is, thyſelfe I know canſt tell,
By kindred ſtrong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
With patience arme thyſelfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,
Without your ſalt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time.
I dare ſay, for amendes of all your preſent payne,
She will reſtore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,
With ſuch contented eaſe as never erſt you had;
Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more ſo ſad.
And that I may diſcharge your hart of heavy care,
A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I ſpare,
To learne his preſent ſtate, and what in time to comme
He mindes to do; which knowne by me, you ſhall know all and ſomme.
But that I dread the whilſt your ſorowes will you quell,
Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence cell.
But if you gyn eft ſones, as erſt you did, to moorne,
Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.
So I ſhall ſpend in waſte my time and buſy payne,
So unto you, your life once loſt, good aunſwere comes in vayne;
So ſhall I ridde my ſelfe with this ſharpe pointed knyfe,
So ſhall you cauſe your parents deere wax wery of theyr life;
So ſhall your Romeus, deſpiſing lively breath,
With haſty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.
Where, if you can a while by reaſon rage ſuppreſſe,
I hope at my retorne to bring the ſalve of your diſtreſſe.
Now chooſe to have me here a partner of your payne,
Or promiſe me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."
Her miſtres ſendes her forth, and makes a grave beheſt
With reaſons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her breſt.
When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
Then vaniſh they by hope of ſcape; and thus the lady lyes
Twixt well-aſſured truſt, and doutfull lewd dyſpayre:
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now ſeeme they white and fayre.
As oft in ſummer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the ſonne,
And ſtraight againe in cleareſt ſkye his reſtles ſteedes do ronne,
So Juliets wandring mind y clouded is with woe,
And by and by her haſty thought the woes doth overgoe
But now is tyme to tell, whilſt ſhe was toſſed thus,
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.

When he had ſlayne his foe that gan this dedly ſtrife,
And ſaw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
He fled the ſharpe revenge of thoſe that yet did live,
And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might gyve,
He ſought ſomewhere unſeene to lurke a littel ſpace,
And truſty Lawrence ſecret cell he thought the ſureſt place.
In doutfull happe aye beſt a truſty frend is tryde;
The frendly frier in this diſtreſſe doth graunt his frend to hyde.
A ſecret place he hath, well ſeeled round about.
The mouth of which ſo cloſe is ſhut, that none may finde it out;
But roome there is to walke, and place to ſit and reſt,
Beſide a bed to ſleape upon, full ſoft and trimly dreſt.
The flowre is planked ſo, with mattes it is ſo warme,
That neither winde nor ſmoky damps have powre him ought to harme.
Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to beſtowe,
There now he hideth Romeus, whilſt forth he goth to knowe
Both what is ſaid and donne, and what appoynted payne
Is publiſhed by trumpets ſound; then home he hyes agayne.
By this unto his cell the nurce with ſpedy pace
Was comme the nereſt way; ſhe fought no ydel reſting place.
The fryer ſent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,
And promiſe made (what ſo befell) he ſhould that night by ſtelth
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wiſe
Of theyr affayres in tyme to comme might thoroughly deviſe.
Thoſe joyfull newes the nurce brought home with merry joy;
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke ſhe ſhall her love enjoy.
The fryer ſhuts faſt his doore, and then to him beneth,
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or elſe of death.
Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
But thou ſhalt live, and do full well, in ſpite of ſpiteful fone.
This only payne for thee was erſt proclaymde aloude,
A baniſhd man, thou mayſt thee not within Verona fynde.
Theſe heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware
And as the ſmitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
So waltreth he, and with his breſt doth beate the troden grounde.
He riſeth eft, and ſtrikes his hed againſt the wals,
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hatly death he cals.
"Come ſpedy deth, quoth he, the readieſt leache in love,
Synce nought can els beneth the ſunne the ground of greefe remove,
Of lothſome life breake downe the hated flaggering ſlayes,
Deſtroy, deſtroy at once th' life that fayntly yet decayes.

But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did deviſe
With cunning hand to woork that might ſeeme wondrous in our eyes,
For you, I pray the gods, your pleaſures to increaſe,
And all miſhap, with this my death, for evermore to ceaſe.
And mighty Jove with ſpeede of juſtice bring them lowe,
Whoſe loſty pryde, without our gylt, our bliſſe doth overblowe.
And Cupid graunt to thoſe theyr ſpedy wrongs redreſſe,
That ſhall bewayle my cruell death and pity her diſtreſſe."
Therewith a cloude of ſighes he breathd into the ſkies,
And two great ſtreames of bitter teares ran from his ſwowlen eyes.
Theſe thinges the auncient fryer with ſorrow ſaw and heard,
Of ſuch beginning eke the end the wiſeman greatly feard.
But lo! he was ſo w ake by reaſon of his age,
That he ne could by force repreſſe the rigour of his rage.
His wife and friendly wo ordes he ſpeaketh to the ayre,
For Romeus ſo vexed is with care, and with diſpayre,
That no advice can peree his cloſe forſtopped eares,
So now the fryer doth take his part in ſhedding ruthfull teares.
With colour pale and wan, with armes full hard y-fold,
With wofull cheere his wayling frende he ſtandeth to beholde.
And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
With voyce with plaint made horce, with ſobs, and with a falt-ring tong,
Renewd with novel mone the dolors of his hart;
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his ſtore of inward ſmart,
Fyrſt Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
In which his joyes had been ſo ſcant, and ſorowes ay ſo rife;
The time and place of byrth he feerſly did reprove,
He cryed out with open mouth againſt the ſtarres above:
The fatall ſiſters three, he ſaid had donne him wrong,
The threed that ſhould not have been ſponne, they had drawne forth too long.
He wiſhed that he had before his time been borne,
Or that as ſoone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
His nurce he curſed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
And then did he complaine on Venus cruell ſonne,
Who led him firſt unto the rockes which he ſhould warely ſhonne:
By meane whereof he left both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
Loves troubles laſten long, the joyes he gives are ſhort;
He [illegible] not a lovers payne, theyr ernelt is his ſport.
A thouſand thinges and more I here let paſſe to write
Which unto love this wofull man dyd ſpeake in great deſpite.

On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
Unconſtant, fond, deceitfull, raſhe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
And to himſelfe he layd a great part of the falt,
For that he ſlewe and was not ſlaine, in fighting with Tibalt.
He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,
But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
When after raging fits appeaſed was his rage,
And when his paſſions, powred forth, gan partly to aſſwage,
So wiſely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
That he ſtraight cared for his life, that erſt had care to dye.
" Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy ſhape ſaith, ſo thou art;
Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.
For manly reaſon is quite from of thy mynd out-chaſed,
And in her ſtead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
So that I ſtoode in doute, this howre at the leaſt,
If thou a man or woman wert, or els a bruiſh beaſt.
A wiſe man in the midſt of troubles and diſtres
Still ſtandes not wayling preſent harme, but ſeekes his harmes redres.
As when the winter ſtawes with dredful noyſe ariſe,
And heave the ſomy ſwelling waves up to the ſtary ſkyes,
So that the brooſed barke in cruell ſeas betoſt,
Diſpayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be loſt,
The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates ſtrike now your ſayle,
And tornes her ſtemme into the waves that ſtrongly her aſſayle;
Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull ſhore,
In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,
He ſeeth his ſhip full right againſt the rocke to ronne;
But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to ſhonne;
Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
The ancors loſt, the cables broke, and all the tackle ſpent,
The roder ſmitten of, and over-boord the maſt,
Doth win the long-deſyred porte, the ſtormy daunger paſt:
But if the maſter dread, and overpreſt with woe
Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
The ſhip rents on the rocke, or ſinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou ſtill beweepe
And ſeke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
Thy cauſe of ſorow ſhall increaſe, thou cauſe of thy miſchaunce.
Other account thee wife, prove not thyſelf a foole;
Now put in practiſe leſſons learned of old in wiſdome's ſchoole
The wiſe man ſaith, beware thou double not thy payne,
For one perhaps thou mayſt abyde, but hardly ſuffer twaine
As well we ought to ſeeke thinges hurtfull to decreaſe,
As to indevor helping thinges by ſtudy to increaſe.

The prayſe of trew fredom in wiſdomes bondage lyes,
He winneth blame whoſe deedes be fonde, although his woords be wiſe.
Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
If thou canſt ſcape from heavy greefe, true freedome ſhalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing ſo full of hearty greefe,
But in the ſame a conſtant mynd finds ſolace and releefe.
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
But wiſdom in adverſitie findes cauſe of quiet joye.
And they moſt wretched are that know no wretchednes,
And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen leſſe.
Like as there is no weale but waſtes away ſomtime,
So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
If thou wilt maſter quite the troubles that thee ſpill,
Endeavor firſt by reaſons help to maſter witles will.
A ſondry medſon hath eche ſondry faynt diſeaſe,
But patience, a common ſalve, to every wound geves eaſe.
The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce muſt not ſeem to a wiſe man ſtraunge.
For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a ſteady conſtant mynd.
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her ſmyling face,
And ſorow ſeke to ſet himſelfe in baniſhd pleaſures place,
Yet may thy marred ſtate be mended in a whyle,
And the ertſones that frowneth now, with pleaſant cheere ſhall ſmyle.
For as her happy ſtate no long while ſtandeth ſure,
Even ſo the heavy plight ſhe brings, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede ſo many words to thee that art ſo wyſe?
Thou better canſt adviſe thyſelfe, then I can thee adviſe.
Wiſdome, I ſee, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
A wiſemans wit unpractiſed doth ſtand him in no ſtecde.
I know thou haſt ſome cauſe of ſorow and of care,
But well I wot thou haſt no cauſe thus frantickly to fare.
Affections foggy miſt thy febled ſight doth blynd;
But if that reaſons beames againe might ſhine into thy mynd,
If thou wouldſt view thy ſtate with an indifferent eye,
I thinke thou wouldſt condemne thy plaint, thy ſighing, and thy crye.
With valiant hand thou madeſt thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou haſt clapped his ſword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
By thy eſcape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy

Wilt thou with truſty frendes of pleaſure take ſome part?
Or els to pleaſe thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr ſmart?
Why cryeſt thou out on love? why doſt thou blame thy fate?
Why doſt thou ſo crye after death? thy life why doſt thou hate?
Doſt thou repent the choyſe that thou ſo late dydſt chooſe?
Love is thy lord; thou oughtſt obey and not thy prince accuſe.
For thou haſt found, thou knoweſt, great favour in his ſight,
He graunted thee, at thy requeſt, thy onely harts delight.
So that the gods invyde the bliſſe thou livedſt in;
To geve to ſuch unthankfull men is folly and a ſin.
Methinke I hear thee ſay, the cruell baniſhment
Is onely cauſe of thy unreſt; onely thou doſt lament
That from thy natiſe land and frendes thou muſt depart,
Enforſd to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart:
And ſo oppreſt with waight of ſmart that thou doſt feele,
Thou doſt complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning wheele.
Unto a valiant hart there is no banyſhment,
All countreys are his native ſoyle beneath the firmament.
As to the fiſh the ſea, as to the fowle the ayre,
So is like pleaſant to the wiſe eche place of his repayre.
Though forward fortune chaſe thee hence into exile,
With doubled honor ſhall ſhe call thee home within a while.
Admit thou ſhouldſt abyde abrode a yeare or twayne,
Should ſo ſhort abſence cauſe ſo long and eke ſo greevous payne?
Though thou ne mayſt thy frendes here in Verona ſee,
They are not baniſhd Mantua, where ſafely thou mayſt be.
Thether they may reſort, though thou reſort not hether,
And there in ſuretie may you talke of your affayres together.
Yea, but this while, alas! thy Juliet muſt thou miſſe,
The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy bliſſe.
Thy heart thou leaveſt with her, when thou doeſt hence depart,
And in thy breſt incloſed bearſt her tender frendly hart.
But if thou rew ſo much to leave the reſt behinde,
With thought of paſſed joyes content thy uncontented minde;
So ſhall the mone decreaſe wherewith thy mind doth melt,
Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou haſt often felt.
He is too nyſe a weakeling that ſhrinketh at a ſhowre,
And he unworthy of the ſweete, that taſteth not the ſowre.
Call now agayne to mynd thy fyrſt continuing flame;
How didſt thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame?
Hadſt thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy ſwelling eyne?
Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languiſhe away and pyne?
Thoſe greefes and oth rs like were happly overpaſt,
And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the laſt!

From whence thou art now falne, that, rayſed up agayne,
With greater joy a greater whyle in pleaſure mayſt thou raigne.
Compare the preſent while with times y-paſt before,
And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleaſure yet in ſtore.
The whilſt, this little wrong receive thou patiently,
And what of force muſt needes be done, that do thou willingly.
Folly it is to feare that thou canſt not avoyde,
And madnes to deſyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.
To geve to Fortune place, not aye deſerveth blame,
But ſkill it is, according to the times thy ſelfe to frame."
Whilſt to this ſkilfull lore he lent his liſtning eares,
His ſighs are ſtopt, and ſtopped are the conduyts of his teares.
As blackeſt cloudes are chaſed by winters nimble wynde,
So have his reaſons chaced care out of his carefull mynde.
As of a morning fowle enſues an evening fayre,
So baniſht hope returneth hope to baniſh his deſpayre.
Now his affections veale removed from his eyes,
He ſeeth the path that he muſt walke, and reaſon makes him wiſe.
For very ſhame the blood doth flaſhe in both his cheekes,
He thankes the father for his love, and farther ayde he ſeekes.
He ſayth, that ſkilles youth for counſell is unfitte,
And anger oft with haſtines are joynd to want of witte;
But ſound adviſe aboundes in hides with horiſh heares,
For wiſdom is by practiſe wonne, and perfect made by yeares.
But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrences ſkill.
The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
To whom he doth wiſely diſcoorſe of his affaryes at large.
He tells him how he ſhall depart the towne unknowne,
(Both mindeful of his frendes ſafetie, and carefull of his owne)
How he ſhall gyde himſelfe, how he ſhall ſeeke to winne
The frendſhip of the better ſort, how warely to crepe in
The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
Appeaſe the wrath of Eſcalus, and wipe the fault away;
The choller of his foes by gentle meanes aſſuage,
Or els by force and practiſes to bridle quite theyr rage:
And laſt he chargeth hym at his appoynted howre
To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre,
And there with holeſome woordes to ſalve her ſorowes ſmart,
And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.
The old mans woords have filld with joy our Romeus breſt,
And eke the old wyves talke hath ſet our Juliets hart at reſt.
Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?
Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to aſſay;

For, beat with tempeſt great, when they at length eſpye
Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the ſkie,
To cleare the ſhadowde earth by clearnes of his face,
They hope that dreadles they ſhall ronne the remnant of theyr
race;
Yea they aſſure them ſelfe, and quite behind theyr backe
They caſt all doute, and thanke the gods for ſcaping of the
wracke;
But ſtraight the boyſterous windes with greater fury blowe,
And over boord the broken maſt the ſtormy blaſtes doe throwe;
The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
And twice as hye the ſtriving waves begin to roare and ſwell;
With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr life then they had been before.
The golden ſonne was gonne to lodge him in the weſt,
The full moon eke in yonder ſouth had ſent moſt men to reſt;
When reſtles Romeus and reſtles Juliet
In woonted ſort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chamber met.
And from the windowes top downe had he leaped ſcarce,
When ſhe with armes outſtretched wide ſo hard did him embrace,
That wel nigh had the ſprite (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce,
Thus muet ſtood they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would ſpeake, but neither had of ſpeaking any powre;
But on his breſt her hed doth joyleſſe Juliet lay,
And on her ſlender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus ſtay.
Theyr ſcalding ſighes aſcend, and by theyr cheekes downe fall
Theyr trickling teares, as chriſtall cleare, but bitterer far then
gall.
Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
Did kiſſe his love, and wiſely thus hys tale he dyd begin:
"My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpoſe not as now with length of woordes declare
The diverſenes and eke the accidents ſo ſtraunge
Of frayle unconſtant Fortune, that delyteth ſtill in chaunge;
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
Of her ſwift-turning ſlippery wheele, then fleetes her frendſhip
ſtraight.
O wondrous chaunge! even with the twinkling of an eye
Whom erſt herſelfe had rathly ſet in pleaſant place ſo hye,
The ſame in great deſpyte downe hedlong doth ſhe throwe,
And while ſhe treades, and ſpurneth at the lotty ſtate layde lowe,
More ſorow doth ſhe ſhape within an howers ſpace,
Than pleaſure in an hundred yeares; ſo geyſon is her grace.
The proofe whereof in me, alas! too playne apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have foſterd with my teeres,

In proſperous hygh degree, mayntained ſo by fate,
That, as your ſelfe dyd ſee, my foes envyde my noble ſtate.
One thing there was I did above the reſt deſyre,
To which as to the ſovereign good by hope I would aſpyre.
That by our mariage meane we might within a while
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile:
That ſafely ſo we might, not ſtopt by ſturdy ſtriſe,
Unto the bounds that God hath ſet, gyde forth our pleaſant lyfe.
But now, alack! too ſoone my bliſſe is over blowne,
And upſide downe my purpoſe and my enterpriſe are throwne.
And driven from my frendes, of ſtraungers muſt I crave
(O graunt it God!) from daungers dread that I may ſuretie have.
For loe, henceforth I muſt wander in landes unknowne,
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.
Which thing I have thought good to ſet before your eyes,
And to exhort you now to proove yourſelfe a woman wiſe;
That patiently you beare my abſent long abod,
For what above by fatall dome decreed is, that God—"
And more than this to ſay, it ſeemed, he was bent,
But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackiſh tears beſprent,
Brake of his tale begoune, and whilſt his ſpeeche he ſtayde,
Theſe ſelfe ſame woordes, or like to theſe, with dreery cheere ſhe ſaide:
"Why Romeus, can it be, thou haſt ſo hard a hart,
So farre removed from ruth, ſo farre from thinking on my ſmart,
To leave me thus alone, thou cauſe of my diſtreſſe,
Beſeged with ſo great a campe of mortall wretchednеſſe;
That every howre now and moment in a day
A thouſand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away?
Yet ſuch is my mishap, O cruell deſtinye!
That ſtill I lyve, and wish for death, but yet can never dye.
So that juſt cauſe I have to thinke, as ſeemeth me,
That froward Fortune did of late with cruel Death agree,
To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleaſure in my payne,
And triumph in my harme, as in the greateſt hoped gayne.
And thou, the inſtrument of Fortunes cruell will,
Without whoſe ayde ſhe can no way her tyrans luſt fulfill,
Art not a whit aſhamde (as farre as I can ſee)
To caſt me off, when thou haſt culld the better part of me.
Whereby alas! to ſoone, I, feely wretch, do prove,
That all the auncient ſacred laws of friendſhip and of love
Are quelde and quenched quite, ſince he on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my ſtedy truſt was wonted ſtill to ſtay,
For whom I am becomme unto myſelf a foe,
Diſdayneth me, his ſtedfaſt frend, and ſkornes my friendſhip ſo.

Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayſt of two thinges chooſe the one,
Eyther to ſee thy caſtaway, as ſoone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her ſelfe downe from the windowes haight,
And ſo to breake her ſlender necke with all the bodies waight,
Or ſuffer her to be companion of thy payne,
Where ſo thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.
So wholy into thine transformed is my hart,
That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I ſhall part,
So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it ſelfe awaye,
Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may
In ſpite of all thy foes thy preſent partes enjoye,
And in diſtres to beare with thee the half of thine annoye.
Wherefore, in humble ſort, Romeus, I make requeſt,
If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle breſt,
O, let it now have place to reſt within thy hart;
Receve me as thy ſervant, and the fellow of thy ſmart:
Thy abſence is my death, thy ſight ſhall geve me lyfe.
But if perhaps thou ſtand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counſelleſſe? canſt thou no ſhift deviſe?
What letteth but in other weede I may my ſelfe diſguyſe?
What, ſhall I be the firſt? hath none done ſo ere this,
To ſcape the bondage of theyr frends? thyſelfe can aunſwer, yes.
Or doſt thou ſtand in dohte that I thy wife ne can
By ſervice pleaſure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
Or is my loyalte of both accompted leſſe?
Perhaps thou fearſt leſt I for gayne forſake thee in diſtreſſe.
What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
Whoſe brightnes, force, and prayſe, ſometime up to the ſkyes you blew?
My teares, my friendſhip and my pleaſures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke, her cooller pale and ded,
The woorſt of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;
And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
And kiſt her with a loving kyſſe, and thus to her he ſpake:
Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the miſtres of my hart,
For whom, even now, thy ſervant doth abyde in dedly ſmart,
Even for the happy dayes which thou deſyreſt to ſee,
And for the fervent frendſhips ſake that thou doſt owe to mee,
At once theſe fanſies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
To hatten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
Which Natures law and Wiſdoms lore teach every wight to ſhonne.

For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
Thou ſhalt undoo thyſelfe for aye, and me thy truſty frend.
For why?—thy abſence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
And in his rage ſo narowly he will purſue us both,
That we ſhall trye in vayne to ſcape away by flight,
And vainely ſeeke a loorking place to hyde us from his ſight.
Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of ſtrong defence,
Shall cruelly be puniſhed for thy departure hence;
I as a raviſher, thou as a careles childe,
I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
Thinking to lead in eaſe a long contented life,
Shall ſhort our dayes by ſhamefull death:—but if, my loving wife,
Thou baniſh from thy mynde two foes that counſell hath,
(That wont to hinder ſound adviſe) raſhe haſtines and wrath;
If thou be bent to obey the love of reaſons ſkill,
And wiſely by her princely powre ſuppreſſe rebelling will,
If thou our ſafetie ſeeke, more then thine own delight,
(Since ſuretie ſtandes in parting, and thy pleaſures growe of fight,)
Forbeare the cauſe of joy, and ſuffer for a while,
So ſhall I ſafely live abrode, and ſafe torne from exile:
So ſhall no ſlaunders blot thy ſpotles life diſtayne,
So ſhall thy kinſmen be unſtyrd, and I exempt from payne.
And thinke thou not, that aye the cauſe of care ſhall laſt;
Theſe ſtormy broyles ſhall over-blowe, much like a winters blaſt.
For Fortune chaungeth more then tickel fantaſie;
In nothing Fortune conſtant is ſave in unconſtancie.
Her hatly ronning wheele is of a reſtleſs coorſe,
That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorſe,
And thoſe that are beneth ſhe heaveth up agayne:
So we ſhall riſe to pleaſures mount, out of the pit of payne.
Ere foure monthes overpaſſe, ſuch order will I take,
And by my letters and my frendes ſuch meanes I mynd to make,
That of my wandring race ended ſhal be the toyle,
And I cald home with honor great unto my native ſoyle.
But if I be condemned to wander ſtill in thrall,
I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
And then by ſtrength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;
Not in mans weede diſguyſd, or as one ſcarcely knowne,
But as my wife and only feere, in garment of thyne owne.
Wherefore repreſſe at once the paſſions of thy hart,
And where there is no cauſe of greete, cauſe hope to heale thy ſmart.

For of this one thyng thou mayſt well aſſured bee,
That nothing els but onely death ſhall ſunder me from thee."
The reaſons that he made did ſeeme of ſo great waight,
And had with her ſuch force, that ſhe to him gan aunſwere ſtraight:
" Deere Syr, nought els wiſh I but to obey your will;
But ſure where ſo you go, your hart with me ſhall tarry ſtill,
As ſigne and certaine pledge, tyll here I ſhall you ſee,
Of all the powre that over you yourſelfe did graunt to me;
And in his ſtead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
One promeſſe crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
The tydinges of your health, and howe your doutfull caſe ſhall ſtand.
And all the wery whyle that you ſhall ſpend abrode,
Cauſe me from time to time to know the place of your abode."
His eyes did guſh out teares, a ſigh brake from his breſt,
When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the heſt.
Thus theſe two lovers paſſe awaye the wery night,
In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleaſure and delight.
But now, ſomewhat too ſoone, in fartheſt eaſt aroſe
Fayre Lucifer, the golden ſtarre that lady Venus choſe;
Whoſe courſe appoynted is with ſpedy race to ronne,
A meſſenger of dawning daye, and of the ryſing ſonne.
Then freſh Aurora with her pale and ſilver glade
Did cleare the ſkies, and from the earth had chaſed ougly ſhade.
When thou ne lookeſt wide, ne clolely doſt thou winke,
When Phœbus from our hemiſphere in weſterne wave doth ſinke,
What cooller then the heavens do ſhew unto thine eyes,
The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſterne ſkies.
As yet he ſawe no day, ne could he call it night,
With equall force decreaſing darke ſought with increaſing light.
Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
With frendly kiſſe, and ruthfully the gan her knight beholde.
With ſolemne othe they both theyr ſorrowfull leave do take;
They ſweare no ſtormy troubles ſhall theyr ſteady friendſhip ſhake.
Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
And in her chaumber ſecretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
Now hugy cloudes of care, of ſorrow, and of dread,
The clearnes of theyr gladſome harts hath wholy overſpread.
When golden-creſted Phœbus boſteth him in ſkye,
And under earth, to ſcape revenge, his deadly foe doth flye,
Then hath theſe lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,
For eche of them to other is as to the world the ſonne.

The dawning they ſhall ſee, no ſommer any more,
But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over ſore.
The wery watch diſcharged did hye them home to ſlepe,
The warders, and the ſkowtes were charged theyr place and courſe to kepe,
And Verone gates awide the porters had ſet open.
When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence ſpoken,
Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
He ſpurd apace, and came, withouten ſtoppe or ſtay,
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he ſent his man away
With woordes of comfort to his old afflicted fyre;
And ſtraight, in mynde to ſojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre,
And with the nobler ſort he doth himſelfe acquaynt,
And he of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
He practiſeth by frends for pardon of exile;
The whilſt, he ſeeketh every way his ſorrowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole that burneth in his breſt?
Alas! his cares denye his hart the ſweete deſyred reſt;
No time findes he of myrth, he ſyndes no place of joy,
But every thing occaſion gives of ſorrowe and annoye.
For when in toorning ſkies the heavens lamps are light,
And from the other hemiſphere fayr Phœbus chaſeth night,
When every man and beaſt hath reſt from paynefull toyle,
Then in the breſt of Romeus his paſſions gin to boyle.
Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,
And then his ſighs the chaumber fill, and out aloude he cries
Againſt the reſtles ſtarres in rolling ſkies that raunge,
Againſt the fatall ſiſters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.
Eche night a thouſand times he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titans reſtles ſteedes of reſtines do ſtay;
Or that at length they have ſome bayting place found out,
Or, gyded yll, have loſt theyr way and wandered farre about.
While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he ſpendeth,
The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth.
Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?
In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone:
For if his feeres rejoyce, what cauſe hath he to joy,
That wanteth ſtill his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves enjoye?
But if with heavy cheere they ſhew their inward greefe,
He wayleth moſt his wretchedneſs that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abrode the prayſe of ladies blowne,
Within his thought he ſcorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.

When pleaſant ſonges he heares, wheile others do rejoyce,
The melodye of muſicke doth ſtyrre up his mourning voyce.
But if in ſecret place he walke ſome where alone,
The place itſelfe and ſecretnes redoubleth all his mone.
Then ſpeakes he to the beaſtes, to feathered fowles and trees,
Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what ſo beſide he ſees.
To them he ſheweth his ſmart, as though they reaſon had,
Eche thing may cauſe his heavines, but nought may make him glad.
And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
The ſunne he curſeth, and the howre when firſt his eyes ſaw light.
And as the night and day theyr courſe do enterchaunge,
So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchaunge.
In abſence of her knight the lady no way could
Kepe trewce betweene her greefes and her, though nere ſo fayne ſhe would;
And though with greater payne ſhe cloked ſorowes ſmart,
Yet did her paled face diſcloſe the paſſions of her hart.
Her ſighing every howre, her weeping every where,
Her recheles heede of meate, of ſlepe, and wearing of her geare,
The carefull mother marks; then of her helth afrayde,
Becauſe the greefes increaſed ſtill, thus to her child ſhe ſayde:
"Deere daughter if you ſhoulde long languiſhe in this ſort,
I ſtand in doute that over-ſoone your ſorrowes will make ſhort
Your loving father's life and myne, that love you more
Than our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore
Your greefe and payne, yourſelfe on joy your thought to ſet,
For time it is that now you ſhould our Tybalts death forget.
Of whom ſince God hath claymd the life that was but lent,
He is in bliſſe, ne is there cauſe why you ſhould thus lament;
You cannot call him backe with teares and ſhrikinges ſhrill:
It is a fault thus ſtill to grudge at Gods appoynted will."
The ſeely ſoule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
No longer could ſhe hide her harme, but aunſwered thus agayne,
With heavy broken ſighes, with viſage pale and ded:
"Madame, the laſt of Tybalts teares a great while ſince I ſhed;
Whoſe ſpring hath been ere this ſo lade out by me,
That empty quite and moyſtureleſs I geſſe it now to be.
So that my payned hart by condyytes of the eyne
No more henceforth (as wont it was) ſhall guſh forth dropping bryne.
The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace ſhe warely hent.

But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
Still more and more ſhe ſaw increaſt her daughters wonted ſorrow,
All meanes ſhe ſought of her and houſhold folk to know
The certain roote whereon her greeſe and booteleſs mone doth growe.
But lo, ſhe hath in vayne her time and labour lore,
Wherefore without all meaſure is her hart tormented ſore.
And ſith herſelfe could not fynde out the cauſe of care,
She thought it good to tell the fyre how ill this childe did fare.
And when ſhe ſaw her time, thus to her feere ſhe ſayde:
" Syr, if you mark our daughter well, the countenance of the mayde,
And how ſhe fareth ſince that Tybalt unto death
Before his time, forſt by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
Her face ſhall ſeeme ſo chaunged, her doynges eke ſo ſtraunge,
That you will greatly wonder at ſo great and ſodain chaunge.
Not only ſhe forbeares her meate, her drinke, and ſleepe,
But now ſhe tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
No greater joy hath ſhe, nothing contents her hart
So much, as in the chaumber cloſe to ſhut her ſelfe apart:
Where ſhe doth ſo torment her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger ſtands her lyfe, except ſome help ſhe finde.
But, out alas! I ſee not how it may be founde,
Unleſſe that fyrſt we might tynd whence her ſorowes thus abounde.
For though with buſy care I have employde my wit,
And uſed all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could booye;
She hydeth cloſe within her breſt her ſecret ſorowes roote.
This was my fyrſt conceite,—that all her ruth aroſe
Out of her coſin Tybalts death, late ſlayne of deadly foes.
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath wrought.
Her ſelfe aſſured me that many days agoe
She ſhed the laſt of Tybalts teares; which words amaſd me ſo
That I then could not geſſe what thing els might her greeve:
But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve
The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne
Is grudging envies faint diſeaſe; perchance ſhe doth diſdayne
To ſee in wedlocke yoke the moſt part of her feeres,
Whilſt only ſhe unmarried doth loſe ſo many yeres.
And more perchaunce ſhe thinkes you mynd to kepe her ſo;
Wherefore diſpayring doth ſhe weare herſelfe away with woe.

Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;
For why? a brickle thing is glaſſe, and frayle is ſkilleſſe youth.
Joyne her at once to ſomme in linke of marriage,
That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age:
So ſhall you baniſh care out of your daughters breſt,
So we her parentes, in our age, ſhall live in quiet reſt."
Whereto gan eaſely her huſband to agree,
And to the mothers ſkilfull talke thus ſtraightway aunſwered he.
"Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all theſe things ere this,
But evermore my mynd me gave, it ſhould not be amiſſe
By farther leyſure had a huſband to provyde;
Scarce ſaw ſhe yet full ſixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
But ſince her ſtate doth ſtande on termes ſo perilous,
And that a mayden daughter is a treaſure daungerous,
With ſo great ſpe de I will endeavour to procure
A huſband for our daughter yong, her ſicknes fayut to cure,
That you ſhall reſt content, ſo warely will I chooſe,
And ſhe recover ſoone enough the time ſhe ſeemes to looſe.
The whilſt ſeek you to learne, if ſhe in any part
Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
Leſt we have more reſpect to honor and to welth,
Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth:
Whom I doo hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
And rather with in poore eſtate and daughterles to dye,
Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to ſuch a one,
Whoſe chorliſh dealing, (I once dead) ſhould be her cauſe of mone."

This pleaſaunt aunſwer heard, the lady partes agayne,
And Capilet, the maydens fyre, within a day or twayne,
Conferreth with his frendes for marriage of his daughter,
And many gentilmen there were, with buſy care that fought her;
Both, for the mayden was well-ſhaped, yong and fayre,
As alſo well brought up, and wiſe; her fathers onely heyre.
Emong the reſt was one inflamde with her deſyre,
Who county Paris cleeped was; an earle he had to fyre.
Of all the ſuters hym the father lyketh beſt,
And eaſely unto the ende he maketh his beheſt,
Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
To win his wyfe unto his will, and to perſuade the mayde.
The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful huſband ſay
How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;
Ne did ſhe ſeeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
But ſtraight ſhe hyeth to Juliet; to her ſhe telles, apart,
What happy talke, by meane of her, was paſt no rather
Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father.

The perſon of the man, the features of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and ſeemely grace,
With curious woordes ſhe payntes before her daughters eyes,
And then with ſtore of vertues prayſe ſhe heaves him to the ſkyes.
She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
Whereby ſhe ſayth, both ſhe and hers in great delight ſhall live.
When Juliet conceved her parentes whole entent,
Whereto both love and reaſons right forbod her to aſſent,
Within herſelfe ſhe thought rather than be forſworne,
With horſes wilde her tender partes aſunder ſhould be torne.
Not now, with baſhful brow, in wonted wiſe, ſhe ſpake,
But with unwonted boldnes ſtraight into theſe wordes ſhe brake:
"Madame, I marvell much, that you ſo lavaſſe are
Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
As thus to yelde me up at pleaſure of another,
Before you know if I do lyke or els miſlike my lover.
Doo what you liſt; but yet of this aſſure you ſtill,
If you do as you ſay you will, I yelde not there unſtill.
For had I choyſe of twayne, farre rather would I chooſe
My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to looſe,
Then graunt that he poſſeſs of me the ſmalleſt part:
Fyrſt, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares ſhall kill my hart;
Els will I perce my breſt with ſharpe and bloody knife;
And you, my mother, ſhall becomme the murdreſſe of my lyfe,
In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
Ne ought, to love: wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,
To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;
Ceaſe all your troubles for my ſake, and care for me no more;
But ſuffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to ſpill.
For whilſt you for the beſt deſyre to place me ſo,
You haſt away my lingring death, and double all my woe."
So deepe this aunſwere made the ſorrowes downe to ſinke
Into the mothers breſt, that ſhe ne knoweth what to thinke
Of theſe her daughters woords, but all appalde ſhe ſtandes,
And up unto the heavens ſhe throwes her wondring head and handes.
And nigh beſyde her ſelfe, her huſband hath ſhe ſought;
She telles him all; ſhe doth forget ne yet ſhe hydeth ought.
The teſty old man, wroth, diſdainfull without meaſure,
Sendes forth his folke in haſte for her, and byds them take no leyſure;

Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorſe,
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
The meſſage heard, they part, to fetch that they muſt fet,
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
Arrived in the place, when ſhe her father ſaw,
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter ſtoode in awe,
The ſervantes ſent away (the mother thought it meete),
The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,
Which ſhe doth waſh with teares as ſhe thus groveling lyes;
So faſt and eke ſo plenteouſly diſtill they from her eyes:
When ſhe to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
Muet ſhe is; for ſighes and ſobs her fearefull talke have broken.
The fyre, whoſe ſwelling wroth her teares could not aſſwage,
With fiery eyen, and ſkarlet cheekes, thus ſpake her in his rage
(Whilſt ruthfully ſtood by the maydens mother mylde):
"Liſten (quoth he) unthankfull and thou diſobedient childe;
Haſt thou ſo ſoone let ſlip out of thy mynde the woord,
That thou ſo often times haſt heard rehearſed at my boord?
How much the Romayne youth of parentes ſtoode in awe,
And eke what powre upon theyr ſeede the parentes had by lawe?
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and ſell,
(When ſo they ſtoode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
The parentes had the powre of lyfe and ſodayn death.
What if thoſe good men ſhould agayne receeve the living breth?
In how ſtraight bondes would they the ſtubborne body bynde?
What weapons would they ſeeke for thee? what torments would they fynde,
To chaſten, if they ſaw the lewdneſs of thy life,
Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and ſhameful ſlurdy ſtryfe?
Such care thy mother had, ſo deere thou wert to mee,
That I with long and earneſt ſute provyded have for thee
One of the greateſt lordes that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues take a man of great renowne.
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
So rich ere long he ſhal be left, his fathers welth is ſuch,
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
From whence his father came: and yet thou playeſt in this caſe
The dainty foole and ſtubborne gyrle; for want of ſkill
Thou doſt refuſe thy offered weale, and diſobey my will.
Even by his ſtrength I ſweare, that fyrſt did geve me lyfe,
And gave me in my youth the ſtrength to get thee on my wyfe,
Onleſſe by Wenſday next thou bend as I am bent,
And at our caſtle cald Freetowne thou freely do aſſent
To Countie Paris ſute, and promiſe to agree
To whatſoever then ſhall paſſe twixt him, my wife, and me,

Not only will I geve all that I have away
From thee, to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honor, and obay,
But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gayle
I ſhall thee wed, for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fayle
A thouſand times a day to wiſhe for ſodayn death,
And curſe the day and howre when fyrſt thy lunges did geve thee breath.
Adviſe thee well, and ſay that thou are warned now,
And thinke not that I ſpeake in ſporte, or mynde to break my vowe.
For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
My fayth, which I muſt keepe unfalſt, my honor ſo to ſave,
Ere thou go hence, my ſelfe would ſee thee chaſtned ſo,
That thou ſhouldſt once for all be taught thy dutie how to knowe;
And what revenge of olde the angry fyres did fynde
Agaynſt theyre children that rebeld, and ſhewd them ſelfe unkinde."
Theſe ſayde, the olde man ſtraight is gone in haſte away;
Ne for his daughters aunſwere would the teſty father ſtay.
And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore,
Then ſhe that oft had ſeene the fury of her fyre,
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther flyrre his yre.
Unto her chaumber ſhe withdrew her ſelfe aparte,
Where ſhe was wonted to unlode the ſorrows of her hart.
There did ſhe not ſo much buſy her eyes in ſleping,
As (overpreſt with reſtles thoughts) in piteous booteleſs weeping.
The faſt falling of teares make not her teares decreaſe,
Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cauſe of plaint to ceaſe.
So that to thend the mone and ſorow may decaye,
The beſt is that ſhe ſeeke ſomme meane to take the cauſe away.
Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forſakes,
And to ſaint Frauncis church, to maſſe, her way devoutly takes.
The fryer forth is calde; ſhe prayes him heare her ſhrift;
Devotion is in ſo young yeres a rare and pretious gyft.
When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
In mynde to powre foorth all the greeſe that inwardly ſhe feeles,
With ſighes and ſalted teares her ſhriving doth beginne,
For ſhe of heaped ſorowes hath to ſpeake, and not of ſinne.
Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,
And haſty ſobs, when ſhe would ſpeake, brake of her woordes perforce.

But as ſhe may, peace meale, ſhe powreth in his lappe
The mariage newes, a miſchefe new, prepared by miſhappe;
Her parentes promiſe erſt to Counte Paris paſt,
Her fathers threats ſhe telleth him, and thus concludes at laſt:
" Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;
For ſince I know I may not be the wedded wife of twaine,
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)
My purpoſe is as ſoone as I ſhall hence my jorney take,
With theſe two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I ſtretch,
The haſty death which I deſyre, unto my ſelfe to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed ſprite ſhall witnes to the ſkye,
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
Have kept my fayth unbroke, ſtedfaſt unto my frend."
When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,
Her gaſing here and there, her feerce and ſtaring looke,
Did witnes that ſome lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
Whereat the fryer aſtonde, and gaſtfully afrayde
Leſt ſhe by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he ſayde:
" Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you ſpake?
I pray you, graunt me one requeſt, for bleſſed Maries ſake.
Meaſure ſome what your greefe, hold here a while your peace,
Whilſt I bethinke me of your eaſe, your plaint and ſorowes ceaſe.
Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
And for thaſſaults of Fortunes yre prepare ſo ſure defence,
So holeſome ſalve will I for your afflictions fynde,
That you ſhall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."
His wordes have chaſed ſtraight out of her hart deſpayre,
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haſte is to the chaumber gonne;
Where ſundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryſe;
The old mans forefight divers doutes hath ſet before his eyes.
His conſcience one while condemns it for a ſinne
To let her take Paris to ſpouſe, ſince he him ſelfe hath byn
The cheſeſt cauſe that ſhe unknown to father or to mother,
Nor five monthes paſt, in that ſelfe place was wedded to another.
An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
His reſtles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
Even of itſelfe thattempte he judgeth perilous;
The execution eke he demes ſo much more daungerous,
That to a womans grace he muſt him ſelfe commit,
That yong is, ſimple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.

For, if ſhe fayle in ought, the matter publiſhed,
Both ſhe and Romeus were undonne, him ſelfe eke puniſhed.
When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had caſt,
With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at laſt;
He thought he rather would in hazard ſet his fame,
Then ſuffer ſuch adultery. Reſolving on the ſame,
Out of his cloſet ſtraight he tooke a little glaſſe,
And then with double haſt retornde where woful Juliet was;
Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, ſcarce drawing breath,
Attending ſtill to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;
"On Wenſday next, (quoth Juliet) ſo doth my father ſay,
I muſt geve my conſent; but, as I do remember,
The ſolemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September."
"Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere ſee thou be,
For loe! ſainct Frauncis of his grace hath ſhewde a way to me,
By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
Out of the bondage which you feare, aſſuredly deliver.
Even from the holy font thy huſband have I knowne,
And, ſince he grew in yeres, have kept his counſels as myne owne.
For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
And often have I cured him of anguiſh and of ſmart:
I knowe that by deſert his frendſhip I have wonne,
And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre ſonne.
Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me
To right or to revenge the wrong by my adviſe,
Or timely to prevent the ſame in any other wiſe.
And ſith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
For Romeus friendſhip ſake, and ſeeke thy anguiſh to remove,
And dredful torments, which thy hart beſegen rounde;
Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counſels founde.
Forget not what I ſay, ne tell it any wight,
Not to the nurce thou truſteſt ſo, as Romeus is thy knight.
For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy life,
My fame or ſhame, his weale or woe that choſe thee to his wyfe.
Thou art not ignorant, becauſe of ſuch renowne
As every where is ſpred of me, but chefely in this towne,
That in my youthfull dayes abrode I travayled,
Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited;
So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a geſt,
I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet reſt,
But, in the deſert woodes, to beaſtes of cruell kinde,
Or on the ſeas to drenching waves, at pleaſure of the winde,

I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,
And to a thouſand daungers more, by water and by lande.
But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn;
Beſide the great contentednes my ſprete abydeth in,
That by the pleaſant thought of paſſed thinges doth grow,
One private fruto more have I pluckd, which thou ſhalt ſhortly know:
What force the ſtones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I have ſought out, with payne I did them prove;
With them eke can I helpe my ſelfe at times of my behove,
(Although the ſcience be againſt the lawes of men)
When ſodayn daunger forceth me; but yet moſt cheefly when
The worke to doe is leaſt diſpleaſing unto God
(Not helping to do any ſin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)
For ſince in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
And that my death drawes nere, whoſe ſtripe I may not ſhonne,
But ſhall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde;
When love and fond deſyre were boyling in my breſt,
Whence hope and dred by ſtriving thoughts had baniſhd frendly reſt.
Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the ſkye,
Long ſince I did finde out, and yet the waye I knowe,
Of certain rootes and favory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,
And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an howre aſlone the taker ſo,
And maſtreth all his ſences, that he feeleth weale nor woe:
And ſo it burieth up the ſprite and living breath,
That even the ſkilful lecche would ſay, that he is ſtayne by death.
One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this;
The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;
But paineleſs as a man that thinketh nought at all,
Into a ſweete and quiet ſlepe immediately doth fall;
From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
Longer or ſhorter is the time before the ſleper waketh:
And thence (the effect once wrought) againe it doth reſtore
Him that receaved unto the ſtate wherein he was before.
Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.

Caſt of from thee at once the weede of womanniſh dread,
With manly courage arme thyſelfe from heele unto the head;
For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy breſt
The happy happe or yll miſhappe of thy affayre doth reſt.
Receve this vyoll ſmall and kepe it as thine eye;
And on the marriage day, before the ſunne doe cleare the ſkye,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drink it of, and thou ſhalt feele throughout eche vayne and lym
A pleaſant ſlumber ſlyde, and quite diſpred at length
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly ſtrength;
Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes ſhall reſt,
No pulſe ſhall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow breſt.
But thou ſhalt lye as ſhe that dyeth in a traunce:
Thy kinſmen and thy truſty frendes ſhall wayle the ſodayne chaunce;
The corps then will they bring to grave in this churcheyarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a coſtly tombe preparde,
Both for them ſelfe and eke for thoſe that ſhould come after,
(Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou ſhalt reſt, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua ſende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
And when out of thy ſlepe thou ſhalt awake agayne,
Then may'ſt thou goe with him from hence; and, healed of thy payne,
In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleaſant lyfe;
And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when ceaſe ſhall all the ſtryfe,
And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
My ſelfe may finde ſo fit a time theſe ſecretes to diſcloſe,
Both to my prayſe, and to thy tender parentes joy,
That dangerles, without reproche, thou ſhalt thy love enjoy."
When of his ſkilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
To which our Juliet ſo well her care and wits did bend,
That ſhe hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleaſant thought,
And then to him ſhe ſayd—"Doubt not but that I will
With ſtout and unapauled hart your happy heſt fulfill.
Yea, if I wiſt it were a venemous deedly drinke,
Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane ſhould ſinke,
Then I, not drinking it, into his handes ſhould fall,
That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
To greateſt daunger yeld my ſelfe, and to the deedly ſmart,

To come to him on whom my life doth wholly ſtay,
That is my onely harts delight, and ſo he ſhall be aye."
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
God graunt he ſo confirme in thee thy preſent will,
That no inconſtant toy thee let thy promiſe to fulfill."
A thouſand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,
And homeward to her fathers houſe joyfull ſhe doth retyre;
And as with ſtately gate ſhe paſſed through the ſtreate,
She ſaw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,
In mynde to aſke if ſhe her purpoſe yet dyd hold,
In mynde alſo, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde;
Wherefore with pleaſant face, and with her wonted chere,
As ſoone as ſhe was unto her approched ſumwhat nere,
Before the mother ſpake, thus did ſhe fyrſt begyn:
"Madame, at ſainct Frauncis churche have I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode a longer while, perceaſe,
Then dewty would; yet have I not been abſent from this place
So long a while, without a great and juſt cauſe why;
This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erſt lyke to dye,
Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted breſt,
Releaſed from affliction, reſtored is to reſt!
For lo! my troubled goſt, alas too ſore diſeaſde
By goſtly counſell and adviſe hath fryer Lawrence eaſde;
To whom I dyd at large diſcourſe my former lyfe,
And in confeſſion did I tell of all our paſſed ſtryfe:
Of Counte Paris ſute, and how my lord, my fyre,
By my ungrate and ſtubborne ſtryfe I ſtyrred unto yre;
But lo, the holy fryer hath by his goſtly lore
Made me another woman now than I had been before.
By ſtrength of argumentes he charged ſo my mynde,
That, though I ſought, no ſure defence my ſearching thought could finde.
So forced I was at length to yeld up wides will,
And promiſt to be ordered by the fryers prayſed ſkill.
Wherefore, albeit I had raſhely, long before,
The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forſwore,
Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleaſure to fulfill.
Wherefore in humble wiſe, dere madam, I you pray,
To go unto my lord and fyre, withouten long delay;
Of hym fyrſt pardon crave of faultes already paſt,
And ſhew him, if it pleaſeth you, his child is now at laſt
Obedient to his juſt and to his ſkilfull heſt,
And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wenſday next, be preſt

To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole aſſent,
And take him for my lord and ſpouſe; thus fully am I bent;
And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
Unto my cloſet fare I now, to ſearche and to chooſe out
The braveſt garmentes and the richeſt jewels there,
Which, better him to pleaſe, I mynde on Wenſday next to weare;
For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my ſhape."
The ſimple mother was rapt into great delight;
Not halfe a word could ſhe bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
With nimble foote ſhe ran, and with unwonted pace,
Unto her penſive huſband, and to him with pleaſant face
She tolde what ſhe had heard, and prayſeth much the fryer;
And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-herded ſyer.
With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his hart,
And then he ſayth: "This is not, wyfe, the fryers firſt deſart;
Oft hath he ſhowde to us great frendſhip heretofore,
By helping us at nedefull times with wiſdomes pretious lore.
In all our common weale ſcarce one is to be founde
But is, for ſomme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
But twenty of his paſſed yeres might purchaſe him agayne!
So much in recompence of frendſhip would I geve,
So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve."
Theſe ſaid, the glad old man from home goeth ſtraight abrode,
And to the ſtately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
Whom he deſyres to be on Wenſday next his geaſt,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a coſtly feaſt.
But loe, the earle ſaith, ſuch feaſting were but loſt,
And counſels him till mariage time to ſpare ſo great a coſt.
For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;
The whilſt, his hart deſyreth ſtill her ſight, and not his meate.
He craves of Capilet that he may ſtraight goe ſee
Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
She warneth and ſhe chargeth her that in no wyſe ſhe ſpare
Her courteous ſpeche, her pleaſant lookes, and commely grace,
But liberally to geve them foorth when Paris comes in place:
Which ſhe as cunningly could ſet forth to the ſhew,
As cunning craftſman to the ſale do ſet theyr wares on rew;
That ere the County dyd out of her ſight depart,
So ſecretly unwares to him ſhe ſtale away his hart,

That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;
And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre,
And with importune ſute the parents doth he pray
The wedlocke knot to knit ſoone up, and haſt the mariage day.
The woer hath paſt forth the fyrſt day in this ſort,
And many other more then this, in pleaſure and diſport.
At length the wiſhed time of long hoped delight
(As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approched heavy plight.
Agaynſt the brydall day the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, ſuch furniture, ſuch ſtore of dainty fare,
That they which did behold the ſame the night before,
Did thinke and ſay, a man could ſcarcely wiſh for any more.
Nothing did ſeeme to deere; the deereſt thinges were bought;
And, as the written ſtory ſayth, in dede there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, and honor of his ſtocke;
But Juliet, the whilſt, her thoughts within her breſt did locke;
Even from the truſty nurce, whoſe ſecretnes was tride,
The ſecret counſell of her hart the nurce-childe ſeekes to hyde.
For ſith, to mocke her dame, ſhe did not ſticke to lye,
She thought no ſinne with ſhew of truth to blear her nurces eye.
In chaumber ſecretly the tale ſhe gan renew,
That at the doore ſhe told her dame, as though it had been trew.
The flattring nurce dyd prayſe the fryer for his ſkill,
And ſaid that ſhe had done right well by wit to order will.
She ſetteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her the ſecond marriage;
And County Paris now ſhe prayſeth ten times more,
By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right had Romeus prayſde before.
Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill, Romeus ſhall not retourne;
What ſhall it boote her all her lyfe to languiſhe ſtill and mourne.
The pleaſures paſt before ſhe muſt account as gayne;
But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one ſhe ſhall have twayne.
The one ſhall uſe her as his lawful wedded wyfe;
In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;
And beſt ſhall ſhe be ſped of any townliſh dame,
Of huſband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
Theſe words and like the nurce did ſpeake, in hope to pleaſe,
But greatly did theſe wicked wordes the ladies mynde diſeaſe;
But ay ſhe hid her wrath, and ſeemed well content,
When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceved her howre aproched nere,
She ſought, the beſt ſhe could, to fayne, and temperd so her cheere,
That by her outward looke no living wight could geſſe
Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her diſtreſſe.

Unto her chaumber doth the penſive wight repayre,
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the ſtayre.
In Juliets chaumber was her wonted uſe to lye;
Wherefore her miſtres, dreading that ſhe ſhould her work deſcrye,
As ſoone as ſhe began her pallet to unfold,
Thinking to lye that night where ſhe was wont to lye of olde,
Doth gently pray her ſeeke her lodging ſome where els;
And, leſt the crafty ſhould ſuſpect, a ready reaſon telles,
"Dere frend, quoth ſhe, you knowe, tómorow is the day
Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpoſe is to pray
Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the ſkyes,
And order all the courſe of thinges as they can beſt devyſe,
That they ſo ſmyle upon the doinges of tomorow,
That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from ſorow:
Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
But ſee that you tomorow comme before the dawning light,
For you muſt coorle my heare, and ſet on my attyre;"—
And eaſely the loving nurce did yelde to her deſyre.
For ſhe within her hed dyd caſt before no doute;
She little knew the cloſe attempt her nurce-child went about.
The nurce departed once, the chamber doore ſhut cloſe,
Aſſured that no living wight her doing might diſcloſe,
She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,
Water, out of a ſilver ewer, that on the boorde ſtoode by her.
The ſlepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
Under her bolſter ſoft, and ſo unto her bed ſhe hyed:
Where divers novel thoughts ariſe within her hed,
And ſhe is ſo invironed about with deadly dred,
That what before ſhe had reſolved undoubtedly
The ſame ſhe calleth into doute: and lying doutefully
Whilſt honeſt love did ſtrive with dred of dedly payne,
With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan ſhe to complaine:
"What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
So much unfortunate as I? ſo much paſt hope as I?
What, am I not my ſelfe, of all that yet were borne,
The depeſt drenched in diſpayre, and moſt in Fortunes ſkorne?
For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
Beſide miſhap and wretchednes and anguiſh of the mynde;
Since that the cruell cauſe of my unhapines
Hath put me to this ſo layne plonge, and brought to ſuch diſtres.
As, to the end I may my name and conſcience ſave,
I muſt devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
Whoſe working and whoſe force as yet I do not know.—"
And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe:

"What do I know, (quoth ſhe) if that this powder ſhall
Sooner or later then it ſhould or els not woorke at all?
And then my craft deſcryde as open as the day,
The peoples tale and laughing ſtocke ſhall I remayne for aye.
And what know I, quoth ſhe, if ſerpentes odious,
And other beaſtes and wormes that are of nature venomous,
That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,
Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I ſhall lye as ded?—
Or how ſhall I that alway have in ſo freſhe ayre been bred,
Endure the loathſome ſtinke of ſuch an heaped ſtore
Of carcaſes, not yet conſumde, and bones that long before
Intombed were, where I my ſleping place ſhall have,
Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindreds common grave?
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
Fynd me, if I awake before, y-ſtifled in the tombe?"
And whilſt ſhe in theſe thoughts doth dwell ſomwhat too long,
The force of her ymagining anon doth waxe ſo ſtrong,
That ſhe ſurmiſde ſhe ſaw, out of the hollow vaulte,
A griſly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;
Right in the ſelfe ſame ſort that ſhe few dayes before
Had ſeene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded ſore.
And then when ſhe agayne within her ſelfe had wayde
That quicke ſhe ſhould be buried there, and by his ſide be layde,
All comfortles, for ſhe ſhall living feere have none,
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;
Her daynty tender partes gan ſhever all for dred,
Her golden heares did ſtande upright upon her chilliſh hed.
Then preſſed with the feare that ſhe there lived in,
A ſweate as colde as mountayne yce pearſt through her ſlender ſkin,
That with the moyſture hath wet every part of hers:
And more beſides, ſhe vainely thinkes, whilſt vainly thus ſhe feares,
A thouſand bodies dead have compaſt her about,
And leſt they will diſmember her ſhe greatly ſtandes in doute.
But when ſhe felt her ſtrength began to weare away,
By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreaſed ay,
Dreading that weaknes might, or fooliſh cowardiſe,
Hinder the execution of the purpoſde enterpriſe,
As ſhe had frantike been, in haſt the glaſſe ſhe cought,
And up ſhe dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.

Then on her breſt ſhe croſt her armes long and ſmall,
And ſo, her ſenſes fayling her, into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his ſeemely hed,
And from the Eaſt in open ſkies his gliſtring rayes diſpred,
The nurce unſhut the doore, for ſhe the key did keepe,
And douting ſhe had ſlept to long, ſhe thought to breake her ſlepe;
Fyrſt ſoftly dyd ſhe call, then lowder thus did crye,
"Lady, you ſlepe to long, the earle will rayſe you by and by."
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe ſhe calles,
She thinkes to ſpeake to Juliet, but ſpeaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyſe that might on earth be found,
Or on the roaring ſeas, or if the dredfull thunders ſound,
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
The ſleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
So were the ſprites of lyfe ſhut up, and ſenſes thrald;
Wherewith the ſeely carefull nurce was wondrouſly apalde.
She thought to daw her now as ſhe had donne of olde,
But loe, ſhe found her parts were ſtiffe and more than marble colde;
Neither at mouth nor noſe found ſhe recourſe of breth;
Two certaine argumentes were theſe of her untimely death.
Wherefore as one diſtraught ſhe to her mother ranne,
With ſcratched face, and heare betorne, but no word ſpeake ſhe can,
At laſt with much adoe, "Dead (quoth ſhe) is my childe!"
Now, "Out, alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tigre wilde,
Whoſe whelpes, whilſt ſhe is gonne out of her den to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary awhy;
So raging forth ſhe ran unto her Juliets bed,
And there ſhe found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
Then ſhriked ſhe out as lowde as ſerve her would her breth,
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde ſhe out on death;
"Ah cruell death (quoth ſhe) that thus againſt all right,
Haſt ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worſt to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
Even in deſpite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
Whereto ſlay'ſt, alas! ſince Juliet is gonne?
Whereto live I ſince ſhe is dead, except to wayle and mone?
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee ſhall never ceaſe;
But as my dayes of lyfe increaſe, ſo ſhall my plaint increaſe:
Still ſtore of ſorow ſhall afflict my tender hart,
That dedly pangs, when they aſſayle, ſhall not augment my ſmart."
Then ran ſhe ſo to ſobbe, it ſeemde her hart would braſt;
And while ſhe cryeth thus, behold, the father at the laſt,

The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,
For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so the feast;
But when the heavy news the byden geastes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr count'nance and theyr cheere,
Might easely have judgde by that that they had seene,
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.
But more than all the rest the fathers hart was so
Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to speake, but long is forst his teares and plaint to kepe.
In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent;
And, hearing of her passed life, they judge with one assent
The cause of this her death was inward care and thought;
And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought.
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,
The same was it in which through Veron town was spred
The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.
For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,
That it might seeme to him that would the common plaint behold,
That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy;
So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.
For lo, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,
With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues prayses grew,
She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,
She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,
Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemone.
Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,
A frier of his house, (there never was a better,
He trusted him even as himselfe) to whom he gave a letter,
In which he written had of every thing at length,
That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders strength;
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke;
Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,
(Till fickell Fortune favour him,) disguysde in mans aray.
This letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his brother;
He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other,

Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;
And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted gyſe
That friers in the towne ſhould ſeldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye ſhould be accompanide with one
Of his profeſſion, ſtraight a houſe he fyndeth out,
In mynd to take ſome fryer with him, to walke the towne about.
But entred once, he might not iſſue out agayne,
For that a brother of the houſe a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, a ſicknes which they greatly feare and hate:
So were the brethren charged to keepe within their covent gate,
Bard of theyr fellowſhip that in the towne do wonne;
The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers houſe to ſhonne,
Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome ſhould renew;
Whereof, as you ſhall ſhortly heare, a miſcheefe great there grewe.
The fryer by this reſtraint, beſet with dred and ſorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;
And then he thought in time to ſend to Romeus.
But whilſt at Mantua, where he was, theſe doinges framed thus,
The towne of Juliets byrth was wholy buſied
About her obſequies, to ſee theyr darling buried.
Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
And now to ſorow is retornde the joy of every one;
And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they chaunge,
And Hymene into a dyrge;—alas! it ſeemeth ſtraunge:
Inſteade of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,
And whom they ſhould ſee married, they follow to the grave.
The feaſt that ſhould have been of pleaſure and of joy,
Hath every diſh and cup fild full of ſorow and annoye.
Now throughout Italy this common uſe they have,
That all the beſt of every ſtocke are earthed in the grave;
For every houſhold, if it be of any fame;
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the houſhoulde's name;
Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,
They are beſtowde; els in the fame no other corps may lye.
The Capilets her corps in ſuch a one did lay,
Where Tybalt ſlaine of Romeus was layde the other day.
An other uſe there is, that whoſoever dyes,
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding ſheet.
So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus man did meete

His maſters wife; the ſight with ſorowe ſtraight did wounde
His honeſt heart; with teares he ſaw her lodged under ground.
And, for he had been ſent to Verone for a ſpye,
The doinges of the Capilets by wiſdom to deſcrye,
And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maiſter moſt,
Alas! too ſoone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in poſt;
And in his houſe he found his maiſter Romeus,
Where he, beſprent with many teares, began to ſpeake him thus:
"Syr, unto you of late is chaunced ſo great a harme,
That ſure, except with conſtancy you ſeeke yourſelfe to arme,
I feare that ſtraight you will breathe out your latter breath,
And I, moſt wretched wight, ſhall be thoccaſion of your death.
Know ſyr, that yeſterday, my lady and your wife,
I wot not by what ſodain greeſe, hath made exchaunge of life;
And for becauſe on earth ſhe found nought but unreſt,
In heaven hath ſhe ſought to fynde a place of quiet reſt;
And with theſe weping eyes my ſelfe have ſeene her layde,
Within the tombe of Capilets;"—and herewithall he ſtayde.
This ſodayne meſſage ſounde, ſent forth with ſighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaved too ſoone with open liſtening eares;
And thereby hath ſonke ſuch ſorow in his hart,
That loe, his ſprite annoyed ſore with torment and with ſmart,
Was like to break out of his priſon-houſe perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the maſſy corce:
But earneſt love that will not fayle him till his ende,
This fond and ſodain fantaſy into his head dyd ſende;
That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thouſand parts more glorious were his death:
Eke ſhould his painfull hart a great deale more be eaſed,
And more alſo, he vainely thought, his lady better pleaſed.
Wherefore when he his face hath waſht with water cleane,
Leſt that the ſtaynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be ſeene,
And ſo his ſorow ſhould of every one be ſpyde,
Which he with all his care did ſeeke from every one to hyde,
Straight, wery of the houſe, he walketh forth abrode;
His ſervant, at the maſters heſt, in chaumber ſtill abode:
And then fro ſtreate to ſtreate he wandreth up and downe,
To ſee if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A ſalve meet for his ſore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
And ſeeking long, alac too ſoone! the thing he ſought, he founde.
An apothecary ſate unbuſied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he geſſed to be poore.

And in his ſhop he ſaw his boxes were but few,
And in his window of his wares there was ſo ſmall a ſhew;
Wherefore our Romeus aſſuredly hath thought,
What by no friendſhip could be got, with money could be bought;
For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To ſell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to ſell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the ſight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:
"Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, thou ſtraight deliver me
Somme poyſon ſtrong, that may in leſſe than halfe an howre
Kill him whoſe wretched hap ſhall be the potion to devowre."
The wretch by covetiſe is wonne, and doth aſſent
To ſell the thing, whoſe ſale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
In haſte he poyſon fought, and cloſely he it bounde,
And then began with whiſpering voyce thus in his care to rounde:
"Fayr ſyr, quoth he, be ſure this is the ſpeding gere,
And more there is than you ſhall nede; for halfe of that is there
Will ſerve, I undertake, in leſſe than halfe an bowre
To kill the ſtrongeſt man alive; ſuch is the poyſons power."
Then Romeus, ſomwhat eaſd of one part of his care,
Within his boſome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
Retoorning home agayne, he ſent his man away,
To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
Provyde both inſtruments to open wide the toombe,
And lightes to ſhew him Juliet; and ſtay, till he ſhall comme,
Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth reſt,
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his breſt.
Peter, theſe heard, his leave doth of his maſter take;
Betimes he commes to towne, ſuch haſt the painfull man dyd make:
And then with buſy care he ſeeketh to fulfill,
But doth diſcloſe unto no wight his wofull maſters will.
Would God, he had herein broken his maſters heſt!
Would God, that to the frier he had diſcloſed all his breſt!
But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
Provoked much, hath cauſed inke and paper to be brought,
And in few lines he did of all his love dyſcoorſe,
How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorſe,
The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
And many moe he did enjoy his happy harts delight;
Where he the poyſon bought, and how his lyfe ſhould ende;
And ſo his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.
The letter cloſd and ſeald, directed to his fyre,
He locketh in his purſe, and then a poſt-hors doth he hyre.

When he approched nere, he warely lighted downe,
And even with the ſhade of night he entred Verone towne;
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he ſhould comme,
With lanterne, and with inſtruments to open Juliets toomme.
Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the ſtone,
And ſtraight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath,
Ne ſeeke thou not to let thy maſters enterpriſe,
Which he hath fully purpoſed to doe, in any wiſe.
Take there a letter, which, as ſoon as he ſhall ryſe,
Preſent it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;
Which unto him perhaps farre pleaſanter ſhall ſeeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to ſay, or thy groſe head can deeme.
Now Peter, that knew not the purpoſe of his hart,
Obediently a little way withdrewe himſelfe apart;
And then our Romeus, the vault ſtone ſet up upright,
Deſcended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
He gan behold, who ſurely was the organ of his lyfe;
For whom unhappy now he is, but erſt was blyſt;
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyſt;
And in his folded armes full ſtraightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her ſight:
His fearfull handes he layde upon her ſtomach colde,
And them on diverſe parts beſyde the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the ſignes of lyfe he fought,
Out of his curſed box he drewe the poyſon that he bought;
Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly ſigh fetcht from his mourning hart—
"Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy goſt did paſſe,
What death more pleaſant could my hart wiſh to abyde
Then that which here it ſuffreth now, ſo nere thy frendly ſyde?
Or els ſo glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
As in one ſelfe ſame vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?
What epitaph more worth, or halfe ſo excellent,
To conſecrate my memorye, could any man invent,
As this our mutual and our piteous ſacrifice
Of lyfe, ſet light for love?"—but while he talketh in this wiſe,
And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt, preſt with the venoms force;
Which little and little gan to overcomme his hart,
And whilſt his buſy eyne he threwe about to every part,

He ſaw, hard by the corce of ſleping Juliet,
Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all conſumed yet.
To whom, as having life, in this ſort ſpeaketh he:
" Ah coſin dere, Tybalt, where ſo thy reſtles ſprite now be,
With ſtretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing luſt as yet thy hart be ſet on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreake deſyreſt thou
To ſee on me, then this which here is ſhewd forth to thee now?
Who reft by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
The ſame with his owne hand, thou ſeeſt, doſt poyſon himſelfe to death.
And for he cauſed thee in tombe too ſoone to lye,
Too ſoone alſo, yonger then thou, himſelfe he layeth by."
Theſe ſayd, when he gan feele the poyſons force prevayle,
And little and little maſtred lyfe for aye began to fayle,
Kneeling upon his knees, he ſaid with voyce full lowe,—
" Lord Chriſt, that ſo to raunſome me deſcendeſt long agoe,
Out of thy fathers boſome, and in the virgins wombe
Didſt put on fleſhe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my ſute may favour finde;
Take pity on my ſinneful and my poore affected mynde!
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
Nought but a maſſe of ſinne, to frayle, and ſubject to decay."
Then preſſed with extreme greefe he threw with ſo great force
His overpreſſed parts upon his ladies wayled corſe,
That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes paſt,
Unable to abyde this pang, the ſharpeſt and the laſt,
Remayned quite deprived of ſenſe and kindly ſtrength,
And ſo the long impriſoned ſoule hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death, too ſoone, too ſoone was this devorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly ſprite, and his fayre earthy corſe.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
Knew eke the very inſtant when the ſleper ſhould awaken;
But wondring that he could no kinde of aunſwer heare,
Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of Saint Frauncis church hymſelfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe meete inſtrumentes he bare.
Approching nigh the place, and ſeeing there the light,
Great horror felt he in his hart, by ſtraunge and ſodaine ſight;
Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
When of his maſters being there the certain newes he tolde:

"There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the leaſt,
And in this time, I dare well ſay, his plaint hath ſtill increaſt."
Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde
The bretheles corps of Romeus, forſaken of the mynde;
Where they have made ſuch mone, as they may beſt conceve,
That have with perfect frendſhip loved, whoſe frend feerce death dyd reve.
But whilſt with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of ſlepe; *

* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakſpeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and loſing ſo happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting ſcene. He was misled, we ſee, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be diſpleaſed to compare the concluſion of this celebrated ſtory as it ſtands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the preſent poem. It is as follows:

"So favourable was fortune to this his laſt purpoſe, that on the evening of the day ſubſequent to the lady's funeral, undiſcovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was ſilent, he betook himſelf to the monaſtery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where theſe monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though ſince, for what reaſon I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former manſion had been inhabited by Saint Franciſ himſelf. Near the walls of this church, on the outſide, were at that time certain buildings, ſuch as we uſually ſee adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient ſepulcher of the Capelletti family, and in this the fair damſel had been depoſited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of ſuperior ſtrength, by force raiſed the ſtone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpoſe, having ſo prop'd it that it could not be faſtened down contrary to his deſire, he entered, and reclosed the entrance.

"The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after cloſing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidſt the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence ſuddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleaſed the Heavens, were to my eyes the brighteſt lights! O lips, by me a thouſand times ſo ſweetly kiſſed, and from whence were heard the words of wiſdom! O beauteous breaſt, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I ſee, do I ſpeak, do I live? Alas, my miſerable lady, whither haſt thou been conducted by that love, whoſe will it now is that this narrow ſpace ſhall both deſtroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promiſed not, nor that deſire which firſt inflamed me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I ſupport you? and ſo ſaying, he covered with kiſſes her eyes, her lips, her breaſt, burſting every inſtant into more abundant lamentation; in the midſt of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life ſtill more ſhort by cruſhing me in your ruin? But ſince death is at all times in our power, it is daſtardly to deſire it, and not to ſnatch it: and, with theſe words, he drew forth from his ſleeve the vial of deadly poiſon, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what deſtiny

And much amaſde to ſee in tombe ſo great a light,
She wiſt not if ſhe ſaw a dreame, or ſprite that walkd by night.

conducts me to die in the midſt of my enemies, of thoſe by me ſlain, and in their ſepulcher; but ſince, O my ſoul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his boſom; when embracing the beloved maid, and ſtrongly ſtraining her to his breaſt, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmoſt limit of all my deſires, if, after the ſoul is departed, any ſentiment yet remains in you, or, if that ſoul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be diſpleaſing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the leaſt I ſhould die with you ſadly and ſecretly;—and holding the body ſtraitly embraced, he awaited death.

"The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damſel the cold and powerful effects of the powder ſhould have been overcome, and when ſhe ſhould awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, ſhe awoke in his arms, and, ſtarting into life, after a heavy ſigh, ſhe cried, Alas, where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kiſſed? and, believing it was the Frier Lorenzo, ſhe exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you ſafely conduct me to him? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he ſaid, Do you not know me, O my ſweet lady? ſee you not that I am your wretched ſpouſe, ſecretly and alone come from Mantua to periſh by you? Julietta, ſeeing herſelf in the monument, and perceiving that ſhe was in the arms of one who called himſelf Romeo, was well nigh out of her ſenſes, and puſhing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, ſhe inſtantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thouſand kiſſes, ſaying, What folly has excited you, with ſuch imminent danger, to enter here? Was it not ſufficient to have underſtood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I ſhould ſhortly have been with you? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal miſtake, thus began: O miſerable lot! O wretched Romeo! O, by far the moſt afflicted of all lovers! On this ſubject never have I received your letters! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there cloſe by her, taken the poiſon, which, as moſt ſubtile, he already felt, had ſent forth death through all his limbs.

"The unfortunate damſel hearing this, remained ſo overpowered with grief, that ſhe could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruiſe her innocent breaſt; and at length to Romeo, who already lay ſupine, kiſſing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than aſhes, and trembling all over, ſhe thus ſpoke: Muſt you then, O, lord of my heart, muſt you then die in my preſence, and through my means! and will the heavens permit that I ſhould ſurvive you, though but for a moment? Wretched me! O, that I could at leaſt tranſfer my life to you, and die alone!—to which, with a languid voice, the youth replied: If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my beſt hope! by theſe I conjure you, that after my death, life ſhould not be diſpleaſing to you, if for no other reaſon, at leaſt that you may think on him, who, penetrated with paſſion, for your ſake, and before your dear eyes, now periſhes! To this the damſel anſwered: If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real? It only grieves me that here, in your preſence, I have not the means of death, and, inaſmuch as I ſurvive you, I deteſt myſelf! yet ſtill will I hope

But cumming to her ſelfe ſhe knew them, and ſaid thus:
" What, fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus?"

that ere long, as I have been the cauſe, ſo ſhall I be the companion of your death: And, having with difficulty ſpoken theſe words, ſhe fainted, and, again returning to life, buſied herſelf in ſad endeavours to gather with her ſweet lips the extreme breath of her deareſt lover, who now haſtily approached his end.

" In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damſel had drunk the potion, as alſo that upon a ſuppoſition of her death ſhe had been buried; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder ſhould ceaſe to operate, taking with him a truſty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, ſeeing a light within, he was greatly ſurpriſed, and imagined that, by ſome means or other, the damſel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb; and that now, having awaked, ſhe wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which ſhe was ſurrounded, or perhaps from the apprehenſion of being for ever immured in this diſmal place; and having, with the aſſiſtance of his companion, ſpeedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all diſhevelled, and ſadly grieving, had raiſed herſelf ſo far as to be ſeated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus addreſſed himſelf: Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I ſhould have left you to die here incloſed? and ſhe, ſeeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, anſwered: Far from it; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive!—alas, for the love of God, away, and cloſe the ſepulcher, that I may here periſh,—or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breaſt, I may rid myſelf of my woes! O, my father, my father! is it thus you have ſent me the letter? are theſe my hopes of happy marriage? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo? behold him, here in my boſom already dead!—and, pointing to him, ſhe recounted all that had paſſed. The friar, hearing theſe things, ſtood as one bereft of ſenſe, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to paſs from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, ſaying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me? ſpeak to me at leaſt! caſt your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your deareſt Julietta, who beſeeches you to look at her. Why at the leaſt will you not anſwer her in whoſe dear boſom you lie? At the beloved name of his miſtreſs, Romeo raiſed a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, recloſed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulſed, and heaving a ſhort ſigh, he expired.

" The miſerable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus addreſſed the young damſel:—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do?—to which ſhe inſtantly replied,—here incloſed will I die. Say not ſo, daughter, ſaid he; come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to diſpoſe of you, the means can not be wanting of ſhutting yourſelf up in ſome holy monaſtery, where you may continually offer your ſupplications to God, as well for yourſelf as for your deceaſed huſband, if he ſhould need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and ſo ſaying ſhe pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that ſo our bodies may for ever remain united in this ſepulcher: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying ſhould be diſcovered, by the love

And then the auncient frier, that greatly ſtood in feare
Leſt if they lingred over long they ſhould be taken theare,
In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his fingar ſhewd his corps out-ſtretched, ſtiffe, and colde;
And then purſuaded her with pacience to abyde
This ſodain great miſchaunce; and ſayth, that he will ſoone provyde
In ſome religious houſe for her a quiet place,
Where ſhe may ſpend the reſt of lyfe, and where in time percaſe
She may with wiſdomes meane meaſure her mourning breſt,
And unto her tormented ſoule call back exiled reſt.
But loe, as ſoon as ſhe had caſt her ruthfull eye
On Romeus face, that pale and wan faſt by her ſide dyd lye,
Straight way ſhe dyd unſtop the conduites of her teares,
And out they guſhe;—with cruell hand ſhe tare her golden heares.
But when ſhe neither could her ſwelling ſorow ſwage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her ſicknes furious rage,
Falne on his corps ſhe lay long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and ſtrength the ded corps did embrace,
As though with ſighes, with ſobs, with force, and buſy payne,
She would him rayſe, and him reſtore from death to lyfe agayne:
A thouſand times ſhe kiſt his mouth, as cold as ſtone,
And it unkiſt againe as oft; then gan ſhe thus to mone:
"Ah pleaſant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
Of all the ſweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,

already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miſerable parents that they ſhould make no difficulty of ſuffering thoſe whom love has conſumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the ſame tomb;—then turning to the proſtrate body of Romeo, whoſe head ſhe had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully cloſed his eyes, and bathing his cold viſage with tears,—lord of my heart, ſaid ſhe, without you what ſhould I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itſelf, which alone could poſſibly have ſeparated you from me, ſhould not now be able to part us!—and having thus ſpoken, reflecting upon the horrour of her deſtiny, and calling to mind the loſs of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, ſhe ſuppreſſed her reſpiration, and for a long ſpace holding in her breath, at length ſent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body."

For the foregoing faithful and elegant tranſlation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a moſt dear and valued friend, whoſe knowledge of the Italian language is ſo much ſuperior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the taſk has been executed by another. MALONE.

Did ſuch aſſured truſt within thy hart repoſe,
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou haſt choſe,
Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my ſake?
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
Thy lyfe moſt deare (as to the moſt) and pleaſant ought to bee,
How could this tender corps withſtand the cruell fight
Of furious death, that wonts to fray the ſtouteſt with his ſight?
How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
In this ſo fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?
Where ſpitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy ſure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
My wonted ſorowes, doubled twiſe, againe thus to renewe:
Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have trode?
Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
To fynd my painfull paſſions ſalve, I myſt the thing I ſought;
And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,
That gave to me ſo depe, ſo wide, ſo cruell dedly wounde.
Ah thou, moſt fortunate and moſt unhappy tombe!
For thou ſhalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme
Of the moſt perfect league betwixt a payre of lovers,
That were the moſt unfortunate and fortunate of others;
Receave the latter ſigh, receave the latter pang,
Of the moſt cruell of cruell ſlaves that wrath and death ay wrang."
And when our Juliet would continue ſtill her mone,
The fryer and the ſervant fled, and left her there alone;
For they a ſodayne noyſe faſt by the place did heare,
And left they might be taken there, greatly they ſtoode in feare.
When Juliet ſaw herſelfe left in the vaulte alone,
That freely ſhe might woorke her will, for let or ſtay was none,
Then once for all ſhe tooke the cauſe of all her harmes,
The body dead of Romeus, and claſped it in her armes;
Then ſhe with earneſt kiſſe ſufficiently did prove,
That more then by the feare of death, ſhe was attaint by love;
And then, paſt dradly feare, (for lyfe ne had ſhe care)
With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware.
"O welcome death," quoth ſhe, end of unhappines,
That alſo art beginning of aſſured happines,
Feare not to dart me nowe, thy ſtripe no longer ſtay,
Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye.

For ſtraight my parting ſprite, out of this carkas fled,
At eaſe ſhall finde my Romeus ſprite emong ſo many ded.
And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my truſty feere,
If knowledge yet doe reſt in thee, if thou theſe woordes doſt heer,
Receeve thou her, whom thou didſt love ſo lawfully,
That cauſd alas! thy violent death, although unwillingly;
And therefore willingly offers to thee her goſt,
To thend that no wight els but thou might have juſt cauſe to boſte
Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reſerved
Free from the reſt, bound unto thee, that haſt it well deſerved:
That ſo our parted ſprites from light that we ſee here,
In place of endleſſe light and blisse may ever live y-fere."
Theſe ſaid, her ruthleſſe hand through gyrt her valiant hart:
Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly ſmart!
She grones, ſhe ſtretcheth out her limmes, ſhe ſhuttes her eyes,
And from her corps the ſprite doth flye;—what ſhould I ſay? ſhe dyes.
The watchmen of the towne the whilſt are paſſed by,
And through the gates the candle light within the tomb they ſpye;
Whereby they did ſuppoſe inchaunters to be comme,
That with prepared inſtruments had opend wide the tombe,
In purpoſe to abuſe the bodies of the ded,
Which, by their ſcience ayde abuſde, do ſtand them oft in ſted.
Theyr curious harts deſyre the truth hereof to know;
Then they by certaine ſteppes deſcend, where they do fynd below,
In claſped armes y-wrapt the huſband and the wyfe,
In whom as yet they ſeemd to ſee ſomme certaine markes of lyfe.
But when more curiouſly with leyſure they did vew,
The certainty of both theyr deathes aſſuredly they knew:
Then here and there ſo long with careſull eye they ſought,
That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—ſo they thought.
In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde;
The next day do they tell the prince the miſchiefe that they found.
The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyſpred,
Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
Thether you might have ſeene whole houſholds forth to ronne,
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder ſtraunge was donne,
The great, the ſmall, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
With haſty pace do ronne to ſee, but rew when they beholde.

And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murders brute abrode through all the towne was blowne)
The prince did ſtraight ordaine, the corſes that were founde
Should be ſet forth upon a ſtage hye rayſed from the grounde,
Right in the ſelfe ſame fourme, ſhewde forth to all mens ſight,
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night;
And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence ſhould
Be openly examined; for els the people would
Have murmured, or fayud there were ſome waighty cauſe
Why openly they were not calde, and ſo convict by lawes.
The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche ſet to the ſhew upon the open ſtage,
(A thing that ill beſeemde a man of ſilver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great faſt-falling teares:
Whom ſtraight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare
Both, how this mu .her hath been donne, and who the murtherers are;
For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with hym thoſe yron tooles for ſuch a purpoſe fitte.
The frier was of lively ſprite and free of ſpeche,
The judges words appald him not, ne were his wittes to ſeeche.
But with adviſed heed a while fyrſt did he ſtay,
And then with bold aſſured voyce aloud thus gan he ſay:
" My lordes, there is not one among you, ſet togyther,
So that, affection ſet aſide, by wiſdome he conſider
My former paſſed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy ſight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,
But that, amaſed much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, ſo ſodainly befalne, unlooked for, and ſtraunge.
For I that in the ſpace of ſixty yeres and tenne,
Since fyrſt I did begin, to ſoone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vaine thinges myſelfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a ruſhe,
Ne is there any ſtander by can make me gylty bluſhe;
Although before the face of God I doe confeſſe
Myſelfe to be the ſinfulſt wretch of all this mighty preſſe.
When readieſt I am and likelieſt to make
My great accompt, which no man els for me ſhall undertake;
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe eyte me every howre,
Tappeare before the judgment ſeate of everlaſting powre,
And falling ripe I ſteppe upon my graves brinke,
Even then, am I, moſt wretched wight, as eche of you doth thinke,

Through my moſt haynous deede, with hedlong ſway throwne downe,
In greateſt daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.
The ſpring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryſe,
(And in your hart increaſeth ſtill your vayne and wrong ſurmiſe)
May be the hugenes of theſe teares of myne, percaſe,
That ſo abundantly downe fall by eyther ſyde my face;
As though the memory in ſcriptures were not kept
That Chriſt our Saviour himſelfe for ruth and pitie wept:
And more, who ſo will reade, y-written ſhall he fynde,
That teares are as true meſſengers of mans ungylty mynde.
Or els, a liker proofe that I am in the cryme,
You ſay theſe preſent yrons are, and the ſuſpected time:
As though all howres alike had not been made above!
Did Chriſt not ſay, the day had twelve? whereby he ſought to prove,
That no reſpect of howres ought juſtly to be had,
But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad;
Even as the ſprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,
Or as it leaveth them to ſtray from vertues path aſyde.
As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
As now I deeme, I nede not ſeeke to make ye underſtand
To what uſe yron firſt was made, when it began;
How of it ſelfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.
The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
That ſuch indifferent thinges is wont to uſe and order yll.
Thus much I thought to ſay, to cauſe you ſo to know
That neither theſe my piteous teares, though nere ſo faſt they flowe,
Ne yet theſe yron tooles, nor the ſuſpected time,
Can juſtly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme:
No one of theſe hath powre, ne powre have all the three,
To make me other than I am, how ſo I ſeeme to be.
But ſure my conſcience, if I ſo gylt deſerve,
For an appeacher, witneſſe, and a hangman, eke ſhould ſerve;
For through mine age, whoſe heares of long time ſince were hore,
And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time toſore,
And eke the ſojorne ſhort that I on earth muſt make,
That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
My conſcience inwardly ſhould more torment me thriſe,
Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyſe.
But God I prayſe, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
And from remorſes pricking ſting I joy that I am free:

I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
Wherewith you ſhould be troubled ſtill, if I my ſpeche ſhould ſpare.
But to the end I may ſet all your hartes at reſt,
And pluck out all the ſcrupuls that are rooted in your breſt,
Which might perhappes henceforth increaſing more and more,
Within your conſcience alſo increaſe your curceſſe ſore,
I ſweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
(And for a witnes of my woordes my hart atteſteth him,
Whoſe mighty hande doth welde them in theyr violent ſway,
And on the rolling ſtormy ſeas the heavy earth doth ſtay)
That I will make a ſhort and eke a true dyſcourſe
Of this moſt wofull tragedy, and ſhew both thend and ſourſe
Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no leſſe
Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in diſtreſſe,
Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
With ſtrong and patient hart did yelde them ſelfe to cruell death:
Such whs the mutual love wherein they burned both,
And of theyr promyſt frendſhippes fayth ſo ſtedy was the troth."
And then the auncient fryer began to make diſcourſe,
Even from the firſt, of Romeus and Juliets amours;
How firſt by ſodayn ſight the one the other choſe,
And twixt them ſelfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death might loſe;
And how, within a while, with hotter love oppreſt,
Under confeſſions cloke, to him themſelfe they have addreſt;
And how with ſolemne othes they have proteſted both,
That they in hart are maried by promiſe and by othe;
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
They ſhal be forſt by earneſt love in ſinneful ſtate to live:
Which thing when he had wayde, and when he underſtoode
That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honeſt, good,
And all thinges peyſed well, it ſeemed meet to bee
(For lyke they were of noblenesſe, age, riches, and degree);
Hoping that ſo at length ended might be the ſtryfe
Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleaſing in Gods ſight,
In ſecret ſhrift he wedded them; and they the ſelfe ſame night
Made up the mariage in houſe of Capilet,
As well doth know (if ſhe be aſkt) the nurce of Juliet.
He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,
And how, the whilſt, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;
And how the lady dyd ſo great a wrong dyſdayne,
And how to ſhrift unto his church ſhe came to him agayne;

And how ſhe fell flat downe before his feete aground,
And how ſhe ſware, her hand and bloody knife ſhould wound
Her harmles hart, except that he ſome meane dyd fynde
To dyſappoynt the earles attempt: and ſpoiles ſave her mynde.
Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before
By thought of death and age he had refuſde for evermore
The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
And fearing leſt ſhe would her cruell vowe dyſcharge,
His cloſed conſcience he had opened and ſet at large;
And rather did he chooſe to ſuffer for one tyme
His ſoule to be ſpotted ſomdeale with ſmall and eaſy cryme,
Then that the lady ſhould, wery of lyving breath,
Murther her ſelfe, and daunger much her feely ſoule by death:
Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure,
A certain powder gave he her, that made her ſlepe ſo ſure,
That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John
With letters ſent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;
Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;
And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.
He thinkes with poyſon ſtrong, for care the yong man ſtervde,
Suppoſing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carvde,
With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
Deſyrous to accompany her lover after death;
And how they could not ſave her, ſo they were afeard,
And hidde themſelfe, dreading the noyſe of watchmen, that they heard.
And for the prooſe of this his tale, he doth deſyer
The judge to ſend forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
To learne his cauſe of ſtay, and eke to read his letter;
And, more beſide, to thend that they might judge his cauſe the better,
He prayeth them depoſe the nurce of Juliet,
And Romeus man, whom at unawares beſyde the tombe he met.
Then Peter, not ſo much, as erſt he was, diſmayd:
My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence ſayd.
And when my maiſter went into my myſtres grave,
This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
Which he him ſelfe dyd write, as I do underſtand,
And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
The opened packet doth conteyne in it the ſame
That erſt the ſkilfull fryer ſaid; and eke the wretches name

That had at his requeſt the dedly poyſon ſold,
The price of it, and why he bought, his letters plaine have tolde.
The caſe unfolded ſo and open now it lyes,
That they could wiſh no better proofe, ſave ſeeing it with theyr eyes:
So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
That in the preaſe there was not one that ſtoode at all in doute.
The wyſer ſort, to counſell called by Eſcalus,
Here geven advice, and Eſcalus ſagely decreeth thus:
The nurſe of Juliet is baniſht in her age,
Becauſe that from the parentes ſhe dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,
Where now by her concealing it a miſcheefe great is growne;
And Peter for, he dyd obey his maſters heſt,
In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in reſt:
Thapothecary high i- hanged by the throte,
And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.
But now what ſhall betyde of this gray-bearded fyre,
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
Becauſe that many time he woorthily did ſerve
The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to ſwerve,
He was diſcharged quyte, and no mark of defame
Did ſeem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.
But of himſelfe he went into an hermitage,
Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers paſt forth his age;
Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly ſpirite dyd flye:
Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
The ſtraungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved ſo to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
Has emptied quite; and they, whoſe wrath no wiſdom could aſſwage,
Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
At length, (ſo mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.
And leſt that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of ſo perfect, ſound, and ſo approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
In ſtately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayſe they hye.
On every ſide above were ſet, and eke beneath,
Great ſtore of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.

And even at this day the tombe is to be ſeene; *
So that among the monuments that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the ſight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble bar, at the ſigne of the hand and ſtarre, by Richard Tottill the xix day of November, An. do. 1562.

* Breval ſays, in his *Travels*, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide ſhewed him an old building, then converted into a houſe for orphans, in which the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers had been; but it was then deſtroyed.
MALONE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

* Comedy of Errors.] Shakſpeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W.W. i.e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whoſe verſion of the acroſtical argument hereafter quoted is as follows:

" Two twinne borne ſonnes a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Soſicles the other;
" The firſt his father loſt, a little lad;
" The grandſire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell took to ſeeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
" That citizens there take him for the ſame:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
" Much pleaſant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the laſt of theſe lines ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the title for his piece.

See this tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, among *ſix old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing Croſs.

At the beginning of an addreſs *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, &c. 1602, is the following paſſage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us:

" In ſteed of the Trumpets ſounding thrice before the play begin, it ſhall not be amiſſe (for him that will read) firſt to beholde this ſhort *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greateſt enter, to give them inſtead of a hiſſe, a gentle correction."

Steevens.

I ſuſpect this and all other plays where much rhyme is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions. Blackstone.

I am poſſibly ſingular in thinking that Shakſpeare was not under the ſlighteſt obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner's tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotes* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that tranſlation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a ſufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line, or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what muſt, of courſe, be common to every tranſlation. Sir William Blackſtone, I obſerve, ſuſpects " this and all other plays where much rhyme is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of theſe " long hobbling verſes" have the honour of proceeding from his pen; and, in fact, the ſuperior elegance and harmony of his language is no leſs diſtinguiſhable in his earlieſt than his latest production. The truth is, if any inference can

be drawn from the moſt ſtriking diſſimilarity of ſtyle, a tiſſue as different as ſilk and worſted, that this comedy, though boaſting the embelliſhments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, ſpeeches, and ſcenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from ſome inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a tranſlation, or, at leaſt, did not make uſe of Warner's. And this I take to have been the caſe, not only with the three Parts of *King Henry VI.* (though not, perhaps, exactly in the way, or to the extent, maintained by a late editor,) but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *King Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakſpeare's new work is as apparent as the brighteſt touches of Titian would be on the pooreſt performance of the veriеſt canvaſs-ſpoiler that ever handled a bruſh. The originals of theſe plays were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager, for the purpoſe of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleaſant and fine conceited comedie," as entitled to a ſituation among the "*ſix plays on which Shakſpeare founded his Meaſure for Meaſure*," &c. of which I ſhould hope to ſee a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solinus, *Duke of* Ephesus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.
Antipholus *of* Ephesus,[1] } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholus *of* Syracuse, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Dromio *of* Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants*
Dromio *of* Syracuse, } *on the two* Antipholus's.
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuse.
Pinch, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*
Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Ephesus.
Luciana, *her Sister.*
Luce, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

[1] In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps,—*erraticus*, and *surreptus*. One of these twins *wandered* in search of his brother, who had been *forced* from Æmilia by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostick is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus—Delph. Edit. p. 654:

" Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
" Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.
" Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est
" Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Soſiclem.
" Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat
" Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:
" Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.
" Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
" Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et socer.
" Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem."

The *translator*, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Soſicles*, and *Menæchmus* the *traveller*. Whencesoever *Shakspeare* adopted *errotis* and *surreptus*, (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt,) these distinctions were soon dropped, and throughout the rest of the entries the *twins* are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*.

STEEVENS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

ÆGE. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

DUKE. Merchant of Syracuſa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſealed his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuſans and ourſelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverſe towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Epheſus, be ſeen
At any Syracuſan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracuſan born,
Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies,
His goods confiſcate to the duke's dispose;
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied,

To quit the penalty, and to ranſome him.
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, Syracuſan, ſay, in brief, the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to Epheſus.

Æge. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my griefs unſpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,[1]
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,

[1] *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.*] All his hearers underſtood that the puniſhment he was about to undergo was in conſequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two ſtates, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general ſuperſtition amongſt the ancients, that every great and ſudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven purſuing men for their ſecret offences. Hence the ſentiment put into the mouth of the ſpeaker was proper. By my paſt life, (ſays he,) which I am going to relate, the world may underſtand, that my preſent death is according to the ordinary courſe of Providence, [*wrought by nature,*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] Warburton.

The real meaning of this paſſage is much leſs abſtruſe than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection.* Ægeon came to Epheſus in ſearch of his ſon, and tells his ſtory, in order to ſhow that his death was in conſequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. Mason.

And by me too,[2] had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he (great care of goods at random left)[3]
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe:
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting, under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear,)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelfſame inn,
A poor mean woman[4] was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male twins, both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:

[2] *And by me* too,] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the metre. MALONE.

[3] *And* he (*great care of goods at random left*)] Surely we ſhould read—

And the *great care of goods at random left*
Drew me &c.

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can ſcarcely be reconciled to grammar. MALONE.

A parentheſis makes the preſent reading clear:

And he (*great care of goods at random left*)
Drew me &c. M. MASON.

[4] *A* poor *mean woman*—] *Poor* is not in the old copy. It was inſerted, for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,[5]
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome[6] to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own mishaps.

[5] ——*borne* upon,] The original copy reads—borne *up*. The additional ſyllable was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] *Gave* helpful *welcome*—] Old copy—*healthful* welcome. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"And gave the tongue a *helpful* welcome." Malone.

Duke. And, for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.[7]

Æge. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,[8]
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,[9]
Reſt of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in furtheſt Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Aſia,[1]
And, coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus;
Hopeleſs to find, yet loath to leave unſought,

[7] ——*and* thee, *till now.*] The firſt copy erroneouſly reads—and *they*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio.
MALONE.

[8] *My* youngeſt boy, *and yet my eldeſt care,*] Shakſpeare has here been guilty of a little forgetfulneſs. Ægeon had ſaid, page 352, that the *youngeſt ſon* was that which his wife had taken care of:

"My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,
"Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt."

He himſelf did the ſame by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, faſtened themſelves at either end of the maſt. M. MASON.

[9] ——for *his caſe was like,*] The original copy has—*ſo his*: The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio.
MALONE.

[1] *Roaming* clean *through the bounds of Aſia,*] In the northern parts of England this word is ſtill uſed inſtead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——This is *clean* kam."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"*Clean* from the purpoſe of the things themſelves."

The reader will likewiſe find it in the 77th Pſalm.
STEEVENS.

Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy help[2] by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not,[3] then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy cuſtody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

[2] ——*help*—] Mr. Pope and ſome other modern editors read—To ſeek thy *life*, &c. But the jingle has much of Shakſpeare's manner. Malone.

To ſeek thy life, can hardly be the true reading, for, in ancient language, it ſignifies *a baſe endeavour to take life away*. Thus, Antonio ſays of Shylock,—

"He *ſeeks my life*."

I believe, therefore, the word—*help*, was accidentally repeated by the compoſitor, and that our author wrote,—

To ſeek thy help by beneficial means. Steevens.

[3] ——*if* not,] Old copy—*no*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. Malone.

Æge. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth Ægeon wend,[4]
But to procraſtinate his liſeleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe, *and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.[5]
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

[4] ——*wend,*] i. e. go. An obſolete word. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*
"And back to Athens ſhall the lovers *wend.*"
Stevens.

[5] ——*ere the* weary *ſun ſet in the weſt.*] So, in *King John:*
"——the feeble and day-*wearied* ſun."
Again, in *King Richard III:*
"The *weary* ſun hath made a golden ſet." Stevens.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a mean.
[*Exit* Dro. S.

Ant. S. A truſty villain,[6] ſir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, ſir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards conſort you till bed-time;[7]
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop;

[6] *A truſty* villain,] i. e. ſervant. Douce.

[7] *And afterwards* conſort you *till bed-time;*] We ſhould read, I believe,—

And afterwards conſort with *you till bed-time.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Mercutio, thou *conſort'ſt with* Romeo." Malone.

There is no need of emendation. The old reading is ſupported by the following paſſage in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act II. ſc. i:

"Sweet health and fair deſires *conſort your grace.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Thou wretched boy, that didſt *conſort him* here—."

Steevens

Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

DRO. E. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

ANT. S. Stop in your wind, ſir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

DRO. E. O,—ſix-pence, that I had o'Wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſaddler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſaddler had it, ſir, I kept it not.

ANT. S. I am not in a ſportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

DRO. E. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;

For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.[8]
Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,[9]
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, ſir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me, how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the Phœnix, ſir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtay for you.

[8] —— *I ſhall be* poſt *indeed;*
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps, before writing was a general accompliſhment, a kind of rough reckoning, concerning wares iſſued out of a ſhop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *poſt*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Kitely, the merchant, making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities uſed to his wife, Cob anſwers, "—if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd, unleſs they would have kiſs'd the *poſt* in the middle of the warehouſe," &c. Steevens.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:
"*Hoſt.* Out of my doors, knave, thou entereſt not my doors; I have no *chalk* in my houſe; my *poſts* ſhall not be guarded with a little ſing-ſong." Malone.

[9] *Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your* clock,] The old copy reads—your *cook*. Mr. Pope made the change. Malone.

So, Plautus:
"—— me puero *uterus* erat *ſolarium*."
See *Aul. Gell.* L. III. ch. iii. Steevens.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,[1]
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

Dro. E. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

Dro. E. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the Phœnix;
She that doth faſt, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, ſir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, ſir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* Dro. E.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught[2] of all my money.

[1] ——*that merry* ſconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* is head. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V: "—why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *ſconce*?"

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"————I ſay no more,
"But 'tis within this *ſconce* to go beyond them."

Stevens.

[2] ——*o'er-raught*—] That is, *over-reached*. Johnson.

They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;[3]
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;[4]

So, in *Hamlet*:

" —— certain players
" We *o'er-raught* on the way."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. iii:

" Having by chance a cloſe advantage view'd,
" He *over-raught* him," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἔφεσια ἀ'λεξιφαρμακα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus Menander uſes it, and Ἔφεσια γραμματα, in the ſame ſenſe. WARBURTON.

[4] *As,* nimble *jugglers, that deceive the eye,*
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Soul-killing *witches, that deform the body;*] Thoſe, who attentively conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants, ſhould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a juſt characteriſtick of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of hand:* and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are informed, the miſchief they do is by the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they have given their ſouls: but then, by *dark-working* ſorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not deſign this in their characteriſtick. We ſhould read:

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*

and we know, by the hiſtory of ancient and modern ſuperſtition, that theſe kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by theſe applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earneſtneſs to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehenſions by my own, without great ſucceſs. This interpretation of *ſoul-killing* is forced and harſh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ſoul-felling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without ſuch improvement as may juſtify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been miſplaced, and the lines ſhould be read thus:

Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin: [5]

Soul-killing *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body;*

This change ſeems to remove all difficulties.

By *ſoul-killing* I underſtand deſtroying the rational faculties by ſuch means as make men fancy themſelves beaſts.

JOHNSON.

Dark-working ſorcerers, may only mean *ſorcerers who carry on their operations in the dark.* Thus, ſays Bolingbroke, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI:*

" ——— wizards know their *times:*
" Deep night, *dark night,* the ſilent of the night," &c.

Witches themſelves, as well as thoſe who employed them, were ſuppoſed to forfeit their ſouls by making uſe of a forbidden agency. In that ſenſe they may be ſaid to deſtroy the ſouls of others as well as their own. Hence, Sidney, in his *Aſtrophel and Stella:*

" No witchcraft is ſo evill, as which *man's minde deſtroyeth.*"

The ſame compound epithet occurs in Chriſtopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester,* 1600:

" They charge her, that ſhe did maintaine and feede
" *Soul-killing* witches, and convers'd with devils."

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakſpeare might have received from the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi,* 1595: " For this aſſure yourſelfe, this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and laſciviouſneſſe; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, paraſites, drunkards, catch-poles, cony-catchers, and ſycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*liberties of ſin:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*libertines,* which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but perſons, ſeems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of ſin,* I believe, Shakſpeare means *licenſed offenders,* ſuch as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity.

Thus, ſays Aſcham, " I was once in Italie myſelf; but I thank God my abode there was but nine daies; and yet I ſawe in that little tyme in one citie (Venice) more *libertie to ſinne,* than ever I yet heard tell of in London in nine yeare."

STEEVENS.

If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Neither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUC. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go, or come: If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

ADR. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

LUC. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out o'door.

ADR. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.[6]

LUC. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

[6] ——*ill.*] This word, which the rhyme ſeems to countenance, was furniſhed by the editor of the ſecond folio. The firſt has—*thus.* MALONE.

Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.[7]
There's nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubject, and at their controls:

[7] Adr. *There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.*
Luc. *Why, headſtrong liberty is* lath'd *with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leaſh'd*, i. e. coupled like a headſtrong hound?

The high opinion I muſt neceſſarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgment, who furniſhed this obſervation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this paſſage may be, that thoſe who refuſe the *bridle* muſt bear the *laſh*, and that woe is the puniſhment of headſtrong liberty. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſeamen ſtill uſe *laſh* in the ſame ſenſe as *leaſh*; as does Greene, in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didſt counſel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *laſh*." Again, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576: "Yet both in *laſhe* at length this Creſſid leaves." *Lace* was the old Engliſh word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"To thee Caſſandra which doſt hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *laſhes* his guns, the ſportſman *leaſhes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of faſtening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the ſame original is the word *windlaſs*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewiſe ſignified to beſtow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So, in the Second Part of Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630:

"——— the lazy lowne
"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"So, now my back has room to reach; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a raſcal." Steevens.

I agree with the learned Lady who reads—*leaſh'd* with woe.
M. Mason.

Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,[8]
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?[9]

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

[8] Men,—*the* maſters &c.] The old copy has *Man*,—the *maſter* &c. and in the next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[9] ——*ſtart ſome other* where?] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

——*ſtart ſome other* hare?

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Cupid is ſaid to be *a good hare-finder*. Johnson.

I ſuſpect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So, in *King Lear*:

"Thou loſeſt *here*, a better *where* to find."

Again, in Tho. Drant's tranſlation of Horace's *Satires*, 1567:

"——they ranged in eatche *where*,
"No ſpouſailes knowne," &c.

The ſenſe is, *How, if your husband fly off in purſuit of ſome other woman?* The expreſſion is uſed again, ſcene iii:

"——his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I:

"This is not Romeo, he's ſome *otherwhere*."

Otherwhere ſignifies—*in other places*. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act II. ſc. ii:

"The king hath ſent me *otherwhere*"

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe;[1]
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe.[2]
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet,[3] when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain:
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience[4] would'ſt relieve me:
But, if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.[5]

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the ſecond Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

"For we will never go, where lies our good,
"Nor any *other where*; till" &c. Steevens.

[1] ——*though ſhe pauſe*;] To *pauſe* is to reſt, to be in quiet. Johnson.

[2] *They can be meek, that have* no other cauſe.] That is, who have *no cauſe to be otherwiſe*. M. Mason.

[3] *A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,*
We bid be quiet, &c.] Shakſpeare has the ſame ſentiment in *Much Ado about Nothing*, where Leonato ſays—

"——men
"Can counſel, and ſpeak comfort to that grief
"Which they themſelves not feel."

And again:

"——'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
"To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow."

Douce.

[4] *With urging* helpleſs *patience*—] By exhorting me to patience, which *affords no help*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"As thoſe poor birds that *helpleſs* berries ſaw."

Malone.

[5] ——*fool-begg'd*—] She ſeems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is ſo near to *idiotical ſimplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to repreſent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianſhip of your fortune. Johnson.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.[6]

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

Dro. E. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:[7]

[6] ——*that I could ſcarce* underſtand *them.*] i. e. that I could ſcarce *ſtand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, ſeems to have been a favourite with Shakſpeare. It has been already introduced in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"——my ſtaff *underſtands* me." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*a* thouſand *marks in gold:*] The old copy reads—a *hundred* marks. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I;[8] *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:
My miſtreſs, ſir, quoth I; *Hang up thy miſtreſs*;
I know not thy miſtreſs; *out on thy miſtreſs!*[9]

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, *no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

Dro. E. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peaſant; fetch thy maſter home.

Dro. E. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,[1]

[8] *Will you come* home? *quoth I*;] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Capell. Malone.

[9] *I know not thy miſtreſs*; *out on thy miſtreſs!*] I ſuppoſe this diſſonant line originally ſtood thus:

I know no *miſtreſs*; *out* upon *thy miſtreſs!* Steevens.

[1] *Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which ſignified *ſpherical*, applied to himſelf,

That, like a football you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.[2]
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.[3]
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath waſted it:
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures:[4] My decayed fair[5]
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair:

and *unreſtrained*, or *free in ſpeech* or *action*, ſpoken of his miſtreſs. So the King, in *Hamlet*, bids the Queen be *round* with her ſon. Johnson.

[2] ——*caſe me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. Steevens.

[3] *Whilſt I at home* ſtarve for a *merry* look.] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

"When that mine eye is *famiſh'd for a look.*"

Malone.

[4] *Of my* defeatures:] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the ſame word is uſed with a ſomewhat different ſignification. Steevens.

[5] ——*My decayed fair*—] Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *gilt*, as a ſubſtantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this inſtance *fair* for *fairneſs*. Τὸ μὴ καλὸν, is a ſimilar expreſſion. In *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

"Demetrius loves your *fair*."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 68th Sonnet:

"Before theſe baſtard ſigns of *fair* were born."

But, too unruly deer,[6] he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.[7]

Again, in his 83d Sonnet:

"And therefore to your *fair* no painting ſet."

Pure is likewiſe uſed as a ſubſtantive in *The Shepherd to the Flowers*, a ſong in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land."

STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently uſed *ſubſtantively* by the writers of Shakſpeare's time. So, Marſton, in one of his Satires:

"As the greene meads, whoſe native outward *faire*
"Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neighbour air."

FARMER.

[6] ——*too unruly* deer,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his Poem on *The Ladies Girdle*:

"This was my heaven's extremeſt ſphere,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has played upon this word in the ſame manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
"Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
"I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*,
"Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale."

The lines of Waller ſeem to have been immediately copied from theſe. MALONE.

[7] ——*poor I am but his ſtale.*] The word *ſtale*, in our author, uſed as a ſubſtantive, means not ſomething offered to *allure* or *attract*, but ſomething *vitiated* with *uſe*, ſomething of which the beſt part has been enjoyed and conſumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor miſtakes the uſe of the word *ſtale* on this occaſion. "*Stale* to catch theſe thieves," in *The Tempeſt*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it ſeems to imply the ſame as *ſtalking-horſe, pretence*. I am, ſays Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the maſk under which he covers his amours. So, in *King John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the Queen ſays to Matilda:

"——I am made your *ſtale*,
"The king, the king your ſtrumpet," &c.

Again:

"——I knew I was made
"A *ſtale* for her obtaining."

Luc. Self-harming jealouſy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,[8]
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will loſe his beauty; and though gold 'bides ſtill,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.[9]

Again, in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

"Was I then choſe and wedded for his *ſtale*,
"To looke and gape for his retireleſs fayles
"Puſt back and flittering ſpread to every winde?"

Again, in the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence, perhaps, Shakſpeare borrowed the expreſſion:

"He makes me a *ſtale* and a laughing-ſtock."

STEEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*, 1592, a *ſtale* is the confederate of a thief; "he that faceth the man," or holds him in diſcourſe. Again, in another place, "wiſhing all, of what eſtate ſoever, to beware of filthy luſt, and ſuch damnable *ſtales*," &c. A *ſtale*, in this laſt inſtance, means the pretended wife of a *croſs-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *ſtale* may have here the ſame meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity*. COLLINS.

[8] *Would that alone* alone *he would detain,*] The firſt copy reads—

Would that alone a love *&c.*

The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] *I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,*
Will loſe his beauty; and though *gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, yet *often touching will*
Wear *gold*: *and ſo no man, that hath a name,*
But *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.*] The ſenſe i

Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy! [*Exeunt.*

this: "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; juſt ſo the greateſt character, though as pure as gold itſelf, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falſhood and corruption." WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath reads thus:

——yet *the gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, though *often touching will*
Wear gold: and ſo a man that hath a name,
By *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

——yet the *gold 'bides ſtill*
That others touch; and *often touching will*
Where *gold*; *and no man, that hath a name*
By *falſhood* &c.

The word *though* was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is uſed as a diſſyllable. The commentator laſt mentioned, not perceiving this, reads—and *ſo* no man, &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the ſubſequent editors.

The obſervation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramatick pieces, *Damon and Pithias*, 1582:

"——— *gold* in time does *wear* away,
"And other precious things do fade: friendſhip does ne'er decay." MALONE.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

ANT. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart: See, here he comes

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the Phœnix? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

DRO. S. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

ANT. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

DRO. S. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANT. S. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

DRO. S. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, doſt thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.[1]
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,[2]
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too;[3] or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Doſt thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, ſir; but that I am beaten.

[1] *And make a common of my ſerious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you pleaſe. The alluſion is to thoſe tracts of ground deſtined to *common* uſe, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *know my aſpect,*] i. e. ſtudy my countenance. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *and* inſconce *it too;*] A *ſconce* was a petty fortification. So, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599:

"Let us to our *ſconce*, and you my lord of Mexico."

Again:

"Ay, ſirs, *enſconce* you how you can."

Again:

"And here *enſconce* myſelf, deſpite of thee." STEEVENS.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, firſt,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the ſecond time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reaſon?—
Well, ſir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, ſir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next,[4] to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, ſir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, ſir, what's that?

Dro. S. Baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, ſir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reaſon?

Dro. S. Leſt it make you cholerick,[5] and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

[4] ——*next,*] Our author probably wrote—next *time.* Malone.

[5] *Leſt it make you cholerick,* &c.] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

Ant. S. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durſt have denied that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, ſir?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himſelf.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?[6]

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?[7]

" I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
" And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
" For it engenders choler, planteth anger," &c.
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *by fine and recovery?*] This attempt at pleaſantry muſt have originated from our author's clerkſhip to an attorney He has other jokes of the ſame ſchool. STEEVENS.

[7] Ant. S. *Why is* Time *&c.*] In former editions:

Ant. S. *Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?*

Dro. S. *Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted* them *in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reaſoning, and a contradiction in ſenſe. Can hair be ſuppoſed a bleſſing, which Time beſtows on beaſts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *ſcanted* them of it too? *Men* and *Them*, I obſerve, are very frequently miſtaken, *vice verſâ*, for each other, in the old impreſſions of our author.
THEOBALD.

The ſame error is found in the Induction to *King Henry IV.* P. II. edit. 1623:

" Stuffing the ears of *them* with falſe reports."
MALONE

Dro. S. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts: and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.[8]

Ant S. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt: Yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reaſon?

Dro. S. For two; and found ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not found, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not ſure, in a thing falſing.[9]

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to ſave the money that he

[8] *Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.*] That is, *Thoſe who have more hair than wit*, are eaſily entrapped by looſe women, and ſuffer the conſequences of lewdneſs, one of which, in the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe in Europe, was the loſs of hair. Johnson.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"——Your women are ſo hot, I muſt *loſe my hair* in their company, I ſee."

"His *hair ſheds off*, and yet he ſpeaks not ſo much in the noſe as he did before." Stevens.

[9] ——*falſing.*] This word is now obſolete. Spenſer and Chaucer often uſe the verb to *falſe*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*. Stevens.

ſpends in tiring;[1] the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time[2] for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, ſir; namely, no time[3] to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. S. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion: But ſoft! who wafts us[4] yonder?

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look ſtrange, and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'ſt vow

[1] ——*that he ſpends in* tiring;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[2] ——there *is no time*—] The old copy reads—*here*, &c. The editor of the ſecond folio made the correction. Malone.

[3] ——*no time* &c.] The firſt folio has—*in* no time &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps the word ſhould rather have been corrected. The author might have written—*e'en* no time, &c. See many inſtances of this corruption in a note on *All's well that ends well*, Act I. ſc. i.
Malone.

[4] ——wafts *us*—] i. e. beckons us. So, in *Hamlet*:
"It *wafts* me ſtill:—go on, I'll follow thee."
Steevens.

That never words were muſick to thine ear,[5]
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, look'd, touch'd,[6] or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me;
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall[7]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

[5] *That never words were muſick to thine ear,*] Imitated by Pope, in his *Epiſtle from Sappho to Phaon:*

"My muſick then you could for ever hear,
"And all *my words were muſick to your ear.*"

MALONE.

[6] —— *look'd, touch'd,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*or* look'd, *or* touch'd STEEVENS.

[7] —— *may'ſt thou* fall—] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *Othello:*

"Each drop ſhe *falls* would prove a crocodile."

STEEVENS.

I know thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:[8]
For, if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted[9] by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-ſtain'd, thou undishonoured.[1]

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Epheſus I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Want wit in all one word to underſtand.

[8] *I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate* blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime *of luſt:*] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*; in the preceding line, ſhow that we ſhould read:
—— *with the* grime *of luſt:*
i. e. the *ſtain*, ſmut. So, again, in this play,—*A man may go over ſhoes in the* grime *of it.* Warburton.

[9] *Being* ſtrumpeted—] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this verb. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"By this adultreſs baſely *ſtrumpeted*."
Again:
"I have *ſtrumpeted* no Agamemnon's queen."
Steevens.

[1] *I live* dis-ſtain'd, *thou undishonoured.*] To *diſtain* (from the French word, *deſtaindre*) ſignifies, to *ſtain, defile, pollute.* But the context requires a ſenſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition *a privative* force, read *dis-ſtain'd*; and then it will mean, *unſtain'd, undefiled.* Theobald.

I would read:
I live diſtained, thou diſhonoured.
That is, As long as thou continueſt to diſhonour thyſelf, I alſo live diſtained. Heath

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didſt return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converſe, ſir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and driſt of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, ſir? I never ſaw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſsly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[2]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

[2] ——*you are from me* exempt.] *Exempt*, ſeparated, parted. The ſenſe is, *If I am doomed to ſuffer the wrong of ſeparation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

Johnſon ſays that *exempt* means *ſeparated, parted*; and the uſe of the word in that ſenſe may be ſupported by a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Honour*, where Valerius, in the character of Mercury, ſays—

Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine;[3]
Whoſe weakneſs, married to thy ſtronger ſtate,[4]
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs;[5]
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. S. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?

"To ſhew raſh vows cannot bind deſtiny,
"Lady, behold the rocks tranſported be.
"Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, leſt for-contempt
"They fix you there a rock, whence *they're exempt*."

Yet I think that Adriana does not uſe the word *exempt* in that ſenſe, but means to ſay, that as he was her huſband ſhe had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong.

M. Mason.

[3] *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine*; &c.] Thus, in Ovid's tale of *Vertumnus and Pomona*:

"Ulmus erat contra, ſpatioſa tumentibus uvis:
"Quam ſocia poſtquam pariter cum vite probavit;
"At ſi ſtaret, ait, cœlebs, ſine palmite truncus,
"Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
"Hæc quoque, quæ junéta vitis requieſcit in ulmo,
"Si non nupta foret, terræ acclinata jaceret."

Steevens.

"Lenta, qui, velut aſſitas
"Vitis implicat arbores,
"Implicabitur in tuum
"Complexum." *Catull.* 57.

So, Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. V:

"——They led the vine
"To wed her elm. She ſpous'd, about him twines
"Her marriageable arms." Malone.

[4] ——ſtronger *ſtate*,] The old copy has—*ſtranger*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] ——idle *moſs*;] i. e. moſs that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is uſeleſs. So, in *Othello*.

"——antres vaſt and deſarts *idle*." Steevens.

Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.[6]

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, ſpite of ſpites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprites;[7]

[6] —— *the offer'd* fallacy.] The old copy has:
—— *the* free'd *fallacy.*
Which perhaps was only, by miſtake, for—
—— *the* offer'd *fallacy.*
This conjecture is from an anonymous correſpondent.
Mr. Pope reads—*favour'd* fallacy. STEEVENS.

[7] *We talk with goblins,* owls, *and* elviſh *ſprites;*] Here Mr. Theobald calls out, *in the name of Nonſenſe,* the firſt time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *owls could ſuck their breath, and pinch them black and blue.* He therefore alters *owls* to *ouphs, and dares ſay, that his readers will acquieſce in the juſtneſs of his emendation.* But, for all this, we muſt not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular ſuperſtition, that the ſcreech-owl ſucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were ſuppoſed to be in like manner miſchievouſly bent againſt children, *ſtrega* from *ſtrix,* the *ſcreech-owl.* This ſuperſtition they had derived from their pagan anceſtors, as appears from this paſſage of Ovid:

" Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Phineïa menſis
" Guttura fraudabant; *ſed genus inde trahunt.*
" Grande caput; ſtantes oculi; roſtra apta rapinæ;
" Canities pennis, unguibus hamus ineſt.
" Nocte volant, *puerofque petunt* nutricis egentes,
" Et vitiant *cunis* corpora rapta ſuis.
" Carpere dicuntur lactantia viſcera roſtris,
" Et lenum *poto ſanguine* guttur habent.
" Eſt illis *ſtrigilus* nomen:——." *Lib. VI. Faſt.*
WARBURTON.

Ghaſtly owls accompany *elviſh ghoſts,* in Spenſer's *Shepherd's*

If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot![8]

Calendar for June. So, in Sheringham's *Diſceptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine*, p. 333: "Lares, Lemures, *Stryges*, Lamiæ, *Manes* (Gaſtæ dicti) et ſimiles monſtrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the ſame is ſaid in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are alſo mentioned in *Cornucopiæ, or Paſquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darkſome night,
"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghoſts, nor water-ſpright."

STEEVENS.

How, it is objected, ſhould Shakſpeare know that *ſtriges* or ſcreech-owls were conſidered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following paſſage in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the beſt anſwer to this queſtion: "'Soul, I think, I am ſure croſs'd or *witch'd* with an *owl*." MALONE.

The epithet *elviſh* is not in the *firſt* folio, but the ſecond has—*elves*, which certainly was meant for *elviſh*. STEEVENS.

All the emendations made in the ſecond folio having been merely arbitrary, any other ſuitable epithet of two ſyllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe firſt introduced—elviſh. MALONE.

I am ſatisfied with the epithet—*elviſh*. It was probably inſerted in the ſecond folio on ſome authority which cannot now be aſcertained. It occurs again, in *King Richard III*:

"Thou *elviſh*-mark'd abortive, rooting hog."

Why ſhould a book, which has often judiciouſly filled ſuch vacuities, and rectified ſuch errors, as diſgrace the folio 1623, be perpetually diſtruſted? STEEVENS.

[8] *Dromio, thou* drone, &c.] The old copy reads—
Dromio, thou Dromio, *ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!*
STEEVENS.

This verſe is half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: beſides, *drone* correſponds with the other appellations of reproach. THEOBALD.

Dro. S. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?[9]

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and ſo am I.

Dro. S. Nay, maſter, both in mind, and in my ſhape.

Ant. S. Thou haſt thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man, and maſter, laugh my woes to ſcorn.—
Come, ſir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you[1] of a thouſand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, ſiſter:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd!

Drone is alſo a term of reproach applied by Shylock to Launcelot, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"————— he ſleeps by day
"More than the wild cat; *drones* hive not with me."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*am* not I?] Old copy—am *I not*? Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] *And ſhrive you*—] That is, I will *call you to confeſſion*, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*: "—not *ſhriving* time allow'd."

STEEVENS.

I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſéver ſo,
And in this miſt at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, leſt I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Antipholus *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us all;[2]
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet,[3]

[2] *Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us* all;] I ſuppoſe, the word—*all*, which overloads the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe, might be ſafely omitted, as an interpolation. Stevens.

[3] —— *carkanet,*] Seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So, Lovelace, in his poem.

"*The empreſs ſpreads her* carcanets." Johnson.

"*Carquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiſelles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *carkanet* ſeems to have been a necklace ſet with ſtones, or ſtrung with pearls. Thus, in *Partheneia Sacra*, &c. 1633:

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, ſir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an aſs.

Dro. E. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.[4]

"Seeke not vermillion or ceruſe in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wriſt, rubie *carkanets* on the neck, and a moſt exquiſite fan of feathers in the hand."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"Nay, I'll be matchleſs for a *carcanet*,
"Whoſe pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks
"Shall circle this fair neck to ſet it forth."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's comedy of *The Wits*, 1636

"——ſhe ſat on a rich Perſian quilt
"Threading a *carkanet* of pure round pearl
"Bigger than pigeons eggs."

Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"————the drops
"Shew like a *carkanet* of pearl upon it."

In the play of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, the word *carcanet* occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

[4] *Marry, ſo it doth appear*
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.] Thus all the printed copies; but, certainly, this is croſs-purpoſes in reaſoning. It appears, Dromio is an aſs by his making no reſiſtance.

I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

Ant. E. You are ſad, ſignior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, ſignior Balthazar, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Bal. Good meat, ſir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

becauſe an aſs, being kicked, kicks again. Our author never argues at this rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald, inſtead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I do not think this emendation neceſſary. He firſt ſays, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *aſs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former ſentiment, ſuch as may be hourly obſerved in converſation, he obſerves that, if he had been an *aſs*, he ſhould, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again.

JOHNSON.

But, ſoft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,[5] malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![6]

Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:

Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

[5] *Mome,*] A dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken. From hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for ſilence. Hawkins.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Important are th' affairs we have in hand;
"Hence with that *Mome!*"
"——*Brutus*, forbear the preſence." Steevens.

[6] ——*patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the parti-coloured coats worn by the licenſed fools or jeſters of the age. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— what ſoldiers, *patch?*"

See notes on *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. ii. and *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i. Steevens.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you muſt not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe? [7]

Dro. S. The porter for this time, ſir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou haſt ſtolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are thoſe at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my maſter in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

Dro. E. O Lord, I muſt laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope? [8]

7 ——*I* owe?] i. e. I *own*, am *owner* of. So, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

"Who *owes* that ſhield?
"I:—and who *owes* that?" Steevens.

——*I* hope?] A line either preceding or following this

Luce. I thought to have aſk'd you.

Dro. S. And you ſaid, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

Dro. E. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

has, I believe, been loſt. Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—I *trow*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. Malone.

The text, I believe, is right, and means—I *expect* you'll let us in. To *hope*, in ancient language, has ſometimes this ſignification. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— I cannot *hope*

" Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together."

Again, in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:

" Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." Steevens.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.[9]

Dro. E. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you ſtand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be ſo bought and ſold.[1]

Ant. E. Go, fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, ſir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

[9] —— *we ſhall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* ſignified *to have part.* See Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, ver. 9504:

"That no wight with his bliſſe *parten* ſhall."

The French uſe *partir* in the ſame ſenſe. Tyrwhitt.

Tyrwhitt miſtakes the ſenſe of this paſſage. To *part* does not ſignify to *ſhare* or divide, but to *depart* or *go away*; and Balthazar means to ſay, that whilſt debating which is beſt, they ſhould go away without either. M. Mason.

[1] —— *bought and ſold.*] This is a proverbial phraſe. "To be *bought and ſold* in a company." See Ray's *Collection*, p. 179, edit. 1737. Stevens.

Dro. S. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.[2]

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, ſir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,[3]—Your long experience of her wiſdom,

[2] —— *we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the ſame quibble on a like occaſion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of diſtinction among the Greeks and Romans had uſually birds of different kinds given them for their amuſement. This cuſtom Tyndarus, in *The Captives*, mentions, and ſays, that for his part he had—

" —— *tantum upupam.*"

Upupa ſignifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or ſome inſtrument of the ſame kind, employed to dig ſtones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

[3] *Once this,*] This expreſſion appears to me ſo ſingular, that I cannot help ſuſpecting the paſſage to be corrupt. MALONE.

Once this, may mean, *once for all, at once.* So, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, Book I: " Some perchance loving my eſtate, others my perſon. But *once*, I know all of them," &c. Again, *ibid.*

Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part[4] ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.[5]
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout[6]
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;[7]
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.[8]

B. III: "—She hit him, with his own ſworde, ſuch a blowe upon the waſte, that ſhe almoſt cut him aſunder: *once* ſhe ſundred his ſoule from his body, ſending it to Proſerpina, an angry goddeſs againſt raviſhers." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *Your long experience of* her *wiſdom,*——
Plead on her *part*—] The old copy reads—*your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[5] —— *the doors are* made *againſt you.*] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:
—— *the doors are* barr'd *againſt you.*
To *make* the door, is the expreſſion uſed to this day in ſome counties of England, inſtead of, *to bar the door.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— ſuppoſed *by the common rout*—] For *ſuppoſed* I once thought it might be more commodious to ſubſtitute *ſupported*; but there is no need of change: *ſuppoſed* is *founded on ſuppoſition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *upon* ſucceſſion;] *Succeſſion* is often uſed as a quadriſyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So, Act IV. ſc. i. line 5, *ſatisfaction* compoſes half a verſe:
"Therefore make preſent *ſatisfaction*—." MALONE.

[8] *For ever hous'd, where it* once *gets poſſeſſion.*] The adverb *once* is wanting in the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth,[9] mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the houſe; that chain will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpite my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there: good ſir, make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour hence.

Ant. E. Do ſo; This jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence. [*Exeunt.*

The ſecond folio has *once*; which rather improves the ſenſe, and is not inconſiſtent with the metre. Tyrwhitt.

[9] *And, in deſpight of* mirth,] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and, therefore, has put *wrath* inſtead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right, and the meaning is,—I will be merry, even out of ſpite to mirth, which is now, of all things, the moſt unpleaſing to me. Warburton.

Though mirth has withdrawn herſelf from me, and ſeems determined to avoid me, yet in deſpight of her, and whether ſhe will or not, I am reſolved to be merry. Heath.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter LUCIANA[1] *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?[2]

[1] *Enter* Luciana—] Here, in the old blundering firſt folio, we find,—"Enter *Juliana*." Corrected in the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*that you have quite forgot* &c.] In former copies:
And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*
This paſſage has hitherto laboured under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-ſprings rot, even in the ſpring of love? and ſhall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at preſs, as I take it. This ſcene for fifty-two lines ſucceſſively is ſtrictly in alternate rhymes; and this meaſure is never broken, but in the *ſecond* and *fourth* lines of theſe two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monoſyllable dropt from the tail of the ſecond verſe; and I have ventured to ſupply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendations are—the word—*hate*, ſupplied at the end of the ſecond line, and, in the fourth, *building* given inſtead of buildings. STEEVENS.

Love-ſprings are young plants or ſhoots of love. Thus, in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs* of Fletcher:
"The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *ſprings*
"That ſits alone in ſorrow."

If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhow of blindneſs:

See a note on the ſecond ſcene of the fifth Act of *Coriolanus*, and Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X. p. 44, n. 9, where the meaning of this expreſſion is more fully dilated.

The rhyme which Mr. Theobald would reſtore, ſtands thus in the old edition:

——*ſhall Antipho*lus ——

If, therefore, inſtead of *ruinate*, we ſhould read *ruinous*, the paſſage may remain as it was originally written; and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we ſhould read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakſpeare might have found in ſome quotations from Pliny, B. XXXV. and XXXVII. *Antiphilus* is alſo one of the heroes in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Ruinous is juſtified by a paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. ſc. iv:

"Leſt growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the firſt folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned; and were the rhyme defective here, ſuch tranſgreſſions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS.

The word—*hate*, in the firſt line, is introduced by Theobald, without authority, and certainly injures the ſenſe of the paſſage. *Hate* rotting the ſprings of love, is a ſtrange idea. It appears to me that the true reading is that ſuggeſted, though not adopted, by Steevens:

——*ſhall, Antipholus,*
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinous?

Which preſerves both the ſenſe and the rhyme. M. MASON.

Antipholis occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other ſpelling. MALONE.

Shall love, *in* building, *grow ſo* ruinate?] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

"And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew—"

Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?[3]
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,[4]
Being compact of credit,[5] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhow us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

In ſupport of Mr. Theobald's firſt emendation, a paſſage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

" —— thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous *hate*,
" That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
" Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,
" Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" To *ruinate* proud *buildings* with thy hours."

Stowe uſes the adjective *ruinate*, in his *Annales*, p. 892. " The laſt year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate—." MALONE.

[3] —— *his own* attaint?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

[4] *Alas, poor women! make us* but *believe*, &c.] The old copy—*not*. STEEVENS.

From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*) got place in the firſt copies inſtead of *but*. And thoſe two monoſyllables have by miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſſed one another in many other paſſages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

[5] *Being compact of credit*,] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

" —— ſhe's *compact*
" Merely of blood ——"

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little vain,[6]
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtriſe.

Ant. S. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, ſweet mermaid,[7] with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood[8] of tears;
Sing, ſiren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
"Love is a ſpirit all *compact* of fire." Steevens.

[6] ——*vain*,] Is *light of tongue, not veracious*. Johnson.

[7] ——*ſweet* mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *ſyren*. So, in the Index to P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*: "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their ſongs enchantements." Steevens.

[8] ——*in thy* ſiſter's *flood*—] The old copy reads—*Life*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

And as a bed I'll take thee,[9] and there lie;
And, in that glorious ſuppoſition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink![1]

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[2] how, I do not know.

[9] ——*as a* bed *I'll take thee,*] The old copy reads—*as a* bud. Mr. Edwards ſuſpects a miſtake of one letter in the paſſage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take them, *and there lie.*

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

As a bud *I'll take* thee, &c.

i. e. I, like an inſect, will take thy boſom for a roſe, or ſome other flower, and

"——phœnix like beneath thine eye
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakſpeare to ſhift haſtily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive countenance from the following paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* Act I. ſc. ii:

"——my boſom as a *bed*
"Shall lodge thee."

Mr. Malone alſo thinks that *bed* is fully ſupported by the word—*lie.* STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio has *bed.* TYRWHITT.

[1] *Let* love, *being light, be drowned if* ſhe *ſink!*] Mr. Ritſon obſerves, that *Love,* in the preſent inſtance, means *Venus.*

Thus, in the old ballad of *The Spaniſh Lady:*

"I will ſpend my days in prayer,
"*Love* and all *her* laws defy." STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Now for the love of *love,* and *her* ſoft hours—."

Again, more appoſitely, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*

"Love is a ſpirit, all compact of fire,
"Not groſs to *ſink,* but *light,* and will aſpire."

Venus is here ſpeaking of herſelf.

Again, *ibidem:*

"*She's love,* ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd."

MALONE.

Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where[3] you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.

Ant. S. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.[4]

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.

Ant. S. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I aim thee:[5]

[2] *Not mad, but* mated;] i. e. confounded. So, in *Macbeth*:
"My mind ſhe has *mated*, and amaz'd my ſight."
STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* ſignifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a huſband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uſes the word *mated* in both theſe ſenſes. M. MASON.

[3] *Gaze* where—] The old copy reads—*when*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot underſtand him. Perhaps he means that which he aſks of heaven. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*for I aim thee:*] The old copy has—
——*for I am thee.*

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will.

[*Exit* Luc.

Enter, from the Houſe of Antipholus *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

Dro. S. Do you know me, ſir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myſelf?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

Dro. S. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

Some of the modern editors—
——*I* mean *thee.*
Perhaps we ſhould read:
——*for I* aim *thee.*
He has juſt told her, that ſhe was his *ſweet hope's* aim. So, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:
" ——— like Cæſius,
" Sits ſadly dumping, *aiming* Cæſar's death."
Again, in Drayton's Legend of *Robert Duke of Normandy*:
" I make my changes *aim* one certain end."

Steevens.

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me

Ant. S. What is ſhe?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if ſhe lives till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. S. Swart,[6] like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, ſir;—but her name and three

[6] *Swart,*] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. Thus, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 436:

"No goblin, or *ſwart* fairy of the mine."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"And whereas I was black and *ſwart* before."

STEEVENS

quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.[7]

Ant. S. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body ſtands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war againſt her hair.[8]

[7] Dro. S. *Nell, ſir;—but her name* and *three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters,* &c.] The old copy reads—her name *is* three quarters. Steevens.

This paſſage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now eaſy and truly humorous. If a *conundrum* be reſtored, in ſetting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the ſagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. Theobald.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Maſſinger, in *The Old Law*, 1656:

"*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

"*Clown.* As long as ſhe tarried with her huſband ſhe was *Ellen*, but after ſhe came to Troy ſhe was *Nell* of Troy.

"*Cook.* Why did ſhe grow ſhorter when ſhe came to Troy?

"*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the ſtory, when ſhe grew to be an *ell*," &c. Malone.

[8] *In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war againſt her* hair.] All the other countries, mentioned in this deſcription, are in Dromio's replies ſatirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reaſon given, why it ſhould be in her forehead: but only

Ant. S. Where England?

the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as puſhing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the firſt folio reads—*making war againſt her* heir. And I am very apt to think, this laſt is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is deſigned in the poet's alluſion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being ſtabbed, and dying of his wound, was ſucceeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his ſucceſſor: but whoſe claim the ſtates of France reſiſted, on account of his being a proteſtant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* againſt her *heir*. Now, as, in 1591, Queen Elizabeth ſent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Eſſex, to the aſſiſtance of this Henry of Navarre, it ſeems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the fineſt addreſs imaginable in the poet to throw ſuch an oblique ſneer at France, for oppoſing the ſucceſſion of that *heir*, whoſe claim his royal miſtreſs, the queen, had ſent over a force to eſtabliſh, and oblige them to acknowledge. Theobald.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet ſurely they have all loſt the ſenſe by looking beyond it. Our author, in my opinion, only ſports with an alluſion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his miſtreſs had the French diſeaſe. The ideas are rather too offenſive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incruſted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word muſt have ſenſes applicable to both the ſubjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in ſome ſort make war againſt their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war againſt its *heir*? The ſenſe which I have given, immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, ariſe to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without ſending out conjecture in ſearch of refinements. Johnson.

The preſent reading was introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio.

I think, with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation *may* have been intended. It is of little conſequence which of the two words is preſerved in the text, if the author meant that two ſenſes ſhould be couched under the ſame term. Dr. Johnſon's objection, that "an equivocal term muſt have ſenſes applicable

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, ſir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſhed with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain; who ſent whole armadas of carracks to be ballaſt[9] at her noſe.

Ant. S. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me;

to both the ſubjects, to which it is applied," appears to me not ſo well founded as his obſervations in general are; for, though a correct writer would obſerve that rule, our author is very ſeldom ſcrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uſes in comparison ſcarcely ever anſwering exactly on both ſides. However, as *hair* affords the cleareſt and moſt obvious ſenſe, I have placed it in the text. In *King Henry IV.* 4to. 1600, we have—

" This your *heire* of France hath blown this vice in me—"

inſtead of *air*. In *Macbeth*, folio, 1623, *heire* is printed for *hair*:

" Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my *heire*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623:

" —— His meaneſt garment is dearer
" In my reſpect, than all the *heires* above thee."

MALONE.

[9] —— *to be* ballaſt—] The modern editors read—ballaſted; the old copy—*ballaſt*, which is right. Thus, in *Hamlet*:

" —— to have the engineer
" *Hoiſt* with his own petar." i. e. *hoiſted*.

STEEVENS.

called me Dromio; ſwore, I was aſſured to her;[1] told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith,[2] and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee preſently, poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſs'd with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch enchanting preſence and diſcourſe,

[1] ——aſſured *to her*;] i. e. affianced to her. Thus, in *King John*:

"For ſo I did when I was firſt *aſſur'd*." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*and, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of* faith, *&c.*] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith*: however, the Oxford editor thinks *a breaſt made of flint* better ſecurity, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But, leſt myſelf be guilty to ſelf-wrong,[3]
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Maſter Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, ſir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:[4]
The chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe yourſelf, ſir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, ſir! I beſpoke it not

[3] —— to *ſelf-wrong*,] I have met with other inſtances of this kind of phraſeology. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty*
" *To* what we wildly do,—."

Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*of* ſelf-wrong. MALONE.

[4] —— *at the Porcupine*:] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakſpeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is uſed inſtead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was ſo pronounced at that time.

I have ſince obſerved the ſame ſpelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewiſe in p. 66 of Aſcham's works, by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicles in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakſpeare, was ſcarcely ſo pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at leaſt not generally; for in Eliot's *Dictionary*, 1545, and Cooper's *Dictionary*, 1584, it is—" Porkepyne;" and in Hulet's *Alvearium*, 1552—" Porpyn." See a note on *The Tempeſt*, Act I. ſc. ii. DOUCE.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, ſir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er ſee chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, ſir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

MER. You know, ſince pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perſia, and want gilders[5] for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

ANG. Even juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me[6] by Antipholus:
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and* DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

OFF. That labour may you ſave; ſee where he comes.

ANT. E. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow

[5] ——*want* gilders—] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one ſhilling and ſix-pence, to two ſhillings. STEEVENS.

[6] *It* growing *to me*—] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

Among my wife and her confederates,[7]
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But ſoft, I ſee the goldſmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro E. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would laſt too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, and chargeful faſhion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town:
Good ſignior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.[8]

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?

[7] ——*and* her *confederates,*] The old copy has—*their* confederates. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[8] *Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.*] *I will,* inſtead of *I ſhall,* is a Scoticiſm. Douce.

And an Iriſhiſm too. Reed.

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, ſir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, ſir, I hope you have;
Or elſe you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance, to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the Porcupine:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, deſpatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

Ant. E. Fye! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I anſwer you! What ſhould I anſwer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.

Ang. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Conſent to pay thee that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him officer;—
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.

Off. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.

Ang. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have law in Epheſus,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Maſter, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, ſir, bears away: [9] our fraughtage, ſir,

[9] *And then, ſir, bears away.*] The old copy redundantly reads—

And then, ſir, ſhe bears away. Steevens.

I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why thou peeviſh ſheep,[1]
What ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me?

Dro. S. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waſtage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

Dro. S. You ſent me, ſir, for a rope's-end as ſoon:[2]
You ſent me to the bay, ſir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſten with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee ſtraight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkiſh tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats; let her ſend it;
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,

[1] —— *thou* peeviſh *ſheep,*] *Peeviſh* is *ſilly*. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"Deſire my man's abode where I did leave him:
"He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*."

See a note on Act I. ſc. vii. STEEVENS.

[2] *You ſent me,* ſir, *for a* rope's-*end as ſoon:*] Mr. Malone ſays that *rope's* is here a diſſyllable; the Saxon genitive caſe; but a Saxon genitive caſe accords better with one of Puck's lyrical effuſions, [See Vol. IV. p. 343,] than with the vulgar pronunciation of Dromio. I ſuppoſe, a word has been caſually omitted in the old copy, and that we ſhould read as I have printed. So, above, the ſame ſpeaker ſays—

"And then, *ſir,* bears away: our fraughtage, *ſir*—."

STEEVENS.

And that ſhall bail me: hie thee, ſlave; be gone.
On, officer, to priſon till it come.
[*Exeunt* Merchant, Angelo, Officer, *and* Ant. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel[3] did claim me for her huſband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or ſad, or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?[4]

[3] *Where* Dowſabel—] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Paſtorals:

"He had, as antique ſtories tell,
"A daughter cleaped *Dowſabel*," &c. Steevens.

[4] ——*meteors tilting in his face*?] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place—*King Henry IV.* P. I. ſc. i:

"Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
"All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
"Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
"And furious cloſe of civil butchery." Warburton.

The alluſion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the ſecond Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*

Luc. Firſt, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpite.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty; then, my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,[5]
Ill-fac'd, worſe-bodied, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,[6] worſe in mind.

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
"Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
"To battle in the clouds, before each van
"Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
"Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
"From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

STEEVENS.

The original copy reads—*Oh*, his heart's meteors, &c. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] ——*ſere*,] That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

So, in Milton's *Lycidas*: "—ivy never *ſere*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *ſtigmatiſed* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;[7]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

Dro. S. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe than hell:
A devil in an everlaſting garment[8] hath him,

So, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1635:
"If you ſpy any man that hath a look,
"*Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's," &c.
Steevens.

[7] *Far from her neſt the* lapwing &c.] This expreſſion ſeems to be proverbial—I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his ſecond Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, ſays,—"But again to our priggers, who, as before I ſaid, *cry with the lapwing fartheſt from the neſt*, and from their place of reſidence where their moſt abode is."

Nath, ſpeaking of Gabriel Harvey, ſays—"he withdraweth men, *lapwing-like*, from his neſt, as much as might be."

See this paſſage yet more amply explained in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. VI. p. 221, n. 8. Steevens.

[8] ——*an* everlaſting *garment*—] The ſergeants, in thoſe days, were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arreſted Antipholus. *Buff* is alſo a cant expreſſion for a man's ſkin, a covering which laſts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlaſting* garment, and in purſuance of

One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough;[9]
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;[1]

this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the ſergeant, in the next ſcene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is, of Adam before his fall, whilſt he remained unclad: "—What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled?*"

So, in *The Woman-Hater*, Pandar ſays,—"Were it not for my ſmooth citizen, I'd quit this tranſitory trade, get me an *everlaſting* robe, and turn ſergeant." M. Mason.

[9] *A fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough;*] Dromio here bringing word in haſte that his maſter is arreſted, deſcribes the bailiff by names proper to raiſe horror and deteſtation of ſuch a creature, ſuch as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to theſe terrible ideas? we ſhould read, *a fiend, a fury*, &c. Theobald.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitileſs and rough, and deſcribed as malevolent and miſchievous. Johnson.

So, Milton:

"No goblin, or ſwart *fairy* of the mine,
"Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." Malone.

It is true that there is a ſpecies of malevolent and miſchievous Fairies; but *Fairy*, as it here ſtands, is generical.

T. Warton.

[1] *A back-friend, a* ſhoulder-clapper, &c. *of alleys, creeks, and narrow* lands;] It ſhould be written, I think, narrow *lanes*, as he has the ſame expreſſion in *King Richard II.* A& V. ſc. vi:

"Even ſuch they ſay as ſtand in *narrow lanes*."

Grey.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the preſent inſtance, mean, what we now call *landing* places at the water-ſide.

A *ſhoulder-clapper* is a bailiff. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

"——fear none but theſe ſame *ſhoulder-clappers*."

Steevens.

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;[2]
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.[3]

Narrow lands is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhyme points out, but the ſenſe; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring ſhore, ſo a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the ſhore that runs into the water. Beſides, *narrow Lanes* and *Alleys* are ſynonymous. HENLEY.

[2] *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by miſtaking the courſe of the animal purſued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to purſue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconſiſtent. The jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chace*, and a *priſon* in London. The officer that arreſted him was a ſergeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jeſt with the ſcene of action, let our author anſwer.

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon has the ſame expreſſion—*Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. ſc. iv: "Well, the truth is, my old maſter intends to follow my young, *dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning," &c.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog purſues the game by the ſcent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GREY.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*:

"A hunting, Sir Oliver, and *dry-foot* too!"

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"I care not for *dry-foot* hunting." STEEVENS.

A hound that draws *dry-foot*, means what is uſually called a *blood-hound*, trained to follow men by the ſcent. The expreſſion occurs in an Iriſh Statute of the 10th of William III. for preſervation of the game, which enacts, that all perſons licenſed for making and training up of ſetting dogs, ſhall, in every two years, during the continuance of their licence, be compelled to train up, teach, and make, one or more hounds, to hunt on *dry-foot*. The practice of keeping blood-hounds was long continued in Ireland, and they were found of great uſe in detecting murderers and robbers. M. MASON.

[3] ——*poor ſouls to hell.*] *Hell* was the cant term for an

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.[4]

obſcure dungeon in any of our priſons. It is mentioned in *The Counter-Rat*, a poem, 1658:

"In Wood-ſtreet's-hole, or Poultry's *hell*."

The dark place into which a tailor throws his ſhreds, is ſtill in poſſeſſion of this title. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"Taylors——'tis known

"They ſcorn thy *hell*, having better of their own."

There was likewiſe a place of this name under the Exchequer Chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had "paid the uttermoſt farthing." Steevens.

An account of the local ſituation of Hell may be found in the *Journals of the Houſe of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83, as the Commons paſſed through it to *King William and Queen Mary's Coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treaſury* was ſituated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's Reports*, fol. 245, A, where mention is made of "one *Chriſtopher Hole* Secondary del Treaſurie, et un auncient attorney and practiſer in le *office del Clerke del Treaſurie* al Hell."

This I take to be the *Treaſury* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Juſtice*, and which is now kept immediately under the Court of *Exchequer*. The *Office* of the *Tally-Court* of the *Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is ſtill there, and tallies for *many* centuries back are piled up and preſerved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become ſo numerous as to overſtock the place in which they were kept at *Lincoln's Inn*. Theſe, therefore, belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*. Other rooms are turned into coal cellars.—There is a *pump* ſtill ſtanding of excellent water, called Hell *Pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. Vaillant.

[4] ——*on the caſe.*] An action upon the caſe, is a general action given for the redreſs of a wrong done any man without force, and not eſpecially provided for by law. Grey.

Dromio, I believe, is ſtill quibbling. His maſter's *caſe* was touched by the ſhoulder-clapper. See p. 424: "—in a *caſe* of leather," &c. Malone.

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

Dro. S. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well;
But he's in[5] a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that can I tell:
Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in the deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he,[6] unknown to me, ſhould be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band?[7]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

[5] *But* he's *in*—] The old copy reads—But *is* in. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Malone.

[6] *That he,*] The original copy has—*Thus* he. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[7] ——*was he arreſted on a* band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond.*—A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a ſum of money, was anciently ſpelt *band.* A *band* is likewiſe a *neckcloth.* On this circumſtance, I believe, the humour of the paſſage turns.

Ben Jonſon, perſonifying the inſtruments of the law, ſays—

"——Statute, and *band,* and wax ſhall go with me."

Again, without perſonification:

"See here your mortgage, ſtatute, *band,* and wax."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix,* 1610:

"————tye faſt your lands
"In ſtatute ſtaple, or theſe merchant's *bands.*"

Steevens.

Band is uſed in the ſenſe which is couched under the words, "a ſtronger thing," in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band.*"

See Minſheu's *Dictionary,* 1617, in v: "Band or Obligation." In the ſame column is found—"A Band or thong to tie withal." Alſo—"A Band for the neck, becauſe it ſerves to *bind* about the neck." Theſe ſufficiently explain the equivoque. Malone.

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a ſergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt,[8] and theft, and a ſergeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtraight;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter; I am preſs'd down with conceit;[9]
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*

[8] *If* he *be in debt,*] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt. Steevens.

For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. Mr. Rowe reads—If *time*, &c but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *he*. Malone.

[9] ——*conceit*:] i. e. fanciful conception. So, in *King Lear*:

"——I know not how *conceit* may rob
"The treaſury of life." Steevens.

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

ANT. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

DRO. S. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled? [1]

[1] —— *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?*] A ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipped out here, by ſome accident in copying, or at the preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this: Dromio's maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize—

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam do thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes in the calf's-ſkin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

Ant. S. I underſtand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe: he that went like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.[2]

—— *What, have you got* rid *of the picture of old Adam new apparelled?*

For ſo I have ventured to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the officer called old Adam new apparelled? The alluſion is to Adam, in his ſtate of innocence, going naked; and immediately after the fall, being clothed in a frock of ſkins. Thus he was new apparelled: and, in like manner, the Sergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-ſkin, as the author humorouſly a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

Theſe jeſts on Adam's dreſs are common among our old writers. So, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

"The regiſter of all varieties

"Since *leathern Adam*, to this younger hour."

Again, in Philip Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 8vo. 1583: "Did the Lorde clothe our firſt parents in *leather*, as not hauing any thyng more precious to attire them withall," &c.

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *he that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* morris-*pike.*] *Sets up his reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortened their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which Froiſſart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſketeers always ſupported their pieces, when they gave fire, with a *reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what moſt wants animadverſion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe, and falſe in the alluſion: no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not famed for much execution. In a word, Shakſpeare wrote—

——*a* Maurice-*pike*.

i. e. a pikeman of Prince Maurice's army. He was the greateſt general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars againſt Spain, under whom all the Engliſh gentry and nobility were bred to the ſervice. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. Warburton.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unneceſſarily of the *reſt of a muſket*, by which he makes the hero of the ſpeech ſet up the *reſt* of a *muſket* to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were ſhown. There is no need of change. Johnson.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in firſt principles. "*Moreſpikes* (ſays Langley, in his tranſlation of Polydore Virgil,) were uſed firſt in the ſiege of Capua." And in Reynard's *Deliverance of certain Chriſtians from the Turks*, "the Engliſh mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." Farmer.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the ſiege of Capua, though Langley's tranſlation of him advances their antiquity ſo high.

Morris pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and ſince, the Spaniſh pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's *Legacy*, p. 48. Tollet.

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, the ſergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays, *God give you good reſt!*

Ant. S. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſèd power deliver us from hence!

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers. So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626:

"Of the French were beaten down
"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen," &c.

Again, in Holinſhed, p. 816: "—they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought," &c. Steevens.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnſon's aſſertion, that the Morris-Pike was uſed in the Morris-dance. Swords were ſometimes uſed upon that occaſion. It certainly means the *Mooriſh*-pike, which was very common in the 16th century. See Groſe's *Hiſtory of the Engliſh Army*, Vol. I. p. 135. Douce.

The phraſe—*he that ſets up his reſt*, in this inſtance, ſignifies only, I believe, "he that *truſts*"—*is confident in his expectation*. Thus, Bacon: "Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *ſet up their* REST upon the battle." Again, Clarendon: "they therefore reſolved to *ſet up their* REST upon that ſtake, and to go through with it, or periſh." This figure of ſpeech is certainly derived from *the* REST which Dr. Warburton has deſcribed, as that was the only kind of *reſt* which was ever *ſet up*. Henley.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholus.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous, merry, ſir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.[3]

Dro. S. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon.[4]

[3] —— *We'll mend our dinner* here.] i. e. by purchaſing ſomething additional in the adjoining market. Malone.

[4] —— *if* you *do expect ſpoon-meat*, or *beſpeak a long ſpoon.*] The paſſage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a miſtake for *and*:

Cour. *We'll mend our dinner here.*

Dro. S. *Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon meat*, and *beſpeak a long ſpoon.* Ritson.

In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I believe ſome other words were paſſed over by the compoſitor, perhaps of this import: "If you do expect ſpoon-meat, *either ſtay away*, or beſpeak a long ſpoon."

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils aſk but the paring of one's nail,
A ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood,[5] a pin,
A nut, a cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; an' if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know.

[*Exeunt* Ant. S. *and* Dro. S.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:

[4] The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *The Tempeſt*. See Vol. IV. p. 87, n. 2. Malone.

[5] ——*a* drop of blood,]. So, in *The Witch*, by Middleton, when a ſpirit deſcends, Hecate exclaims—

"There's one come downe to fetch his dues,
"A kiſſe, a coll, *a ſip of blood*," &c. Steevens.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt chooſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and an* Officer.

ANT. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus, *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.[6]

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good ſir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

Dro. E. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

Dro. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it

[6] ——*will* pay *them all.*] i. e. ſerve to hit, ſtrike, correct them all. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "He *pays* you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on." Steevens

by my long ears.[7] I have ſerved him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I ſleep; raiſed with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, with PINCH,[8] *and Others.*

ANT. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

DRO. E. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*[9]

[7] ——*by my* long ears.] He means, that his maſter had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Pinch,*] The direction in the old copy is,——"and a *ſchoolmaſter* called Pinch." In many country villages the pedagogue is ſtill a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News:* "I would have ne'er a cunning *ſchool-maſter* in England, I mean a cunning man as a ſchoolmaſter; that is, a *conjuror*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan againſt the Lord of Liddington; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice finem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our author could ſhow that he could quibble as well in Engliſh as the other in Latin, I confeſs I know not. As for *prophaſying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was

Ant. E. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats him.*

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
I cónjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?[1]

offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wife owner to ſay, *Take heed, ſir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays—

" Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
" That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
" What member 'tis of whom they talk,
" When they cry *rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk*."

WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

" But come, *reſpice finem*." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*your* cuſtomers?] A *cuſtomer* is uſed in *Othello* for a

Did this companion[2] with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe?

Adr. O, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home![3] Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

Dro. E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,[4] your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

Ant. E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

Dro. E. Certes,[5] ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal[6] ſcorn'd you.

common woman. Here it ſeems to ſignify one who viſits ſuch women. Malone.

[2] ——*companion*—] A word of contempt, anciently uſed as we now uſe—*fellow*. Steevens.

[3] *I din'd at home!*] *I* is not found in the old copy. It was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[4] *Perdy,*] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu*. Chaucer's perſonages are frequent in their uſe of it. Steevens.

[5] *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly*. So, in *The Tempeſt*:
"For *certes*, theſe are people of the iſland." Steevens.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.

[6] ——*kitchen-veſtal*—] Her charge being like that of the veſtal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

Dro. E. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.

Ant. E. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold me in this ſhameful ſport.

[Pinch *and his Aſſiſtants bind* Ant. E. *and* Dro. E.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?

Off. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer? [7]
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?

Off. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

[7] ——*thou* peeviſh *officer?*] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe of this play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh*. Steevens

Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe.—O moſt unhappy day!

Ant. E. O moſt unhappy ſtrumpet![8]

Dro. E. Maſter, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good maſter; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Siſter, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* Pinch *and Aſſiſtants, with* Ant. E. *and* Dro. E.

Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldſmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the ſum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your huſband had of him.

Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.[9]

[8] —— unhappy *ſtrumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here uſed in one of the ſenſes of *unlucky*; i. e. *miſchievous*. Steevens.

[9] *He did beſpeak a chain* for me, *but had it not.*] I ſuppoſe, the words—*for me*, which ſpoil the metre, might ſafely be omitted. Steevens.

Cour. When as your huſband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus *of* Syracuſe, *with his Rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer,* Adr. *and* Luc.

Ant. S. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our ſtuff[1] from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

[1] ——*our* ſtuff—] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were iſſued for the Royal Progreſſes in the laſt century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. Malone.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

ANG. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

MER. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

ANG. Of very reverent reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

MER. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

ANG. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

ANT. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

MER. Yes, that you did, ſir; and forſwore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, *and Others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;—
Some get within him,[2] take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my h . ſe.

Dro. S. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.[3]
This is ſome priory;—In, or we are ſpoil'd.
[*Exeunt* Ant. S. *and* Dro. S. *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

[2] ——*get within him,*] i. e. cloſe with him, grapple with him. Steevens.

[3] ——*take a houſe.*] i. e. go into a houſe. So, we ſay—a dog *takes the water.* Steevens.

Mer. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was;[4]
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Buried ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?

Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, ſo I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in aſſemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy[5] of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;

[4] *And much*, much *different from the man he was*;] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt impairs the metre by omitting to repeat the word—*much*. Steevens.

[5] —— *the* copy—] i. e. the theme. We ſtill talk of ſetting *copies* for boys. Steevens.

In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;[6])

[6] *But moody and dull melancholy,*
(Kinſman *to grim and comfortleſs deſpair*;)] Shakſpeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the fooliſh inſertion of the firſt editors. I have, therefore, put it into hooks, as ſpurious.
WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the ſecond line, is a plain proof that ſome diſſyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody [moping] *and dull melancholy,*
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at their *heels* a *huge infectious troop*—. HEATH.

It has been obſerved to me that Mr. Capell reads:

But moody and dull melancholy, kinſ—
woman *to grim and comfortleſs deſpair*;

Yet, though the Roman language may allow of ſuch tranſfers from the end of one verſe to the beginning of the next, the cuſtom is unknown to Engliſh poetry, unleſs it be of the burleſque kind It is too like Homer Traveſty:

"——On this, Agam—
"memnon began to curſe and damn." STEEVENS.

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop[7]
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.

Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.

Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myſelf;

Kinſman means no more than *near relation.* Many words are uſed by Shakſpeare with much greater latitude.

Nor is this the only inſtance of ſuch a confuſion of genders. In *The Merchant of Venice,* Portia ſays—

" ——but now I was the *lord*
" Of this fair manſion, *maſter* of my ſervants,
" *Queen* o'er myſelf." RITSON.

[7] *And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop*—] I have no doubt the emendation propoſed by Mr. Heath ["*their heels*"] is right. In the Engliſh manuſcripts of our author's time the pronouns were generally expreſſed by abbreviations. In this very play we have already met *their* for *her,* which has been rightly amended:

" Among my wife and *their* confederates ——."

Act IV. ſc. i. MALONE.

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
Till I have uſed the approved means I have,
With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again: [8]
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs,
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou ſhalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbeſs.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my huſband from the abbeſs.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am ſure, the duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death [9] and ſorry execution,[1]
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

[8] ——*a* formal *man again*:] i. e. to bring him back to his ſenſes, and the forms of ſober behaviour. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,—"*informal* women," for juſt the contrary. Stevens.

[9] *The place of* death—] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. Malone.

[1] ——ſorry *execution*,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Of *ſorrieſt* fancies your companions making."

Sorry had anciently a ſtronger meaning than at preſent. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7,283, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

Ang. Upon what cauſe?

Mer. To ſee a reverend Syracuſan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he paſs the abbey.

Enter Duke *attended*; Ægeon *bare-headed*; *with the Headſman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your grace, Antipholus, my huſband,—

"This Frere, whan he loked had his fill
"Upon the turments of this *fory* place."

Again, in *The Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is deſcribed:

"All full of chirking was that *fory* place."

Again, in the ancient MS. Romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, &c:

"It was done as the kinge cõmaunde
"His ſoule was ſet to helle
"To daunſe in that *fory* lande
"With develes that wer ful felle." Steevens.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

"This is a *ſorry* ſight." Henley.

Mr. Dance is of opinion, that *ſorry*, in the text, is put for *ſorrowful*. Steevens.

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,[2]—this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurried through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houſes, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order[3] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,[4]
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him;

[2] *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*
At your important *letters,*] *Important* ſeems to be uſed for *importunate.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear:*

" ——————— great France
" My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

Again, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight,* 1576:
" —yet won by *importance* accepted his courteſie."

Shakſpeare, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of his own, ſeems from this paſſage to allude to a *court of wards* in Epheſus.

The *court of wards* was always conſidered as a grievous oppreſſion. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner:*

" —— theſe ryche men ben unkinde:
" Wydowes do curſe lordes and gentyllmen,
" For *they contrayne them to marry with their men;*
" Ye, wheder they wyll or no." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *to take* order—] i. e. to *take meaſures.* So, in *Othello,* Act V:

" Honeſt Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *by what* ſtrong *eſcape,*] Though *ſtrong* is not unintelligible, I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*ſtrange.* The two words are often confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

A *ſtrong eſcape*, I ſuppoſe, means an eſcape effected by *ſtrength* or violence STEEVENS.

And, with his mad attendant and himſelf,[5]
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chaſed us away; till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſued them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince, thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,

[5] *And, with his mad attendant* and *himſelf,*] We ſhould read:

——mad *himſelf.* Warburton.

We might read:

And here *his mad attendant and himſelf.*

Yet, as Mr. Ritſon obſerves, the meeting to which Adriana alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more properly ſuppoſe our author wrote—

And then *his mad attendant and himſelf.* Steevens.

I ſuſpect, Shakſpeare is himſelf anſwerable for this inaccuracy. Malone.

Beaten the maids a-row,[6] and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire;[7]
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My maſter preaches patience to him, while[8]
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:[9]

[6] *Beaten the maids* a-row,] i. e. ſucceſſively, one after another. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6,836, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

" A thouſand time *a-row* he gan him kiſſe."

Again, in Turberville's tranſlation of Ovid's Epiſtle from *Penelope to Ulyſſes*:

" ——and drawes with wine
" The Troian tentes *arowe*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hormanni Vulgaria*, p. 288:

" I ſhall tell thee *arowe* all that I ſawe."
" Ordine tibi viſa omnia exponam." DOUCE.

[7] *Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire*;] Such a ludicrous circumſtance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but it is rather out of place in an epick poem, amidſt all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

" Obvius ambuſtum torrem Corinæus ab ara
" Corripit, et venienti Ebuſo, plagamque ferenti,
" Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,
" Nidoremque ambuſta dedit." Virg. *Æneis*, Lib. XII.
STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have ſeen this method of ſhaving in the Life of Dion, p. 107, 4to. See North's tranſlation, in which ἀιθυξαις may be tranſlated *brands*. S. W.

North gives it thus—" with a hot burning cole to burne his goodly buſh of heare rounde about." STEEVENS.

[8] *My maſter preaches patience to him, while*—] The old copy redundantly reads—*and the* while. I have followed Sir Thomas Hanmer, by omitting the unneceſſary ſyllables.
STEEVENS.

[9] *His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool*:] The force of this allu ion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the cuſtom to cut the hair of idiots cloſe to their

And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here;
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

Serv. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face,[1] and to diſfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my huſband! Witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible:

heads. There is a proverbial ſimile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been ironically applied to theſe unfortunate beings. Steevens.

There is a penalty of ten ſhillings in one of King Alfred's eccleſiaſtical laws, if one opprobriouſly *ſhave* a common man like a *fool*. Tollet.

Fools, undoubtedly, were ſhaved and *nicked* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Choice of Change, containing the Triplicitie of Diuinitie, Philoſophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three things uſed by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *ſhaven and notched on the head, like fooles*."

See alſo Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, in v. "*Zuccone*. A ſhaven pate, a *notted* poule: a poule-pate; a gull, a ninnie." Malone.

The hair of idiots is ſtill cut cloſe to their heads, to prevent the conſequences of uncleanlineſs. Ritson.

[1] *To* ſcorch *your face,*] We ſhould read—*ſcotch*; i. e. hack, cut. Warburton.

To ſcorch, I believe, is right. He would have puniſhed her as he had puniſhed the conjurer before. Steevens.

Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

ANT. E. Juſtice, moſt gracious duke, oh, grant me juſtice!
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

ÆGE. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon Antipholus, and Dromio.

ANT. E. Juſtice, ſweet prince, againſt that woman there.
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

DUKE. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

ANT. E. This day, great duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me,
While ſhe, with harlots[2] feaſted in my houſe.

[2] ——*with harlots*——] Antipholus did not ſuſpect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impoſe on him and abuſe him. Therefore, he ſays to her—Act IV. ſc. iv:

"——are theſe your cuſtomers?
"Did this companion with the ſaffron face
"Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day?"

By this deſcription he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats and impoſtors as

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didſt thou ſo?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: So befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forſworn.
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am adviſed[3] what I ſay;
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:

well as to wantons among women. Thus, in *The Fox*, Corbacchio ſays to Volpone—

"——Out *harlot!*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——for the *harlot* king
"Is quite beyond mine arm."

Again, in the ancient myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512, Herod ſays to Watkin—"Nay, *harlott*, abyde ſtylle with my knyghts I warne the."

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, obſerves, that in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, v. 6008, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's tranſlation of *Roy des ribaulx*. Chaucer uſes the word more than once:

"A ſturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
"That was hir hoſts man," &c.

Sompnoures Tale, v. 7336.

Again, in *The Dyers' Play*, among the Cheſter Collection, in the Muſeum, nuchrift ſays to the male characters on the ſtage—

"Out on ye *harlots*, whence come ye?" Steevens.

[3] ——*I am adviſed*—] i. e. I am not going to ſpeak precipitately or rathly, but on reflection and conſideration.
Steevens.

That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: In the ſtreet I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By the way we met
My wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man:[4] this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;

[4] *A living dead man:*] This thought appears to have been borrowed from Sackvil's Induction to *The Mirror for Magiſtrates:*

"—— but as a *lyuing death*,
"So *ded alriue* of life hee drew the breath."

STEEVENS

And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within theſe abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.

Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he dined at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying:—Sirrah, what ſay you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated,[5] or ſtark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Æge. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir?

Æge. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never ſaw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed[6] hand

[5] —— *mated*] See p. 401, n. 2. Malone.

[6] —— *deformed*—] For *deforming*. Steeven.

Have written ſtrange defeatures[7] in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.

Æge. I am ſure, thou doſt.

Dro. E. Ay, ſir? but I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.[8]

Æge. Not know my voice! O, times extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?[9]

[7] ——*ſtrange defeatures*—] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. Johnson.

Defeatures are *undoings*, *miſcarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *defaire*, Fr. So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:

"The day before the night of my *defeature*, (i. e. undoing.)
"He greets me with a caſket richly wrought."

The ſenſe is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by miſery. Misfortune has left its impreſſion on my face. Steevens.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature*, *marks of deformity*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"——to croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature,
"To mingle beauty with infirmities,
"And pure perfection with impure *defeature*."

Malone.

Defeatures are certainly neither more nor leſs than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor leſs than *merits*. Time, ſays Ægeon, hath placed *new and ſtrange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou doſt not know me. Ritson.

[8] ——*you are now* bound *to believe him.*] Dromio is ſtill quibbling on his favourite topick. See p. 453. Malone.

[9] ——*my feeble key of untun'd cares?*] i. e. the weak and diſcordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief. Dodd.

Though now this grained face[1] of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes (I cannot err,)[2]
Tell me, thou art my ſon Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Æge. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou know'ſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

[1] ——*this* grained *face*—] i. e. furrowed, like the *grain of wood*. So, in *Coriolanus*:
" —— my *grained* aſh." Steevens.

[2] *All theſe* old *witneſſes* (*I cannot err,*)] I believe ſhould be read:
All theſe hold *witneſſes* I *cannot err.*
i. e. all theſe continue to teſtify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. Warburton.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the moſt poetical. The words *I cannot err*, ſhould be thrown into a parentheſis. By *old witneſſes* I believe he means *experienced, accuſtomed ones*, which are therefore leſs likely to err. So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" If theſe be *true ſpies* that I wear in my head," &c.
Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, ſc. ult:
" But my frofty ſigns and chaps of age,
" *Grave witneſſes* of true experience," &c. Steevens.

Enter the Abbeſs, *with* Antipholus Syracuſan, *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is Genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

Dro. S. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons:
O, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not,[3] thou art Æmilia;

[3] *If I dream not,*] In the old copy, this ſpeech of Ægeon, and the ſubſequent one of the Abbeſs, follow the ſpeech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The tranſpoſition was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. It ſcarcely requires any juſtification. Ægeon's anſwer to Æmilia's adjuration would neceſſarily immediately ſucceed to it. Beſides, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, as theſe ſpeeches ſtand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words before ſhe has uttered them. The leſſ change now made renders the whole clear. Malone.

That, however, will ſcarcely remove the difficulty: the *next*

If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:[4]
Theſe two Antipholus's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance,[5]—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,[6]—
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,[7]

ſpeech is Ægeon's. Both it and the following one ſhould precede the Duke's; or there is poſſibly a line loſt. Ritson.

If this be the right reading, it is, as Steevens juſtly remarks, one of Shakſpeare's overſights, as the Abbeſs had not hinted at her ſhipwreck. But poſſibly we ſhould read—

"Beſides *his* urging of her wreck at ſea." M. Mason.

[4] *Why, here begins his* morning *ſtory right:*] "The *morning* ſtory" is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the firſt ſcene of this play. Holt White.

[5] ——*ſemblance,*] *Semblance* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved) is here a triſyllable. Steevens.

[6] ——*of her wreck at ſea,*] I ſuſpect that a line following this has been loſt; the import of which was, that *Theſe circumſtances all concurred to prove*—that Theſe were the parents, &c. The line which I ſuppoſe to have been loſt, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the ſame word, the omiſſion might have been occaſioned by the compoſitor's eye glancing from one to the other. Malone.

[7] ——*children,*] This plural is here uſed as a triſyllable. So, in Chapman's verſion of the ſixteenth *Iliad:*

"Abhor'd Chimæra; and ſuch bane now caught his *childeren.*"

Again, in the fourth *Iliad:*

Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.

Ant. S. No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle miſtreſs.

Adr. And are not you my huſband?

Ant. E. No, I ſay nay to that.

Ant. S. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.

Ang. I think I did, ſir; I deny it not.

Adr. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,

"——————— ſometimes *childeren*
" May with diſcretion plant themſelves againſt their fathers' wills."

Again, in the ſixth *Iliad*:

" Yet had he one ſurviv'd to him of thoſe three *childeren*." STEEVENS.

And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.

Ant. E. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:—
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.—
Twenty-five years[8] have I but gone in travail

[8] *Twenty-five years*—] In former editions:
Thirty-three *years*.
'Tis impoſſible the poet ſhould be ſo forgetful, as to deſign this number here; and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonſtration. The number, I preſume, was at firſt wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the miſtake might ariſe. Ægeon, in the firſt ſcene of the firſt Act, is preciſe as to the time his ſon left him, in queſt of his brother:
" My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
" At eighteen years became inquiſitive
" After his brother;" &c.
And how long it was from the ſon's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Epheſus, where Ægeon, miſtakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as preciſely learn from another paſſage, in the fifth Act:
" *Æg.* But *ſeven* years ſince, in Syracuſa bay,
" Thou know'ſt we parted;——."
So that theſe two numbers, put together, ſettle the date of their birth beyond diſpute. Theobald.

Of you, my ſons; nor, till this preſent hour,[9]
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and go with me;[1]
After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity![2]

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbeſs, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?

[9] ——nor, *till this preſent hour,*] The old copy reads—*and* till——. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden,* in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[1] ——*and go with me*;] We ſhould read:
——*and* gaude *with me*;
i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir.* Warburton.

The ſenſe is clear enough without the alteration. *The Reviſal* offers to read, more plauſibly, I think:
——joy *with me.*

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Acolaſtus,* a comedy, 1540:—"I have good cauſe to ſet the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudye* chere."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act III. ſc. xi:
"Let's have one other *gaudy* night."

In the novel of M. Alberto, of Bologna, the author adviſeth gentlewomen "to beware how they contrive their holyday talke, by waſte words iſſuing forth their delicate mouths in carping, *gauding,* and jeſting at young gentlemen, and ſpecially old men," &c. *Palace of Pleaſure,* 1582, Vol. I. fol. 60.
Steevens.

[2] *After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity!*] We ſhould ſurely read:
After ſo long grief, ſuch feſtivity.

Nativity lying ſo near, and the termination being the ſame of both words, the miſtake was eaſy. Johnson.

The old reading may be right. She has juſt ſaid, that to her, her ſons were not *born* till now. Steevens.

Ant. E. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Antipholus S. *and* E. Adr. *and* Luc.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

Dro. S. Not I, ſir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the ſenior: till then, lead thou firſt.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*[3]

[3] On a careful reviſion of the foregoing ſcenes, I do not heſitate to pronounce them the compoſition of two very unequal writers. Shakſpeare had undoubtedly a ſhare in them: but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick ſays) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake." Thus, as we are informed by Aulus Gellius, Lib. III. cap. 3, ſome plays were abſolutely aſcribed to Plautus, which in truth had only been (*retractatæ et expolitæ*) retouched and poliſhed by him.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than diſtinction of character; and our attention is leſs forcibly engaged, becauſe we can gueſs in great meaſure how the denoüement will be brought about. Yet the ſubject appears to have been reluctantly diſmiſſed, even in this laſt and unneceſſary ſcene, where the ſame miſtakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely loſt. STEEVENS.

The long doggrel verſes that Shakſpeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was uſually attributed, by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to ſome of their inferior characters; and this circumſtance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the ſame kind of verſification is likewiſe found,) among our author's earlieſt productions; compoſed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." As theſe early pieces are now not eaſily met with, I ſhall ſubjoin a few extracts from ſome of them:—

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

"*Royſt.* If your name to me you will declare and ſhowe,
"You may in this matter my minde the ſooner knowe.
"*Tof.* Few wordes are beſt among freends, this is true,
"Wherefore I ſhall briefly ſhow my name unto you.
"Tom Toſpot it is, it need not to be painted,
"Wherefore I with Raiſe Roiſter muſt needs be acquainted," &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.*

[About 1570.]

"*Shift.* By gogs bloud, my maiſters, wee were not beſt longer here to ſtaie,
"I thinke was never ſuche a craftie knave before this daie.
[*Exeunt* Ambo.

* This dramatick piece, in its entire ſtate, has not been met with. The only fragment of it known to be exiſting, is in my poſſeſſion. STEEVENS.

" *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, ha, wel fare old Shift at a neede:
" By his woundes had I not deviſed this, I had hanged indeede.
" Tinkers, (qd you) tinke me no tinks; Ile meddle with them no more;
" I thinke was never knave ſo uſed by a companie of tinkers before.
" By your leave Ile bee ſo bolde as to looke about me and ſpie,
" Leaſt any knaves for my commyng doune in ambuſh doe lie.
" By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
" My tinkerly ſlaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie ſee." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

" The wind is yl blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not care,
" Here is nine and twentie ſutes of apparel for my ſhare;
" And ſome, berlady, very good, for ſo ſtandeth the caſe,
" As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos ſheweth any grace;
" But I marvel much, poore ſlaves, that they are hanged ſo ſoone,
" They were wont to ſtaye a day or two, now ſcarce an afternoone." &c.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

" You think I am going to market to buy roſt meate, do ye not?
" I thought ſo, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
" I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe.
" But I am going to a bloodſucker, and who is it? faith Uſurie. that theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1591.

" Quoth Niceneſs to Newfangle, thou art ſuch a Jacke,
" That [illegible] deviſeſt fortie faſhions for my ladie's backe.
" And then, quoth he, art ſo poſſeſt with everie frantick toy,
" That followin[illegible] of my ladie's humour thou doſt make her

" For once a day for faſhion-ſake my lady muſt be ſicke,
" No meat but mutton, or at moſt the pinion of a chicke:
" To-day her owne haire beſt becomes, which yellow is as gold,
" A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
" To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk ſhe will be bold,
" To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold:
" Now is ſhe bareſaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on her muffler goes;
" Now is ſhe huſſt up to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe."
See alſo *Gammer Gurton's Needle, Damon and Pythias*, &c.

MALONE.

END OF VOL. XX.

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